

A Tragedie,

Really acted in PERSIA, in
the last Age.

Illustrated with Historically Annotations.

The Author R. B. Esg;

HORAT.

Sæcule facies. **Hic MURRS abenem effos,**
nil causare sibi nulla pallescere culpa.

London

and for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at the
same as the figure of the *Princes Arms* in Sir. Pow-

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[Baron, Robert]



TO HIS MAIESTIE.

SIR,

O wait on YO^U, the *Perſian MIRZA'S*
come

From the fair shades of his *Elizium*:
If all the *wrongs* that's *Innocence* opprest,
Obtain one ſigh from YO^{U R} heroick

Breſt,

I'll think them *gi*, having preferr'd Him to
OUR R^Yall Know^{ed}ge; and perhaps done ſo
More then his Birth-right had; for he hopes now
Not onely to *delight*, but *profit* YO^U,
In warning to *efchew* what spoild his Right,
The *Flatterer*, and too powerfull *Favourise*.

In old Time, ſacred was the *Port* Pen,
And uſefull to extenize worthy men: —
To Rescue *Virtue* from the *Furies* ſpight,
With her *Palm* the *higheſt* for the *weight*.

To his Majesty.

And I could wish it the next Ages Song,
Had MIRZA not die'd, He'd not live'd so long:
His (written) Ghost looks brighter in his Bay
Then he had in the Crown of *Perfid*.
So shall it be: Gain from His Loss shall flow,
And Life from Death, if YON, Great SIR, say so.

BA RON.

TO



M. Spei Juveni,
Rob. Baronio,
Amico.

In se se aceruos mutuos fluctus cident,
Reddunque Nautis triste & intutum fretum :
Et aulici artes, abditi atque imperuij,
Scelerisque pleni, Numinisque nescij,
Creant ruinam gentibus : Sic floridas
Segetes perurip ignis Aetnae vapor.
At hos recessus ac Cælestis absconditus
Retexti, amoeni & floridi Genij parens !
Sic quippe magnum Scelera novisse ;
At magis illa eleganter tradidisse posseris.

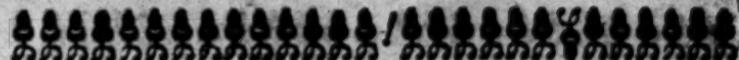
J. Hall.

A 8

Upon the incomparable Tragedy cal-
led *Mirza*, written by my dear Friend
Mr. Robert Baron.

Advance Great *Mirza*, let the base world see
Vertue is *Vertue* though in misery.
Convince her of her madnesse, let her know
Goodnesse does still attend thee, high or low;
And that, which prosperous, wrought thy hate & scorn,
Commands our Adoration when forlorn.
Vertue's no Vertue while it lives secure,
When difficulty waits on't then 'tis pure.
The morning of thy life which soar'd so high
In acts of Valour Crown'd with *Majesty*,
Had ne're attain'd that glorious pitch and height,
Hadst thou not falne a sacrifice at night;
This fall of thine thy Fame doth much advance,
And death thy valuation doth enhance.
So have I seen a much lamented herse
When 'twas departing, all bepinn'd with Verse:
And from the selfe same channell issuing forth
The livers sorrow, and the dead Mans worth;
'Tis this which makes us write, that 't may be known
Vertue is highly priz'd, though overthrown.
We mourn thy loss, admire thy worth, and grieve
Our Isle a *Mirz'* and *Allybeg* can give.
Thus Text and Time doe sute, and whilst you tell
Your Tale, wee'l easily find a Parallel.

Jo. Quarles;
Fell. of Pet. House
Camb.



To the most Ingenious Master
ROBERT BARON,
On his Masterpiece of Tragedy.

Pythagoras sang truth, souls shift we see
For JOHNSON'S transmigrat'd into Thee:
Or if that Doctrines false, thy glory's more
Without his helps to equal, whom before
We thought Sans peer: both are so very well,
So like, as mix them, and you cannot tell
Me which is which. Thou Fame enough hast won,
Thy name is up, n. w maist thou lie till Noon,
And rest thy strong Muse, having equall'd him
Whom sharpest wits did our best Poet deem:
I know thy Judgment's more then t' aim ought higher,
Thou mightest as well hope to drown *PHOEBUS*

Lyre;

Yet write again, till all the world's agree'd
Thy *PEGASUS* has breath as well as speed.
Meantime, who'l number our best *Playes* aright
First *CATALINE*, then let him *MIRZA* write,
So mix your names: in the third place must be
SEIANUS, or the next that comes from thee.

oT

R O. HILLS Esq;

To

To the best accomplish'd
Author.

Hankes noble Friend, thou hast given us a Play
This Age deserves not pray Heaven the next may,
A Play said I, I erre to call it so,
'Tis a laborious work, a great one too,
A work to which scarce even the ablest brain
So well, but in a wish could ere attain;
So passing well if is as I no higher
Can ever hope to reach at then't admire,
To praise I need not strive, since Praisers thou
Enough hast, though none it can praise enough.

JO. CART, M. A.

THE SILENT

To

oT

To the Author.

When I read yours (dear friend) I seem'd to see
In Persia acted this sad Tragedie,
But might we see it acted on the Stage
ABRAS in his, and MIRZA in his rage
Transported beyond pitty, and the love
Of Parents, then (O then) how it would move!
For then, transfixt, men should not onely see,
But should resent with such a Sympathy
As might extract a deluge from their eyes.
Persia would then seem but in theories
To Personate what you to life have drawn,
MELPOMEANE was there but in the drawn,
Here in full splendors. There spectators shad
But onely tears, yours acted, would strike dead.
Else, stark like, say there's an Apathie,
And that compassion is turn'd NIOBE.
No Marvail, since to her there have been shown
So many Tragick Acts, you bring but one,
But such a sprightfull one, that you may dare
To own what your name speaks, Born to be rare.

E. MANNING.



To the Reader.

READER,

Thou hast here the Triumph of Revenge, Tyranny, Jealousie, and Hate, in a story sad and sublime, however handled. But perhaps thou will say, what needed I to have handled it at all, being already done? Indeed, I am not ignorant that there is a Tragedy abroad of this subiect, intitul'd The SOPHY; but it may be said of me as TERENCE makes his Prologue to his Eunuchus speak of him (though in a cause somewhat different.)

— Sed eas fabulas factas prius
Latinas scisse scis, id verò pernegat.

I had finished three compleat Acts of this Tragedy before I saw that, nor was I then discouraged from proceeding, seeing the most ingenious Author of that has made his seem quite another story from this. In his neither doth the Prince kill any of his Torturers; Nor doth FATYMA die, which I take to be one of the most important parts of the story, and the compleatest Conquest that ever Revenge obtained over Virtue. In that King ABBAS dies too, when 'tis known, that our King CHARLES in the second year of his Reign, An. 1626. sent S'r DODMORE COTTON Embassadour to the same ABBAS, which was, some years after this Tragedy was really acted there, From a Manuscript of which Embassadours Letter, to a friend of his in Cambridge, I had the hint of this story, as I propose it in the insuring Argument, and prosecute it in the whole. I have also
the

To the Reader.

the Authority for the most important passages of it, of Master HERBERT, who relates this story in his Travells. However, it is no new thing for two pens to employ them- { pag. 99, 100. 101, 102, 103, 104.

selves upon one Subject: nor need it seem other to the Reader, or Spectator, then if thou didst hear the same Song, sung first by a Tenor, next by a Base voice.

If thou exceptest against the length of the Play, I answer; If it be well written, all of it is worthy Reading, if ill, none of it. However, I have said enough, when I have onely told thee,

--Neque, me ut miretur turba, labore:
Contentus paucis Lectoribus.

R. B.

The

The Argument.

BB 45 King of *Perſia*, already fleſh in blood (as having made his way to the *Crown* by the murder of his eldest Brother, the compleatly valiant *Emir hamze-mirza*, and poſting his purblind Father *MAHOMET Codoband* into *Paradife*) grows jealous (so justly ſcious are guilty minds) of his only (legitimate) Son, and indubitable heir, the victorius *Mirza*, who (while he had the command of his Fathers Armies) having much enlarged the *Perſian Territories* (by his acquests from the *Mogull*, towards *Candahor*, from the *Arabian*, near to *Bafora*, and the *Tartar*, east of the *Hyrcanian Sea*) grew great in the love and admiration of the people. This jealousy (of its ſelf, a blood thirſty paſſion, more cruel than the *Grave*) irritated by ſome Cabinet Councillours, enemies to the Prince about the King, begat in him a fear of the Princes growth, that, a reſolve to ſtrangle him; which to eſte & ſecurely, that is closely, he trains him from his Army, by diſpatching a Post down to him (then ſweating in blood, to redeem the honour of his Country-men againſt the *Turk*) with command to haſt up to Court, where he ſhould know his pleasure.

The Prince (being ſubject to that only diſadvantage of honest hearts credulity) aſſures his Army of his quick return, and haſts (*Abol* is innocence) to attend his Father, from whom he is met by a Meſſenger, certifying him, that the King, being by reaſon of ſome indiſpoſition of health, unſit for buſineſſe, willed him to repoſe where that ſervant ſhould carry him, till himſelf came to welcome him. The credulous Prince (like other upright persons, fearing no hurt becauſe he meant none) follows his guide to his appointed lodgings, whereinto (ſo ſoon as that false ſervant was de parted) enter, at a trap door, ſeven luſty villains, deaf and dumb, armed with Bowſtrings (and bloody minds), whose habit and weapons needed no other interpreters to aſſure the amazed Prince that he was betrayed, and ſealed to deſtruction. Oratory was in vain, they were deaf in ſoul and body, (and this perhaps is the Reaſon why the *Turks* and *Perſians* uſe to employ *Mutes* in theſe bloody offiſces) reſiſtance was bootleſs, he being ſingle, and unarmed; yet (reſolving not to go unattended to the *Grave*) with ſuch weapons at his Rage and Sorrow yeelded him; he flew upon them, offendin them all by rare force and agility, a long time preventing the noozes to haſten on him,

The Argument.

him, which they threw incessantly towards his neck, so that he sent three of them to the Devil, the other four reinforced their violence, and at last fastned on him, who, quite spent with rage and opposals fell down, as dead. The Canibals pursue their cruel cowardize, and had surely finished their intent, had not the King (who was a private spectator) toucht with some remorse, stepped forth, and commanded only that his tired Arms should be pinnion'd; and ere he had fully recovered his sensess, made an hot flaming steel be drawn before his eyes, which (though giving no great pain) yet took away his eye-sight, forever forbidding him any more sight of what he loved, Wife, Children, Friends, and endeared Soldiers. Then was he cast into Prison, together with his Lady, an Arabian Princess, of the best endowments, and their young Son *Seffie*, born to a brighter fortune.

Thus by the excessive impiety of an unnatural Father, has *Aisa* lost her chiefest Jewel, *Mars* his Darling, and *Perisia* her incomparable Treasure; at once undone, blind, imprisoned, and hopeless of any joy or honour ever after; the cruel remembrance of which, soon drove the enraged Prince into madness, and thirst of revenge, all the effects whereof were frequent with him, till his afflicted friends and officers flock'd about him, and dictated patience, which they bettered by relating their own quondam greatness in blood and offices, till by the same dislike, and mutability of King *Abbas* his humours they were degraded, trod upon, mutilated, some their eyes put out, some their ears and noses cut off, others captivated, and near famished, so truly said it is

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

The grand enemy to the Prince, that infatuated King *Abbas* to this cruelty, was *Mabomet-ally-beg* his principall favourite, a person raised to that height from so obscure a descent, that he knew no further then his Father; yet (like most mean men hoisted to extraordinary preferment,) he grew so over ambitious, as to aim at the Crown; in order to which design, his first care was to remove the Prince, the Bulwark and *Palladium* of *Perisia*, and his family; next, to disband the Kings Armies, what dishonourable condititions soever were granted to the *Turk*, that no ready forces should be left to oppose him when he should break out. One of his Instruments to belot the King to this, was one of his Concubines, whom he knew to be strong in his affections; so dangerous Serpents are they in the bosomnes of Princes.

The Kings unfortunate credulity, gave *Ally-beg* a pretence

[specious]

The Argument.

Specious enough to take Arms, as but to obtain the Government of the young Prince *Soffie*, and to assure the people of his safety against the dangerous anger of his jealous Grand-father : *So essential a beginning of all rebellions, is a smooth and fair pretence either of Reformation or safety.* But here a while leave we *Allybeg* brooding over his design, corrupting the great, buying the needy, and fawning upon all, especially insinuating with the discontented, who are ever ready to rebell.

In these unpleasant times, the King, (moving like *Saturn* in the highest Orbe) stood free and firm against all storms, giving himself all the variety of pleasures ; but none took him so much, as the beauty and pretty discourse he observed in *Fatyma*, daughter to his blinded and enraged Son; which little Lady he took into his Court for his pastime ; and though not above seven years old, she so captivated his doating mind, with her blooming, yet commanding Graces, that nothing relished well without *Fatyma*, none gave him mirth save *Fatyma*, and if enraged against any, no better reconciliation then by *Fatyma* ; whom, when aged two years more, he had an intent to marry with an Arabian King.

Nor had King *Abbas* alone, all the favour and benefit of this little Princess ; for though she had all possible pleasure at the Court, yet neglected she no part of duty, but came very often into the Citadel to joy her Parents, and relieve their wants ; for none, save she, durst ask the King for their allowances, without apparent danger of displeasure, and life withall ; whereby the royal, but most miserable prisoners, were sometimes near famished, none daring to relieve them, lest the jealous King might have them in suspicion.

Thus by this child of virtue, and innocence, gained they what they pined for, food and comfort. But behold the effects of mad melancholy ! it exasperates the blinded Prince to this strange resolve : He hearing of the immoderate joy and pleasure that the King his father took in his little Grandchild *Fatyma*, being incapable of obtaining any better revenge, vowed to rob him of this his Darling, though he wounded him through his own sides : *So strong and so sweet a passion is Revenge.*

So that one time, when his sad Wife and Son were sitting by him, in comes pretty *Fatyma*, with relief unto her Father, by all actions of love and duty, striving to shew her selfe obedient. Such time, (cursed time !) as this young Princess played about him, the Prince called her, who readily came to him to be made much of, but see, a horrid entertainment !

The Argument.

for instead of the embraces of love, with admirable celerity and rage, grasping her tender Neck with his strong and wrathfull hands, whirling her about, ere she could implore pitty, the enraged Son of a cruell Father, threw stark dead upon the floor his own daughter *Fatyma*, and in her the chief joy left to himself, and his distressed Princess (for the comfort of his revenge, how sweet soever in the *Act*, vanished with it) the excessive delight of the aged King, and sole ornament and comfort of all that Kingdom (that seemed to enjoy the greatest of their condition; for the Heir was with his Father buried alive in a too early and unjust captivity.) His poor Princess, with all the strength of her weakness, seeing the *Act*, struggled with him, crying out to him, that it was *Fatyma* that he killed, little thinking he therefore killed her, because *Fatyma*. But he hearing his Son *Soffie* cry out too, in blind sort pursued him, who, led by his better fate, escaped down the stairs, and was safe.

Fatyma dead, begat as much sorrow and rage in old *Abbas*, as alive she did love, who now sends threats of terrible satisfactions, as Famine, Chains, Strapadoes, and all sharp and exquisite tortures, to the enraged Prince his Son, who by his Messengers, returns his Father as many bitter curses, hopes of better, and more perfect revenge, and wishes of whole Cataracts of miseries to poure themselves upon him. In this Rage he spent two sad dayes, and in the third, with a Roman resolution, gave a period to his sufferings in this world, by quaffing off a cup of poyon, to the confusion of his unnatural Father.

The sad Princess his Wife (like a true Turtle) surfeiting with sorrow, mew'd her self up, and since that time, has seldom been seen by any.

Lastly, *Allybeg's* Treason being discovered by a woman, we end with the punishment of the Conspirators, the Kings reassuming of the Princes friends into his favour, and declaring of his Son *Soffie* Heir to the Persian Dignity, after his Grandfather *Abbas* his decease, which happening in the year 1629, the young Prince took upon him the Empire; aged sixteen years, hopeful and ingenious: so fresh in memory is this sad story.

The

The persons of the Play.

EMIR-HAMZE-MIRZA'S Ghost.

A BBAS, King of <i>Persia</i> .	MIRZA , The Prince.
M AHOMETALLY-BEG the King's Favourite.	SOPHIE , a child, his Son.
B ELTAZAR, a privy Coun- sellour.	EMANGOLY , Duke of <i>Shiras</i> , and Lieutenant General of the Army under the Prince.
F ARRABAN, C ourtiers, creatures to S ELEUCUS, Allybeg.	METHICULI , Noble men, & Officers
E LCHEE, A Duke, vice-roy of <i>Hircania</i> .	HYDASPUS , in the Army, fast friends to
M ATZED, C ollonels, M OZENDRA, and his	ALKAHAM , the Prince.
B ENEFLAN, creatures.	
F LORADELLA, The King's Concubine.	D ORIDO, a Page to the Prince.
O LEMPA, E ARINA, Court Ladies.	V ASCO, Page to <i>Emangoly</i> ,
O MAT, C LOE, Floradella's woman.	N YMPHADORA, The Princess.
	F ATIMA, Her Daughter, a Child.
	I FFIDA, The Princesses woman.

PAGES,
Seven MUTES, Executi-
oners.

Two THEEVES,

OFFICERS.

SOULDIERS.

CHORUS.

THE SCENE,

P E R S I A.

MIRZA



M I R Z A.

Act. 1.

EMIR-HAMZE-MIRZA'S Ghost.

AND dost thou swim in Pleasures, *Tyrant*, still?
Or hast thou got a Patent to do it?
When will the date expire? hast thou not yet
Contracted guilt enough, that th' ponderous weight
Of all thy Tyrannies, Ravines, Murders fell,
May, like a Milstone, sink thee quick to Hell?
Are these too light? leave thy Adulteries,
Thy Rapes, thy Incests, heaps of Perjuries,
And *Ghomore* in sports, no sting behind?
Or are the Gods grown all, like *Fortune*, blind?
Or has dull *LOVE* no Thunder let? Doth not
(1.) The murder of our Sire (so soon forgot)
(2.) And Me, deserve a Bolt? Sleep'st thou? with what
Philt'ries is thy strange Pillow stuff? do not
Ten thousand *Fur*.es with their flaring hair,
And knotted whips of wire, at thee still stare,
And threaten stripes? Is our great Fathers Ghost
Weary with haunting thee? or us'd to't, do't
Account it now familiar, and not quake?
If so, behold, I come, from the dark Lake,
To be thy evill *Genius*, and distill
Into thy darker bosom deeds shall fill
The measure of thy sins up, and pull down,
With violent hand, heavens vengeance on thy Crown.

The foul Fiend aid thy councells; and unto § Discovers
Abbas in
his study.
Thee dictate what he would, but cannot do.
Upon thy self, and thine own Princeely line,
Revenge our Fathers wronged Ghost and mine.
Inherit all my fury, and obey
What jealousie shall prompe; mine did I say?
Alas! (vain voice !) how weak is that for thee!
The spirits of all unnaturall Fathers be
Doubled upon thee. (3.) Act what the *Mogull* (shal
(4.) And *Turk* shall start to hear, what (5.) th' *Tartar*
Pitty, what (6.) *BAHAMAN* could not wish should
And (7.) the *Arabian* will lament to see. (be,
Faulter not in thy course now, but pursue
New mischiefs, till no mischief can be new.
" No cruell actions, unlesse throughly done
" Are done secure. Let not thy gallant Son
Engrosse the subjects loves: all his brave parts
And deeds, are Privy seales to take up hearts.
How will he stick (arm'd with the strength o'ch Land)
To snatch the Scepter from thy hated hand,
As thou didst from thy Father? " Such dire deeds
" Are still revenged with their like; no seeds
" So fruitfull are, as wrongs. Who doth not thirst
For Sovereign sway? or who, that may be first,
Is pleas'd with being second? then do thou
Begin with him, and wait not the first blow.
But with a Sons, and Grandchilde's blood, appease
Fathers, and brothers Ghosts. What though thine ease
Be bought with razing out the family,
And strangling th' hopes of all Posterity?
What need'st thou care (so here thy race be even)
If when thou fall'st, the Poles and studds of Heaven
Be shiver'd, the starrs quench'd, thy house, great names,
And all the world too with thee sink in flames?
" Free villanies a hated reign assure:
" And swords still drawn: dire deeds, dire deeds secure.

MIRZAH.

45

ABBA S.

The vow is made, nor shall thy flattering Fate
O MIRZA contradict it; though thy Troops
Stood like a wall about thee, nay, though LOVE
Preſſe all the Gods to guard thee, and ſhould arme
Then every one with Thunder, I would through :
I'll tear the groundſells of thy Towers up;
And make their nodding ſpires kiffe the Centre,
But I will reach thy heart, thy heart proud Victor.
The power that I have climb'd to ere my time
Cannot be ſafe, if any reach too near it.
I feel my Crowns totter upon my head ,
Me thinks , and ſee him ready stand to latch them.
Was I a Princee, born to the Persian greatness ?
(8.) Set equall with the Gods? and as ador'd
As is (9.) the Sun our Brother? and ſhall I
Be bearded by a Son, a beam of me ?
And like a Cypher add but to his value ?
I will, hereafter, call thee viper, ever.
If thou canſt loſe thy filiall Duty, I
Can loſe my Bowells, and on thy ruines build
A Pyramid to my revenge and ſafety.
I that would weſt an Empire from a Father,
And Brother, will not loſe it to a Son,
" Still may he fear that dares not to be cruell.

ABBAS, FLORADELLA.

Who's that?
Flo. 'Tis I.
Abb. **My F L O R A D E L L A.**
Flo. Yes.
Abb. Enter my sweet: welcom as earliest light
To th' infant world; and with this ever bring
A thousand Comforts to my thoughtfull breast.
But why doth sadness invade Beauties Kingdom?

And these faire eyes eclips their glorious
splendour,

{ He kiseth
them.

With vailes of melancholly? is't possible,
So firmly inthron'd in thy *ABBAS* Love,
That all the Gods should make thee know a grief?

Flo. Alas! my Lord, the peoples common theam
Still grates mine ears; no other voice is heard
But *MIRZ A.*'s praises: the Gods hear no vowes,
No prayers, but for *MIRZ A.*'s safety: who's
So dull a soul that cannot, since he first
Led out your armies, count his victories,
(As if all were Historiographers)

And for each blow he dealt return a statue?

Abb. I'le kick their sandy fabricks into dust,
And rear a lasting one of their own heads,
(10) Higher then that in *Spanhawn* is to which
Their Idolls own shall be the *Cupola*.

Flo. They all read Lectures on his actions
Till out of breath, they pause, and then admire.
Till his encomiums hit the starrs, and stick
His Idolized name amongst them swearing
The lustre of that one puts out the rest.
You, my dear Lord, they say, lie wallowing here
In pleasures, and will one day take a surset.
A good effeminate Prince, whose only act
Of worth, is, that you gan so brave a son;
Whom as the rising they adore: for you,
They think, have passed your Meridian,
And now are nere your setting. *Abb.* Setting? yet
I've heat enough to scorch them all to cinders.
And see they not the Sun ne'r look so bloody
As when he sets.

Flo. Ah! but my noble Lord,
How can I look upon this pompous Palace,
Furnished with spoiles of nations; the long train
Of early clients, that wear my Thresholds out?

Nay, on your honored selfe, my excellent Lord,
 But as the Prisoner, late condemn'd to death,
 Doth on the pleasant meads, the curled groves,
 And silver brooks he passes by, as led
 To execution? These he, alas, must leave. [She weeps.]
 And well I know how dead Kings Paraniours
 Are dealt by, by their cruell successors. (tears?)

Abb. Why dead? why successour? but why these
 Which I'le drie up with kisses, and revenge
 With as much blood of thy fea'rd enemies.
 Be a good huswife of these pearlcs, (my dear)
 Too pretious ere to spend, 'lesse when I die,
 Thou'l shed a few of them t'enbalm me with.
 Who's that? It is the voice of *Beltazar*.

Flo. Or *Mahomet Allybeg*, or both.

Abb. Sit still.

*ABBAS, MAHOMET ALLYBEG,
 BELTAZAR, FLORADELLA.*

Come, come, my Lords, I've long expected you.
 Mah. We met i'th way a stop, a giddy stream
 Of people, with broad eyes, and right-up ears,
 Powring themselves from all parts to (11)the *Buzzar*.
 The novelty made us too mixt among them,
 What then made all this concourse, but to hear
 A Panegyrick, sung by hired Eunuchs,
 In adulation of the valiant *Mirza*? (Mouse.)

Abb. The mountain brought forth a ridiculous

Flo. Heaven grant it proves ridiculous.

Abb. Heaven it selfe

Can't make it otherwise.

Bell. There were all the deeds

Of (12)your great ancestors, from *Mortys Ally*
 Recounted, not as copies to be followed,
 But made as foiles, to set off his the better;
 And brought but by comparison, to shew

How his green valour conquers all example.
So, said the flattering pamphlet, *Peleus* name
Stoops to *ACHILLES*, and so *SATURN* joyes
To be ore-topt by *JOVE*.

Abb. O most fast flattery!

Mak. And there exposed they his armed figure,
In a triumphall Chariot, drawn by (13) *CYRUS*
And great (14) *DARIUS*, yoak'd, with this inscrip-
tion:

As the new Moon the light wch old devours;
So do thy actions all thine Ancestours.

Abb. No more; no more: seem'd any man of name
To countenance this fairy Pagentry?

Bel. No leſſe then great *Duke ELCHEE*, at whose
cost

It was performed; he's haſting down to's charge,
I'ch army, this was his farewell to's friends. (more

Abb. There's muſick in that voice, would many
Of his rank durſt oppose us. "There is gain

"In mighty rebels. Flies and moths may buzz
About our beard, and are not worth the notice,
Or if we crush them they but foul our fingers.

"'Tis noble prey deserves a Prince's stroak:
And by my Father's soul, they ſhall not want it.

Flo. Spoke like thy ſelfe!

Mab. Heroick, god-like *ABIAS*.

Bel. Let not my Sovereign doubt my proved faith.
(That (15) would ope *MAHOMET*'s Shrine at
your command)

If humbly I play the Prince's friend,
And urge but their objections, as thus.

What ever glorious actions are attievd
By him or his, redound to the Kings glory,

As all the ſoldiers to the generalls.

What common ſoldier e'er gained a Triumph?
And yet, what Generals ſingle valour conqueſt'd?

How

MIRZA.

How then are you made lesse if he grows great
Since all his greatness is not his but yours?
Do not the flourishing of the branches add
To the Trees beauty? —

Abb. But luxuriant boughs

Not prun'd suck too much moisture from the Tree.

Bel. What cares the Sea how great the Rivers swell,
Since all their pride flow into her?

Abb. But what

The Sea doth get in one place, in some other
It loses; and the more he wins upon
Th' affections of the people, the more I lose.

“Minions too great argue a King too weak.

Mah. “Great Favourites should be set neare
Kings as foiles

“To set them off, not to vie lustre with them.

“A Partner once admitted to a Throne,

“Soon justles out the other: th' snakes new skin

“Once come, she casts the old one. (16.) No where are

“Two Kings in safety but in Teneriff,

“And there the one is dead, but one alive.

Bel. But 'tis not known the Prince intends a danger,

Mah. It is not prov'd.

Abb. 'Tis then too late, when prov'd,

To be prevented.

Fl. Cockatrice's eggs

Must not be brooded over till they're hatcht. (give

Mah. “Kings fears are proof enough they that will

“Them cause to fear, give cause enough, to strike.

“A Treason is a kind of Hestique feaver,

“In the beginning it is most easily cur'd,

“But hardly known: But in the course of time,

“Not having been in the beginning known,

“To know it becomes easy, hard to cure.

Bel. But he is mortall —

Fl. So are Whores at first,

Coyneſſe is the best Lure.

Be'. Blaming his friends
For doubling of his merit, and chides himself
For ſuffering of his acts ſo to be guilded,
Lest they might any way eclipse your ſplendour.

Abb. Hoe's Politick: "Seen nets are eaſily voided,
" And dangers threatned once, are half prevented.
" The curſt dog bites before he barks, and Thunder
" Strikes ere it ſpeaks. Treaſon ſtill ſhuns the Sun.
That female Virtue, Modesty, can't harbour
In ſuſh a maſculine ſpirit, even that
He makes a bait to catch the vulgar with,
It gets him a respect: He's not to learn
" That honour, like a shadow, and love too
" Shuns the purſuer, follows him that flies it.

Mah. Why if he means no Rape upon the State,
Doth he ſo fortifie himſelf in's Party,
Binding all men of action unto him
With all th' obligations of a Politician?

Abb. "He that will make a Faction means to uſe it.

Mah. He ſtudies every particular *Gen'us*,
And taketh every one in his own height.
Th' ambitious he makes his with honours, Titles,
And high commands; ſaying, "worth loſes luſtre,
" Like Gems in Quarries, if it be not ſet
" To publique view, like Diamonds well mounted.
The covetous he ties with chains of Gold
To his own purpoſes, extolling "bounty
" As th' moſt conſpicuous vertue of a Prince,
" And gainfullſt; ſaying, Virtue elſe will freeze,
" If it be not kept active with Reward,
" Valours beſt Nurse. Those that are discontented
" (And ſuch are ſure ones) he gains by favour,
And filken promises. The multitude
He stroaks with Popularity, and they
Like true dogs fawn, and grouch as muſh to him.

Though

MIRZA.

Though upon service he's austere enough,
Exacting each man's duty, out of Action.
He courts the common soldiery by their names,
Lies with them on the Guard, fares as they fare,
And calls them all his fellows, sees them serv'd,
In time of want, ere he himself will take
The least refreshment. ——

Abb. What soules will not these
Strong arts allure, if he meant war with *LOVE*,
To storm even Heaven, and mak't a Colony !

Flo. What, Heaven a Province !

Mah. Noble Forts he builds,
And Cittadells, as if he meant to compass
The Kingdom with a trench, and into these
He put's his Confidents. Huge hoards of wheat,
Munition Provision stufte his Garrisons,
When no Foe threatens the Confines. If these charms
Of Affability, these knots of strength,
And preparations, signify but care,
And Arts of wisdom, which need 'wake no thought
Of Jealousie; and require no prevention;
Let's cast no Ramparts 'gainst the swelling Sea,
But tamely think the peaceful *NEPTUNE* means
Us no invasion but will sit content
I'h' old Boundaries of his watry Empire.
Cherish the speckled snake, and let him twine
About your leg, alas! poor loving worm.
It onely comes to kisse your foot, and means
To dart no poisonous sting into your flesh.

Bel. Has he no filiall love? no noble nature?
Can't be that to him, to whom every Virtue
Seems in this dearth of Peticie, to run
For Patronage, Patemall duty should
Be, or a stranger, or a slighted Exile?

Mah He is ambitious, and " Ambition knows
"No Kindred, 'twas a maxim practised

"By

" By LOVE himself upon his Father SATURN.

Abb. No, no, my Lords, that somthing must be done
Is not the question but what? and how?

Bel. Weaken him in his friends, call them from places
Of trust, and put in others or make them yours.

Abb. No, they are preingag'd, and will not come
But to great baits: So to reclaim them would
Cost much, to ruine them add more to us.

" For all Rebellions, throughly suppress'd. (jct.

" Make Kings more Kings, and Subjects still more Sub-

Bel. Then call him from his strength, lure him to
Court.

And drown him here in pleasures and delights,
Twill soften and enervate his great mind.

" There's little fear of Carpet Knights, rough beards

" And hairy men have still the working heads.

Mah. And such is he.

Abb. That were to croffe his Genius,
And force his Nature backward, he is made
For hardened steel, and not a masquing sute.
No Musick please him but the bellowing Drum,
No exercise but tossing of a Pike.
So stout a nature never will recoil.

Bel. Confine him to some Iland, with a set
Of beardless Eunuchs, and soft Punks about him,
Prohibiting all martiall company.

Flo. Pictures and Beauties are alike to him;
His soul's so full of's NYMPH ADOR a's love,
As throw him into an Ocean of Beauties,
The vessel's full, and can take no more in.

Bel. A brave truth from an Enemy!

Abb. Confine him,

That were to spur a fiery headstrong steed
And have no reines to hold him: or to 'wake
A sleeping Lion.

" Persons of his rank

" If once disgrac'd, must not be left a tongue

" To

" To tell it with, or hand to act Revenger,
 " No, nor a heart to think it. He that strikes
 " At mighty Enemies must do it thoroughly.
 Say my beloved MAHOMET, " must not Kings
 " That fear great subjects growth, and gathering
 strength;
 " Or wink at all, and conquer them with kindnesse,
 " Or, if they wil take notice, leave unmeed
 " Of second blowes, but at the first cut off
 " At once the fear they have, and cause of future
 " Who finds a Serpent couch'd, and at one blow
 " Parts not his heart shall never fetch another.

Mah. The Oracles are reviv'd, and speak in Abbas,
 But how much more then pitty is it, that
 So high a valour, Affabilitie
 (Vertues of brightest lustre with the Persian)
 And all the endowments of a Princely mind,
 Should, like good seed in ground too far, grow rank,
 And make him fit to feel the sickle, which
 Gladly I would dissuade, were not the tree
 More worthy then a wanton branch, or th' head
 Then any corrupted limb, though ne'r so handson.

Abb. Ah my good Lords, the bowells of a Father
 Have yearn'd in me, and no small strift I had
 To gain a Conquest of my fond affection,
 And bend my will to part with him, as with
 A gangreen'd member to secur the whole.
 But I have won the field of foolish pitty,
 And sworn by the eight religioust Orbs, his death.

Flo. The young wolves death can never come too soon,
 For he that spares the wolves, destroys the sheep.

Bel. But think, my honour'd Lord, will not the soul
 Of every subject bleed in his reach wound ?
 The pledge of their succeding happiness !
 The crown of their best hope, hope of their
 And who will spare to damn for thy money ?

(Pardon the speech, I act the Princes friend)
A deed, so without Justice, proof, or conscience ?

Mah. Not all the steel forg'd into swords and spears,
Nor all the Iron form'd to battering Rammes,
Have ruin'd so many Kings, as that round word.
“ Conscience and Sovereign sway are things at odds,
“ Tis mischites freedom holds up Tyranny,
“ Which who so blushes t'own is no right King.

Abb. No more debate; Sentence is justly pass'd,
The execution rests, which, what if acted
Upon him i'th army ?

Mah. If the cruetie
Chance to disclose it selfe, on th' apprehension
O'th murderer, t'may raise some dangerous tumult.
“ All cruell actions must be safely done,
“ And all their safetie lies in privacy.

Abb. Let's train him up to court, and do it here.

Mah. That thought needs not a second.

Abb. Cause you then
Our secretary t'indite letters to him
Here to attend us with all possible speed,
Where he shall be acquainted with the weight
Of the affair that urges his quick comming.
Provide a messenger of your own knowledge.

Mah. I know my Province.

Abb. You Lord *BELAZAR*,
Who are not so well known his enemie
Though firme enough in his esteem, hast down
Unto the Army, where, till he, you know
Be on his journey hither, keep your mask on :
Then break to the Lieutenant Generall
Your power, and errand, which is to be set
With him in joyne commision ore that Army,
And be the noble partner of our care.

Bel. My faith shall labour to deserve the trust.

Abb. And thou my *FLORADELLA* shalt have
Well doo.

Be frequent in your visits to the Princeſſe, T ~~and~~
 Extoll the vertues of her gallant Lord, ~~and~~
 And ſet the wheeles a going. "Praife gets confidence,"
 That openneſſe of ſpeech, and women be ~~and~~
 "Beſt ſpies of womenſ actions. Sift her then, ~~and~~ A
 "What is intended, who, and where employede, ~~and~~ W
 Speak with ſuch confidence, ~~as if you meant~~ ~~and~~ A
 To force her think you know what never was, ~~and~~ T
 "Tis no leſſe ſervice to detect cloſe treaſon, ~~and~~ L A
 "Then to vanquish open and avoucht Rebellion, ~~and~~ C

Flo. What arts will not my love unto my Lord
 Infuſe into me, and what subtle care?

Abb. You've all your parts, aft them but like your
 Ile in, any ſtudy more o' th' art of King-craft.

Bel. Madam I kiffe your hands. Yours Lord MA-
 HOMET.

MAHOMET ALLYBEG, FLORADELLA:

This was well carried, there's another ſtep
 To our great purpose whilst the Tyrant stood
 Firmly propt up by his heroick ſon (him):
 And his brave Troopes, not all the Gods could ſhake
 Now that he ruines him he but lies down
 For me, and therefore thee, my FLORADELLA,
 Upon his neck to riſe to ſovereignty. (platforme,

Flo. But what if the ſucceſſe ſhould thwart the
 And ſomething intervene to ſave the Prince? ~~and~~ M
 Would not the ruine turn upon our ſelves? ~~and~~ T
 " Such deeds are never ſafe till they be acted.

Mah. Descend not from thy ſelfe ſo low as fear,
 The blow meant him is guided by a hand ~~and~~ A
 Sure and steady: but if he miſſes ayme, ~~and~~ W
 This very hand through wounds ſhall force his foul, ~~and~~ C
 So doth the love of thee arme me, Ile wreſt ~~and~~ (one.
 The Scepter from JOVES hand but thou ſhalt have

Flo. Why do you court your own Sir? ~~and~~ C
Mah.

Mah. Therefore dearest
Because mine owne and worthy a Gods courtship,
I never meant thee lesse, nor have I woo'd thee
To leave a Monarchs crowned love to grace
A subjects bed, but to adorn these Temples (NE's,
With golden wreaths, more bright then A R I A D-
And make thy name the subject of all Poetry.
Then shal thou trample on the under globe,
And chuse what part of heaven thou meant to grace.
So great is the reward of *MAHOMET*'s love.

Flo. How growes your strength? what men of name,
and fortunes
Espouse your interest?

Mah. 'Tis not yet my time
To tempt too many: when the heir is gone,
And all men in a maze, then is our houre.
No Fish shall 'scape us, when the water's troubled.
In the mean time get thee a party to the
Of the male-spirited Dames, that may engage
Their sons and husbands, they are usefull evills,
"Bosome solicitours are most prevalent. (esse.
FLO. Ile finde or make such: first I'le see for the Prin-

MAHOMET ALLYBEG,

Poor credulous Cockatrice! thinkst thou I'le rear
My selfe a Throne, and let a strumpet with me?
No, he that can trush Princess will not pick
Thee out, among the rubbish of their ruines.
Yet must ambition use such poor low things.
Thou art a good close sp̄t, a bosome walour,
And a fair bait for some smooth liquorish (18) *SALIA*,
Whom Ile perhaps buy with thy prostitution.
But a companion of my Sovereignty
Must boast a brighted vertue, higher descent,
One that in making nature toil'd, and sweat
Such as the excellent Princess *NI MPHADORA*,

Whom

Whom when industrious nature once had form'd,
 She broke her mould, for never since could she
 Produce her like; she'll fit our proudest height,
 But her I'll not assay till I me possessed
 Of my new royaltie: then — a Prince's Throne
 Is a brave joyniture, and the name of Queen,
 To a young Widow lusty in her blood,
 Will be a charme, hardly to be withstood!

FARABAN.

What curses are entailed on wicked people! With a bag of
 We, when we want it, scratch and plow to ^{the moon} His
 get it,

And when we have it, fear to lose it still. O nihle
 I dreaded viddly those two craving scouldiers
 That met me at my Merchants dore they were
 But meanly thatcht me thinks and seem'd to have
 Sharp stomachs too. They watcht and waited on me
 As Dogs do upon children for their victualls.
 There lie ye — till my Tailors long long bill ^{He looks}
 Brings an indictment strongly proved a- ^{it is in a} Trunk
 against you.

Thus are we but the Gaolers of our wealth,
 Which although most men make their God, is but
 The Poets Slave, and mine — And but for us —

Two THEEVEs. [Lifting.]

We'll rescue your rich prisoner presently. [They knock.
 Far. Come in — (Pox on yee, its your tattar'd
 Rogueships.)

1 Thief. Your humble servant Sir.

2 Thief. Your servant Sir.

Far. Gentlemen, you'll excuse me, I know you not.

1 Thief. You shall Sir know us better — Please you
 lend us

The key of that same trunk — Sir and { One of them pre-
 you die. sents a dog to
 his breast.

Far.

Fa. Nay Gentlemen.

1. *Thief.* Nay, not a word y'had best
Take the keys out of his pocket, corade- so The other
takes his
keys out of
his pocket, &
his watch.
Now we will eat boy and be warm again
1. *Thief.* Hang warmth and eating too,
We'll drink, drink deep.
2. *Thief.* drink by the hower, and this same watch
shall help us.

To 'scape the Constables:

Fa. But I dare hold
A rope of that---th' Devil! --- rob'd! --- Whilst they go
to plunder his
Trunk, he runs
out, and gives
the Alarm.
and thus too
Rob'd in a Complement! --- Theves! ---
Theves! ho Theves!
1. *The.* Pox o' your care, could you not stop him?
2. *The.* Now
(Prethee leave chiding to another time)
We've no way but to follow him, and cry
Out Theves as loud as he: so we ith' hubbub They
run af-
ter him
May hap t'escape. 2 *The.* 'Tis best. Both. Theves!
Theves! ho. Theves!

SOFFIE, PATYMA, IFFIDA

*I*S this the story's to be acted?

Iff. Yes Sir.

Sof. I love to see these Actions, they will put
Spirit into me. Is the Princesse ready?

Iff. She will be presently. You stand on thorns now.

Fat. Shall I see't too?

Iff. Yes, yes, my pretty Lady,
If you'll sit patient there, and weep no more.

Fat. Indeed I will not: but I could not hold

Last day, they were so cruell; could you *IFFIDA*?

To see hard-hearted *PROGNE* stab her Son!

And all the while the boy cling to her breast,

And for each wound she gave return a kiss!

Sof.

Sof. Go, y'are fainthearted.

If. Nay Sir, she's good natur'd.

Fat. This too is some sad story: tell me *IFFIDA*,
Why do's this woman look so angry here?

Sof. What ailes that old man so to weep? I can't
Indure to see a man weep it shewes cowardly.

iff. That fierce Lady *MEDEA* resolv'd to fly
With her new servant *JASON* from her Father;
To hinder his pursuit, she tore in pieces
Her brother *ABSYRTUS*, and bestreyd ith' way
His limbs which that old man, their father finding,
He stopt his vaine pursuit ot's cruell Daughter,
To gather up by peace meal his torn son,
And seems to bath each piece with teares, as if
He thought them Cement strong enough to set
The tatter'd joynts and flesh again together.

Fat. Was she a sister? O I could not do
So by you *SOFFIE* for all the world —————
I care not now for seeing it presented,
I hate all cruelty so perfectly:
Yet could I bear a part with that old man,
And weep as fast as he; so infectious
Is a just sorrow, chiefly in old persons.

*NYMPHADORA, SOFFIE, FATHY-
MA, IFFIDA, PAGE.*

*W*hat ailes my *FATHYMA* to drown her blos-
somes

Of beauty thus in tears? Child art not well?

Fat. Yes Madam, but this piece is limnd so lively,
As it doth strain tears from me to embalm
Poor torn *ABSYRTUS* with.

Nym. Pretty compassion!

I like this tenderness in thee: but we think
This a feign'd story. O may reall griefs (acted?
Ne'r touch thy breast, poor thing! ————— wilt see in

Fat. It will, I fear, make me too melancholy.

Nym. Do as thou wilt, my Heart.

Fat. This piece shall be

My melancholly study, and sad Tutor.

When I have either cause or will to weep,

Ile take up this, and sit, and think, I see

The tender boy stretcht out his hands unto me

For help, and figh, because I cannot rescue him.

Then think again, the old man calls out to me

To help him gather up his sons limbs; and weep

Because I cannot.

Iff. Pretty innocence!

Sof. Pray Madam, let me wait upon your Highnesse
To th' Tragedy.

Nym. Thou shalt sweet-heart.

Iff. What now?

(DELLA

Pag. If't please your grace, the Lady *FLORA*
Is lighted at the gate, and means a visite.

Nym. She's welcome.

Sof. Pish, pish, now her idle chat
Will keep us beyond time.

Nym. Soft my young Gallant.

*NYMPHADORA, FLORADELLA, SOFFIE,
FATYMA, IFFIDA.*

*H*Ail my good Lady.

Flo. Mighty Princeffe, hail.

Nym. Please you to sit.

Flo. How does my little Lady?

Fat. I thank you Madam.

Flo. And you my Lord?

Sof. Madam,

At your service.

Flo. Troth, an early courtier.

How happy are you, Madam, in these copies
Of your fair selfe, and your renowned Lord?

By

By which you've fild times sharp teeth, and secur'd
 Your names, your formes, and natures, from the waft
 Of death, and eating age; nor is it fit
 So eminent a beauty, and clear vertue
 Should for leſſe then eternity grace the world.

Nym. Why, Madam, give you me the trouble to
 Speak your words over? for these heights of courtship
 Are but like sounds made in a hollow room,
 In expectation of the Echo's answer.

Flo. No. Madam, by your beauty and that is
 The greatest Power that I can swear by, I
 Oft lose my self in pleasing Contemplation
 Of you as Natures, and as Fortunes darling.
 By whose best gifts yet can you never be
 So highly grac'd, as you do grace their gifts,
 And them too, by your bare receiving them.
 What had the Gods in all their Treasury
 Of greater worth or lustre then the Prince,
 Your excellent Lord? A Prince that striketh dumb
 Envy and slander! and gives Fortune eyes!
 And who could they find worthy to bestow
 This great result of all their sweat upon
 But you? who yet deserve him every inch.

Nym. In him indeed I am compleatly happy.
 But he is so far above all deserving,
 As I can plead no merit; yet the Gods
 Themselves have sometimes deign'd a mortall love.

Flo. In which of all the Gods fortunate Princess,
 Could you have been so happy as in him?
 With better grace thou *Phœbus* dost not hold
 Thy gorgeous rein, nor from thy glistening Throne
 Scatter more beauty or more Majesty!
 A Majesty indeed too great to know
 Any Superior. And now that the King
 Is bow'd down with the burden of old age,
 The heavy weight of the unwieldy Empire

Grow but a trouble to his aged shoulders;
 His Crownes are to his head a load, no more
 An ornament. It's fitter his white Age
 Should now indulge his genius, and release
 His thoughts from all the ruffle of the world,
 And give him time to contemplate the place
 He tends to every day. So should the Prince
 Make his few daies brighter and easier to him,
 By taking on himself (now fit for labour)
 That load of care we call the Soveraignty. (breath,

Nym. Pray Madam give such thoughts no longer
 Thoughts that the loyall Prince and I detest.

'Tis the base viper gets a life by forcing
 A violent passage through his Parents bowells;
 (19) My Country *Phœnix* when he duly mounts
 His Fathers spacie Throne, brings on his wings
 His honour'd ashes, and his funerall odours.
 To shew, he climb'd not, till his death, his seat:

Flo. Your Highnesse rather should assist his rising,
 By gaining more to's party, which is done
 With but a gracious look or smile from you.

• So prevalent an Oratour is beauty.

Nym. No, by his life, and all the love I bear him,
 I'd rather follow him fairly to his Tombe,
 Perfum'd with that unblemish'd stock of honour
 He now stands in, then that so foully broke,
 See him untimely thrust into the Throne.
 And justifie my self a loyaller wife,
 In loving more his honour then his life.

Flo. (Unconquerable Vertue if the Gods [in secu.

Give me a Flague 'twill be for th' injury

I do this noble pattern of all goodnesse)

Well Madam, you may feed upon that air,

But there are those wish the design on foot.

And promise to themselves a fair successse.

So great's the love they have for the brave Prince,

And,

An expectation of a braver King.

‘For’ tis Authority declares the man.

Nym. I’ll thrive their tra’trous plots.

If. My Lord, speak to her.

Nym. But in his face I read my *SOFFIE* think’s
This conference might be spar’d, as well as I,
For he was wooing me to carry him
To see *MEDEA* play’d, at Madam *OMAI*’s,
And I am loth to disappoint his hopes.

Flo. I’le be no cause of that.—I’le wait you thither.

Nym. You’ll honour me.

Flo. (I’le go before you one day.)

[*secre.*]

M A H O M E T A L L Y B E G,
S E L E U C U S.

I Need not tell thee, my *SELUCUS*, what
Hast, secrecy, and care must wait your journey.
Attend Duke *ELHEE* first, but privately,
And with my letters give him high salutes,
To work in him a confidence of me.
When you have obtain’d Audience of the Prince,
Note with what gust he takes his call to court,
And ere he be upon the way, be sure
I have a Post, t’inform me of the minute
I may expect him here; that his arrivall
Anticipates not my provision for it.

Se! My Lord, no part of your instructions shall
Be unobey’d, and what my care can more,
Rely upon.

Mal. Be happy.—This will prove
His faith, and diligence, and those shall be
The rules by which i’ll further trust or slight him.
All tooles are not for greatest works, they must
Be try’d, and ‘bide the tryall must be made
Staves in the ladder we ascend a Throne by.

MAHOMET-ALLY-BEG, BELTAZAR.

Hail my Lord *BELTAZAR*, what, you are
going
To take possession of your new command?
I wish your journey and that too prosperous.
You know you have a friend in Court, and I
Assure my self of one now in the Army.

Bel. That your assurance will never fail you.
The King expecteth your Attendance.

Mak. I

Am with his grace already;—Adieu my Lord.

BELTAZAR.

How quick's this Jack of state! if this my journey,
And th' whole project be not a web of his,
I misse my mar'c.—The Prince is grown too great
And must be fear'd, and presently remov'd,
Not 'cause he is too great for *ABBAS*, but
For *ALLY-BEG*: But this I must not see,
Because I cannot help. Should I suggest it
Unto the Prince, 'twere but to fall with him.
I'll rather save my self, and try if I
Can keep an even Path, 'twixt the two hills.
" 'Tis better give way to, then resist ills,
" And raging Lions, of too horrid might
" To be withstood by force of Law, or right.
" The Prince must fall: his ruines will be great
Enough many leſſe Princes to create;
Why may not I be one of thoſe? so from
A River stop't, many ſmall runs do stream.
Vertue, I love thee, but with thee to stand
Were now to fall; Yet what the King commands
" That word makes Vertue, or at leaſt Law; for he
" Can do no wrong, ſince 'gainſt himſelf it must be,
" And to the willing nothing's injury.

How

How ere, 'tis wisdom to obey: "They who do
"Will rise at Court, must not dispute, but do.

C H O R U S.

O Misery of greatest states! Obnoxious to unconstant Fates!
Great and good Persons well may be
From guilt, but not from envy free
They that stand high in Publicque trust
Expect the forked arrowes must
Of such below, as deem their parts
Lesse in employmant then deserts.
These vapours yet may hap ore fly
So long as the helm is guided by
Temperate Spirits, and severe
Judges, that both know, and dare.
And whilst that Kings will, in things high,
Their action to good counsell tie.
And not by single advise be led,
Oth' passionate unsalted head.
But since that flattery and ease
Crept into Princes Palaces,
'Tis dangerous to be good, or great,
For such the Court's a slippery seat.
Nor is it saf: for Subjects since
Too too much t' oblige their Prince,
With mighty service, that exceed
The Power of his noblest meed;
For whom he cannot well reward,
He'l find occasion to discar'd:
To which many a Parafite
His easie nature wil excite,
Things sold to riot, that still swell
With envy, gainst such as do well,
Because their glory blazing higher
Then theirs, ecclipses their false fire:

So must he for their private ends
 Divest himself of his best friends.
 Nor so their humour's fed, care they
 If he and his become a prey
 To's greatest foes, 'gainst whom their care
 Defend him neither can nor dare.
 " These are those ear-wiggs to a King
 Then hostile foes more ruine bring.
 As Ivy seems the blooming spray
 T' adorn but sucks his heart away:
 So do they rob their Prince of's heart,
 In making him his duty invert.
 And the best Government Monarchy,
 Degenerate into Tyranny;
 Perswading him, his single will
 His Realms are made but to fulfill.
 They make a Wolfe thus, of whom Heaven
 To th' flock hath for a shepheard given.
 The Sun, they might as truly, say
 Is vested with his flaming Ray,
 To scorch and not assist the Earth.
 With gentle warmth, to naturall birth.
 " The Flatterer merits worse of you
 " O Kings, then whose pale Poisons brue.
 " They kill but single Princes, he
 " Assassinate even Monarchie.
 Leave then with beasts your sportive war,
 Or hunt no beast but th' Flatterer.

Act.

A&T. 2.

MIRZA.

Doe, Fortune, doe, frown on, that th' world
may see

My constant Virtue can overcome even thee.

And when thou pour'st out with full sea thy spite,
Swim with more strength against the angry tide.

Conspire with the Foe that not to you.

The honour may, but to my self, be due.

But if thou bee'st the Mistresse of the world,

From whose mad wheel all our events are hurl'd,

Thank thee for being coy: It will improve

The pleasure of the Conquest, and my love.

“ Slight favours are not for a Princes ware,

“ The foulest ground the fairest crop doth bear.

“ In a dull calm, a child may play with th' helm,

“ But he's a Pilot can outride a storm.

Raise raise them, then, let loose the winds to rage,

And let this tumour with that warfare wage.

Block up the way that to Fames Palace lies,

To give my spirit nobler exercise.

Why am I more observ'd and courted too

Then other men unlesse I more can do

And suffer more? “ Tis not enough to be

“ But born a Prince our greatest Royaltie

“ Lies in our Acts if we have greatest parts

“ In reverence, let's have so in deserts.

And though the bravest souldier at this day

(The whole worlds terrour) under me in pay,

Did never hear me saying yet, go thee

Where slaughter highest rag'd, but follow me,

Yet could he stronglier 'gainst the Torrent swim

Of War then I, I'd yield my Palme to him.

But

But Counsell must direct each martiallfeat;
 " Uncounsel'd force is crush'd with its own weight.

ELCHEE, PAGE.

I Study nothing here, so much as how to Reading Me-
merit your high favour, and do some-
homets letters
thing may fix me strong in your desired to him.
friendship. —

Why this to me, that never yet could gain
 More then a quarter face,—thus—or perhaps
 An over shoulder look from this great MAHOMET?
 This sole ingroffer of the royall aspect?
 To me this! a disgrac'd cast Courtier!
 Sure this is more then complement, yet not scorn?
 It lookes like serious. He has his ends if he
 But speaks, or bowes, or nods to any man.
 His very looks and smiles are all design,
 Had I best meet his courtesie half way?
 Or shun it as a snares? Sure he thinks not
 Me cheap enough to be his instrument
 In a low matter? and in great his craft
 Has not enough of confidence in me.
 I'le not embarque too far, yet still egg on
 His confidence to make my breast his closet.
 Then either close in what may serve my self,
 Or save my Head by traveling his Plots.
 He hath somwhat ith' forge and hopes my late
 Disgrace and discontent will make me blow
 The cole with him, though he'd bat use my foot
 But as the Cats. to reach the nut out of
 The fire for his tooth. He's not to learn
 " That male-contents are tinder for a faction.
 He may remember too, that " with great Persons
 " New benefits blos not out old injuries.
 He hopes Fle catch the spark, if not for love

To

To him, for hate to th' Tyrant, who yet perhaps
Bids him cast out his lures to tempt my stomach.
Yet will I see the bait, and play with it,
And since I see it, fear not to be hit.—
Who waits there?—

Page. My Lord?

Etc. Desire the Gentleman

To enter,—Favours done to followers

Oblige their Lords; as he that did relieve

MINERVA'S weary Priests ingag'd the Goddess!

ELCHEE, SELEUCUS.

Come sir this masse of love your honour'd Lord
Is pleas'd to send me, flowes with such a tide
Of joy upon me, as I shall either die
This night, or else live forty years the longer.

Sei. My Lord, his honour's covetous to find
Fit objects for his love, he's us'd to say,
But now he needs not seek abroad, your Grace
Deserves it all, and he is no leſſe juſt
To pay desert her due, then wise to find it.

Etc. Y'are too obliging, we know his judgement
Wh'ch yet in nothing's more conspicuous,
Then in such prudent choice of followers.

Sei. My Lord, when will the Prince

Etc. The Prince anon

Will be at th' Councell of war, there or expect
My entrance, or else by some attendant,
Give me but notice of your being there,
And I'le present you to his Grace, according
To your good Lords desire. The time draws on,
I' th' interim, here's some will entertain you.

MOZENDRA, SELÆUCUS,
BENEFIAN.

SELÆUCUS! hail.

Sel. Well met dear Colonel.

Ben. Welcome my better half, welconie to th' Camp.

Moz. How looks the Court?

Sel. As't uses, like a Lottery,

Where one may draw and draw till he exchanges
 His whole stock but for blanks: and if by chance
 A Prize do come, 'tis more by luck then skill:
 And then the noise, the Drum, and generall cry
 Follow the fortunate, when a thousand others
 That ventur'd more, may fit and curse their starrs.

Moz. A good Satyrick Metaphor; in them both
 Blind fortune rules.

Ben. But how are Ladies? reasonable?

Sel. Even as they ever were, and ever will be.
 Shaddowes, shaddowes of us: pursue them and
 You may pursue, and tire in the chace,
 Seem but to fly, they'll follow, and be handled.

Moz. 'Twaz ever so, keep them but sharp and they'll
 Obay the lure.

Ben. Watch them and they'll be tame.

Sel. But with fresh oaths songs, kisses, Duells, (food
 Strong and approv'd) gorge them, and they'll turne
 taile.

Ben. A pretty truth: but who bears greatest price.

Sel. Why, faith, the plainest, th' fairest ever are
 Most kind and least proud.

Ben. So, And what new loves? How thrives the new sect of Platoniques? ha?

Sel. Troth the best Pimp that ever enter'd Court.

Moz. You need not fear the growth of such a weed,
 Nor hope we better fruit, since that (1.) the Persians
 Begin to follow th' Lacedemonians.

Ben.

Ben. Then i'le up and turn Courtier, *SELEUCHUS*.
Wilt buy my Regiment?

Moz. Prethee *BENEFIAN*

Wilt now turn fly, and spend the day in buzzing
In Ladies beams till thou hast sing'd thy wings?
Fie, fie, the Prince he'c shewes thee' nobler game,
Wilt thou, like an ill-handled kite upon
Her wings after a noble quarry, go
Away with poultry check? or leave a Partridge
To dop after a lark, or Robinred-breast?

Ben. There is a Syren in that tongne.— well, i'le
Consider a while of't. But you *SELEUCHUS*
Mean to stay with us, ha? and see some sport?

Moz. Yes, yes, you will not lea ve the stag at Bay.
Sel. Well, i've a Mistrisse I would fain present
With a piece of a torn 'Banner.

Ben. Well said my
Bully *HECTOR*,— but hold— The Lords o'th Coun-
EMANGOLY, METHICULI, HYDASPUS,
ALKAHEM, MATZED.

*A*nd now my Lords, what busineffe calls loudest
To be the first discussed in our Counsell?

Moz. Exchange of Prisoners; many we hold of ther's
At needesse charge, as many they of ours
Deserving men and stout, whom we much want.

Hyd. Our Regiments and companies are thin,
Scarce one in ten of them amounts to half
The constitution. So the Guards are weaker
Then else they should: and thus hard duty comes
Oftner to the same men, till the poor soul'diers
Grumble, and faint beneath the load, and so're
Are held from mutiny; But which is worse,
A masse of Treasure daily is consum'd
On idle officers, Parchment Colonells
And titular Captains, that ha'ne saw four files

Under their Ensigns, or perhaps no more
Then their own gromes, or private servants, save
Some that they borrow'd upon daies of muster,
Or else pretended to lie sick in Quarters.

Emr. Dead payes are not to be eschewed: tis grown
An abuse too strong for reformation.
The rest, the Prince has thoughts how to redresse,
And means it suddenly, by casheering and
Reforming idle officers, and filling all
His Regiments; which method he intends
To be exact to four times ith' year.

Mat. All gentlemen that come as volunteers
Expect commands, which yet they measure by
The greatnesse of their states, not martiall skill.
A Troop, a Company, or a Regiment
Each novice claimes as due; lesse cannot answer
A full fortune: when, for a Princes selfe,
They that know any thing, know tis no disgrace
To waile a Pike under a known Commander.

Hyd. But tis disgrace enough, and something more,
I'd almost said tis treason, t'undertake
More then a mans abilitie can perform,
Since the King suffers in it more then he;
The King, more in his work, then he in's credit.

Alk. These in their times; but first, if you concur,
Some thoughts of the reducing of yon City
Were seasonable: the seige is long and tedious,
And sicknesse and disease invade our camp,
As if the foe had made them of their party.
And that, my Lord *METHICULI*, makes good
Your proposition; that place won, we gain
Those prisoners, whose exchange will cost us dear.

Mat. My Lord, I echo you, What a disgrace
Would stick upon our names indeleble
As cowardise, if our great Princes standard
That never yet was fixt in vain before

A hostile Fort, but useth to display
Its selfe still on the Enemies proudest Turret,
Should now be left alone, or which is worse,
Fort'd to remove?

Ema. Though all the Gods were parties,
Our Princes stars are of a clever light,
Then so to be eclips'd by th' (2) Turkish Moon.

Hyd. She's pale, and waines already, and his Arme
Shall pluck her from her sphear, or quench her in it.

Met. Or daube her hornes with (3) Ottoman blood,
till she

Sets red, or shrinks into her Cloud, and wafts.

Alk. How can it be but so, when such a Sun
As this appears, drowning her sickly light!

MIRZA, EMANGOLY, ELCHEE, MENTHICULI, HYDASPU, ALKAHEM, MATZED, MOZENDRA, BE-NEFIAN.

MY Lords, this City stands stiffe in our way,
But none I hope, have any other thoughts
Then tempting of our stars, till the proud Turrets
Bow to our feet, and sink in vengefull flames;
For why should she ere boast a brighter fate,
Then her as potent sisters, that now kisse
Our yoak, and humbly truckle under us?

Ema. And so shall she, and glory in the bondage;
For to be slave to you, is next to win.
This my Lord *ALKAHEM* wisely advis'd,
Should be our first addresse unto your Highneſſe.

Mir. He spoke my thoughts, or rather I in him.

Alk. This I the rather was induc'd to do,
Because, ſince the two Mines we ſprung laſt day,
And five former assaults, prov'd unſuccesfull
And all your Meſſages met a Rejection:
I humbly now conceive, no ſtorm or ſcale

So fit to be attempted, as some stratagem
To be advis'd of.

Mir. Give us but a hint. (sally

Alk. An't please your Royall Highness, the last
'Twas my fortune to make two young men Prisoners,
Whom by their civill fashion and demeanour,
I judg'd and found to be men of the Book,
Rather engag'd by novelty to see
Something of war, then any way expert
In these rough meetings : these I had into (wine,
My Tent, where being well warm'd with (4.) *Shiras*
They fell into a freedom of discourse,
And, among other things, assured me,
They in the City had receiv'd a Promise
From *OSMAN HELI*, their old Governoür,
Of succours within four dayes, for which service
He was prepar'd, and stay'd but for some Gallies,
And Frigots to convoy him, and inable him
To passe through our Fleet, which Navy he had
A good assurance would attend him shortly.
And these are th'only hopes hold up their hearts,
And keep their Gates shut 'gainst your Royal Highness.
Neither is this discovery the effect
But of their drink, for, sober, they confirm it.

E/c. The same, a Page of mine, lately their Prisoner,
Who mad's escape in the same sally, told me,
He learnt ith' Town.

Mar. It is the generall voice
Among the meaner Prisoners, who hug their
Condition, and joy they are with us,
That they may eat again, famine within
Rages so strongly.

Moz. Hopes of this supply,
They sav, do onely keep the Town from uproar.

Ben. The starved Souldiers fly upon their Leaders,
And cry with a half hollow voice, Bread ! Bread !

For heavens sake Bread : when shall we eat again ?
 They answer, do but smell upon your Matches
 Four dayes longer, then by th'life of (5) MORAT,
 If no help comes, we'l make our best conditions.

Met. It seems 'tis a conceit strongly believ'd,
 That they shall have relieve.

Alk. Believ'd, my Lord,
 They every hour trace the sands, the walls
 They climb, and Turrets, peep through Prospectives,
 And if they but descry a Sea-gull, 'tis
 A Sail, and if a flock, O that's the Navy,
 Till lost again they chide their credulous faith,
 And curse the two crosse winds, till their own sighs
 But make them stronger to defeat their joyes.

Hyd. I had the guard last night, and intercepted
 A messenger in disguise from the said OS MAN,
 With Letters sown in's (6) Tulipant, spoke the same.
 These be the Letters —, and the Postscript fixes
 The time two dayes, or three at farthest.

Mr. Good,
 And you conceive now, we may send a Party
 Fresh flourishing in the Enemies Colours, who
 By this pretence, may gain perhaps admittance,
 And so surprize the Town ?

Ema. 'Tis probable.

Alk. 'Tis certain.

Mar. Nay 'tis more, 'tis done already. } *The Prince*
Mr. Well, since you've such a confi- } *lightly peruses*
dence, we'l try it. } *the Letters,*
You, my good Lord, METHICULI, } *then gives*
shall command } *them to the*
In this design, to whom we'l joyne your } *Lords, who*
Regiment, } *hand them*
HYDASPU S, and yours, ALKAHEM, and } *from one to*
yours. MATZED. } *another.*

Met. Our care shall not be wanting.

Mir. Have the Brigads
 Ready t'imbarque by the first light o'th' morning :
 In the mean time, we'l send unto our Admirall,
 That riding in the gulph, blocks up the Town,
 To bring ships down unto the Haven this night,
 For to transport you in, those must you wing
 With Turkish Flags and Streamers, and acquaint him
 With the adventure, that you passe the Fleet
 In the next night, yet not without some skirmish,
 To work the greater confidence ith' City,
 That you are foes to us, and their recruits.
 Yet least discovery frustrates the project,
 Keep your selves whole, that you may so make good
 Your quick retreat. You, my Lord *ELCHEE*,
 At the same time shall storm on the Land side,
 To give the greater terror and diversion
 To the Towns strength : so fortune aid the attempt.
 My selfe, and you, *EMANGOLT*, will be ready
 Either to enter with the Horse, or succour
 Our friends, if they be forc'd to a retreat.
Alk. If this succeeds 't is but our keeping up
 The Turkish Colours on the Towers awhile,
 And we shall so traine in the succours sent
 For th' Towns relief, who ignorant of its taking,
 Once landed, can't scape us.

Mir. Grasp not too much.

Ema. The Action promises well.

Ben. My Lord, *SELEUCUS*

{ To Elchee in se-
 cer.

Attends without.

Elc. Sir, you'l oblige me, if

You'l please to bring him in, and i'l present him.

Mir. MOZENDRA, let it be your care to make
 Our Admirall know our project, and desire
 Of Ships from him.

Mir. Sir, I am gone about it.

SELEUCUS.

[To them.

A Li hail.

Etc. May's please your Grace, this Gentleman
Is come from Court, with Letters for your Highnessse,
From your dread Father.

M.r. He is welcome,--- Sir,
How fares our Royall Father?

Sel. By me he sends

Your Highnessse twenty thousand blessings : and
Is kept in health, if but by the relation
Of your renown, which gives him hourly musick,
So grattfull to his Majestie is your fame.

Mir. We'll study to requite his love
With dainty.

Met. My Lord HYD ASPUS, and
you ALKAHEM
And you MATZED, will all be sure
to bring
Down to the Haven, before the Moon
arises,

Your Regiments, where you shall find me ready
To lead you aboard, the Ships I need not doubt,
They being my MOZENDRA'S care.

Hyd. Do'nt doubt me.

Alk. Nor me,

Mat. Nor me.

[He starts.

M.r. Sure I red not right !

Hyd. His message likes him not.

Mir. O for an Augur !

Ema. Good heaven ! what an Oglio of thoughts
His Highnessse has in's face !

Mat. He reads disturbance
In very line.

Ben. What bold blind fate dares thwart him !

M.r. 'Tis so... Well, Soldiers may'nt dispute their
orders.---

D 2

My

*He delivers his
Letters to the
Prince, kisses
his hand, and
retires. The
Prince opens, &
reads them to
himself.*

My Lord, I've here commands come from my Father,
 Forthwith to wait upon him, and I dare
 Think nothing but obedience. --- But O in
 What a Dilemma between duty and honour
 Stand I ? Honour calls to me from the house
 Of Fame, built all of sounding Brass : and what
 Wilt thou, sayes she, that hast given up thy name
 To me, go wanton in the Courts soft pleasures ?
 When yet the field is cover'd with thy Army,
 And new attempts resolv'd ?

Alk. Heare, heare her sir.

Mir. Then filial duty calls loud from the Temple,
 T'obey is your chiefe honour, the contrary
 Would fix more staines upon your Name, then all
 The *Ottoman* blood, could you set it a Tilt,
 Could ever wash away. O strait ! who sayes not,
 To go is Cowardize, to stay, Rebellion ?

Ema. Excuse me sir, were it not blasphemy (light
 'Gainst our great (7) *MITHRA*, to say the Sun wants
 When he doth but keep state in gloomy dayes ?
 No, no. your Highnes have possest'd the world
 Enough with your known valour, now no spot
 Will stick to you; besides who knows your busines ?
 Your Highness going may be necessary,
 And so your journey give more honour to you,
 Then kicking ope this Towns Gates with your foot.

Met. O'ch'other side, some handsome excuse may
 Give satisfaction to the King, till this
 Design be over, and not incur displeasure.

Ema. It may so, yet, why should our Lord the Prince
 Run that hazard ? his stay may do him hurt,
 In losing th'opportunity of some Action,
 Sure of concernment, else the King would not
 Have sent, knowing the weight of his work here :
 Or worse, it may provoke his Fathers anger,
 At least suspition : His going cannot harm him,

This

This Plot is so contriv'd as we may act it :
 Nor need the common Souldier know he's gone ;
 Put one into his Armour to disguise it.
 When he is there, if the affair be urgent,
 'Tis well he went : if not, he may return
 To us before the Action.

Mr. I'm confirm'd,
 Obedience possesses me all over.
 Up, and down again, quick as your thought :
 If I be forc't to stay, go on and prosper :
 But duty bears me not faster to him,
 Then Love and honour shall again to you :
 And so adieu my Lords.

Ema. Heaven keep your Highness.

Etc. Go safe.

Met. And safe return.

Hyd. And well as safe.

BELTAZAR, EMANGOLY, ELCHEE, MENTHICULI, HIDASPOS, ALKAHEM, MATZED, BENEFIAN.

*H*ail my Lord Duke of Shiraz.
Ema. My Lord BELTAZAR,
 What wind wast drove hither trow ? [*In secret.*]

Etc. No good one,
 You may be confident.

Bel. Save you my Lords.

Ema. O my apprehensive soul ! I'd give [*Aside.*]
 An eye my Lord the Prince were here again.

Bel. 'Tis thus, in short, my Lords, His Majestie
 Dreading some sicknes growing strong upon him.

Hyd. He was in health even now. [*Aside.*]

Alk. Stay sir, observe. (*Prince*)

Bel. Thought good to send down for his Sonne the
 The staffe of his old age, to be about him :
 And has done me the honour to command me

Hither, to stand in joynt Commission over
Th'Army, with you, My Lord **SMANGOLY.**
My honour'd Colleague.

Ema. Your standing is my fall. [Aside.]

Bel. My Lords, methinks I see, and grieve to see,
Something like Discontent in all your faces.

Ema. I'm justly proud sir, to be joyned with
So eminent a Virtue ; but this, in this
Conjuncture of time, I think, was ill advis'd.
Now, when the Army is neer worried out
In a long war, to tear their darling from them,
Will rellish ill.

Ben. I'll up, and turn Platonick.

Met. And I Stoick.

Mat. Ille to my Farm, and there [They whisper]
Sow Mustard-seed : the Prince gone, farewell Arms.

Ela. This is a trick, the Prince never dreamt of it.

Alk. A bait, to lure him up and lodge him---O.

Ema. My Lord, his Highness ere we lost him, laid
The Plat-form of a Plot to gain this City
By a surprize ; till that be done, wil't please you
To keep close your Commission, lest th'novelty
Disturbs the Action.

Bel. Sir, I'll be advis'd
In this, and all things, by your better judgement.

Met. We all do know our duties, let's attend them.

Ema. Go then, my Lords, I'll follow--- or I thinke,
We had as good let this adventure fall,
'Twas but to please the Prince.

Bel. Sir, as you please :
I've some dispatches, those over, I am yours.

*E M A N G O L Y, E L C H E E, M E T H I-
C U L I, H Y D S P U S, A L K A H E M, M A T-
Z E D. B E N E F I A N.*

THe Prince call'd up, to stay! and one sent down
To take his place? and that a Courtier too!

Plot of some *Turk* to ruine *Persia*

By striking her good *Genius*! Impudent head!
Worthy a thousand thunderbolts, that durst
Once mention it! why stay we in the Army?
There's not a Captains place now to be given
But some Court, Madam must dispose it, to
Perhaps some little leg'd Gentleman-Usher.

Ben. Or decay'd Stallion.

Etc. Though we toil'd and sweat
To purchase honour for the Prince, we will not
That *BELTAZAR* shall share with us.

Ema. Shall I

Be coupled now, after so many Triumphs,
With a Court Spaniel? I'le let the *Turk* in first,
Say my good Lords what, can you shrug and fawn,
And complement? your Generall is a Courtier.
Now you must fight in method, exercise
Your men as in a Dance.---

Met. Pox, let all fall.

(nothing)

Hyd. Best call *MOZENDRA* back, and lets do

Mat. But mutiny.

Elk. Or at best, raise the Siege.

Ema. The *Shame* wil not be ours, but the dul Kings,
That knowes not how to prize a worthy Son.

Omne. With all our hearts.

Met. Let's hold together then,
And we are safe.

Ema. You are an Oracle.

The King shall know that nothing shall be done,
Lesse we be pleas'd, and have again, his Son.

BELTAZAR, SELEUCUS.

SELEUCUS, is thy Post upon his wings
ST inform thy master of the Princes coming ?
Sel. My Lord, I have dispatch'd him.
Bel. Prethee stay him
For my Packet.

Sel. My Lord, i'l after him. (must not
Bel. Do so,-- and then the King shall know he
Pull down his Son and let these great ones stand,
That are but his dependents, pieces of him.
They're grown too great to obey any but
Their Prince, and will not brook my rising ore them.
And yet, to speak my conscience, they're but honest,
And do, but what I should; yet now that is not
The way to thrive, and so may well be lov'd
And wished, but not practis'd, without losse.
"As he that fells an Elm, must also fell
"The Ivy. Vine, and under shrubbs that dwell
"Beneath his shade, and cling in loving sort
"About his bole some but for their support,
"Some to suck sap from him: So who'd remove
"A Prince, or great man, strong ith' Peoples love,
"Must strike his followers too. A mighty man
"Doth never fall alone, no more then can
"The bean's and columns of a Palace and
"The Rafters and the sparrs unmoved stand.

CHORUS.

WHAT dire effects evill Counsell works
Even to unhinging greatest states !
It doth allure with specious baits,
But underneath foul Poison lurkes.
The Prince, to please a factious few
Must rob himself even of his best
Of friends, and discontent the rest,

Which

Which he may ever after rue.

This happens when the Princes ear

Is open (drown'd in soft delight)

Unto the bosom Favorite,

Or undermining Flatterer.

How hard and difficult a thing,

Almost above the power of man,

Or even what the immortals can,

Is it, to be a prudent King ?

Almost with honour due to *LOVE*,

Such 'tis no Piaule to adore,

For sure, hourly lesse, or more,

He hath intelligence from above.

O what a narrow path doth lie

For him ! what a straight neck of land ?

'Twixt this dire Rock, and that Quicksand,

Here base contempt, there flattery !

To escape flattery men must know

He loves the naked truth to hear;

But if these freedomes given are

To all, they to contempt will grow.

So dost thou loose thy reverence

Great *TITAN*, guider of the Day,

Because thou dost with equall Ray

Thy light alike to all dispence.

The wise Prince then some few select,

And but to them gives libertie

To tell him all things as they be,

From th' rest he nought hears or expects.

Of such a prudent choice must be,

(Men wise and daring, that above

His Fortune do his Person love.)

Let they fall into flattery.

Not chose for favour, but for parts,

Not so poor as they him must make

Their prey, nor should he any take

For these high Fortunes, but deserts,
 Nor must he yet let them ingraffe
 His love; keep them his Counsellors
 Not Favourites, leſt the gaining theirs
 Of all hearts else becomes the loſe.
 Should *SOL* from one place ne'r remove
 And starve the rest, ſcorch would that part
 With curses, and his partiall Cart
 Might more eſteem get, but leſſe love.
 " Few Favourites were there ever ſeen
 " But either wrought their Kings decay,
 " And prov'd Uſurpers, or else they
 " Have by the People ruin'd been.
 " O Kings, be ſparing to make thofe
 " Whom well you love, your Favourites;
 " For them you give to vulgar ſpights,
 " Or else, for them, your ſelves, depole.

Act. 3.

MAHOMET AL LYBEG.

Is there not ſomthing more for me to do,
 Then to gain *Perſia's* Crownes, and *Aſia's* too?
 Must I end there? and after ages ſay
 Here was the limits of great *MAHOMET'S* fway?
 Forbid it my bold *Genius*. Such a Head
 Was never meant leſſe than the whole worlds dread,
 To coin new projects, and dilate my fame
 Beyond (1) cold *Caucasus*, where the *Roman* name
 Gould never come, all knees muſt bow unto's
 (2) From *Ganges* head to towering *Atlas* foot.
 Cunning or force all waies ſhall open make,
 Or that all locks ſhall pick, or this ſhall break.

Some

Some would start now, and say, we can't dispense
 With justice to do this, and Conscience.
 Die all such thoughts in me, "Who great things dare
 " Think all waies just that profitable are.
 As long lives he that throws *JONES* Temples down
 As he that prostrates at his Shrine his Crown.
 " All Acts, in this world, good, that prosperous, are;
 What, in the next I neither know, nor care.
 This world then that I know I'll either have
 My subject, or else mine and its own Grave.
 If I fall, she shall: the loud crack will be
 A Dirge fit for so great an Obsequie.

ABBAS, MAHOMET-ALLY-BEG.

WHere is my *MAHOMET* ?
Mah. He's here dread *ABBAS*.

Abb. Hast set the Guards, and put a bit upon
 The Mutinous Town? such acts as we intend
 Are not safe in themselves, but onely made so
 By the same power that doth them.

Mah. I, my Leige
 Have doubled all your Guards; and yet the more
 T' oblige them, I have paid them all arrears.

Abb. You did well to make that the first act of
 Your Treasurership—Sit down my Confidence.
 And now what say your letters from the Army?

Mah. Even as we wish'd, the Prince is on the way,
 But play'd loath to depart from his dear strength,
 At first it was debated.

Abb. Heavens! how far
 Was this state Gangreen crept, that they durst make
 Debates of my so positive commands?

Mah. The wily Foxes yet advis'd his comming,
 To gain your good conceit of his obedience.
BEELAZAR'S Power known once, all flew off
 The hinges; every face, grew dull and mity;

All late resolves of Action recoil'd,
 As if their bloods were cooled, and frighted back,
 Either through fear, their Treason is smelt out,
 And so they shall not stay long after him,
 Or else for pure Love to him they mourn'd;
 But 'twas not love, men of the blade and Action,
 Us'd to quaffe blood for Healths, are too too rough
 For that soft tender Vertue to inhabit.

Abb. 'Twas conscious guilt that flew into their faces,
 Arm'd with her furies whipples and Harpy nailes.

Mah. Was it not time then to disarm the Serpent
 Of's sting? who now may hisse, but never bite.

Abb. BELTAZAR writes EMANGOLY and
 ELCHEE

Seem most displeas'd, and slight his joyning with them.

Mah. They know themselves, and know withall
 that hee

Or I, or any, whom your grace dares trust,
 Have not the Art of war. They know you need them,
 Therefore take boldnesse thus to nose and beard you.

Abb. I'le ruine all mankind first. No, this war
 Is but t' inlarge our Territories; honour,
 Not need or Right is all the cause: I'le send
 Commissioners down, and clap up peace with th' Turk,
 And so disband this factious Army. Then
 (3) Let th' haughty Duke of Shiras have a care
 Let I absolve my self of my rash oath,
 Never to lop him shorter by the head.
 By th' hands at least I will, that is the Power.

“ The misery of rach oaths! yet in the cause

“ Of Treason, no man hath a priviledge,
 I'le thrust him from (4) his Government of Shiras,
 (5) I'le turn his feast of Lillies into Cypress,
 And remove ELCHEE from Hyrcania too.

Mah. To out EMANGOLY you've pretence enough,
 Ha hath been long continued in his trust;

Places so high ar'nt onely for one Subject
 Your Majestie have many to reward,
 And honour is the cheapeſt way you have.
 But *ELCHEE* has had no time in's Honour,
 And been provok'd already; besides he
 May ſtill be uſefull, and hee's yet too great
 For ſuch disgrace. " 'Tis never ſafe to anger
 " Too many great ones at one time, Sir, *ELCHEE*
 Made yours once, will ſerve to ballance th' other.
 Yet for a while, baniſh him from your preſence,
 'Twill make him conſcious of his fault, and put him
 Upon ſome thoughts how to regain your favour.
 Then, to be reconciled is to win him.

" 'Tis better to gain one friend, then crush then foes.
 But let *EMANGOLY* be clean caſt off,
 As uſelesſe quide, and not to be reclaim'd.

Abb. Wiſe *M A H O M E T*, thou ſhalt rule me, bee
 it thy care

To draw up Articles, find Commissioners
 To fetch us peace, impowr'd with full iſtructions.

Mah. Who mean you in *EMANGOLY'S* roomie,
 ore *Sh'ras*?

Abb. Who but thy ſelf, companion of my Reign?
 Who else is fit to be ſecond in glory,
 Or help to bear ſo many pondrous Crowns?
 I now shall take ſound ſleeps and no more ſtart,
 Or break my troubled ſlumbers, with conceit
 Of ſword, or Treafon. The *Hesperian* fruit
 Was not ſo ſafe under the Dragons guard,
 Nor the golden Fleece kept by the braſſe-hoof'd Bull
 Half ſo ſecure, as I and th' Empire ſhall be
 In thy care, Angell Guardian of *Persia*.

Mah. Not all the Gods could ſo oblige me. Heavens!
 What anxious care, what ſervice, what endeavours,
 Can ere requite ſuch favours! But, Sir, I
 Am conſcious of mine own defects, for ſuch
 A Province, that requires the ableſt man;

A man, A God ~~Phabu~~ himself to rule its
A rule as glorious as his flaming Throne.

Abb. Thou art modest *ALY-BEG*. He is most sic
Who we dare trust, and that is thee my *MHOMET*

ABBAS, MAHOMET-ALLTBEG, PARRABAN, Two THEEVEs, OFFICERS.

WHo have you brought into our presence (Dogs)
And are the sons of filth and povertie
Fit objects for our eye ?

2 Thee. Mercy, O mercy !

(ets.

Far. An't please your Majesty, these two were soldi-
Ran from their colours hither, and turn'd Theeves,
They rob'd ith' Court it selfe, my chamber.

Theev. Mercy.

Abb. 'Twere to disgrace our mercy to bestow her
Upon such vagabonds, who besides your Theft,
And cowardly sulking from the Camp, shall die,
If but for so disgracing, so prophaning
Our Court, with such base rags, and bands of vermine
Compounds of Oyle and stench! spawn of a Toad !
Are these weeds for a Court? Or is our Marble
To be polluted with your dust and sweat?
Rascalls! spued out of Gaoles and Charnel houses!
Rotten already! that bear graves about you!
Go, Officers, away with them to death. (fellowes
'Tis plain they are Theeves, they've rob'd some of their
Long since hung up in chains, of those foul raggs,
That danc'd ith'air many a frosty night.
Yet, that they may die neatlier then they liv'd,
Give them new Coats, then dragg'd out of the Town,
Impale them high on stakes, thrust through their bodies.

1 Thee. This may thank you could keep the dare no
better.

2 Thee. T'may thank us bock, for robbing without
killing.

" They

"They're wise that make sure work."

Mah. Tis true.

Abb. Away.

Mah. (Tis a good Prologue this to his [Aside. sons Tragedy.)

Attend without there, *FARRABAN*, I've somewhat
To move the King, you may be usefull in,
Be within call.

Farr. I will, my honoured Lord.

ABABAS, MAHOMET- ALLTBEG.

*D*rawes not the time on, you expect the Prince in?
Mah. Yes. How will you that he be entertain'd?
Abb. How entertain'd? why, how, but with a bow-
string?

Is't not decreed? Entice the trusty Son
From his Eccliptick line, he shall obey
Your beck, and wander from his sphear, ere I
From my resolves.

Mah. Admired Constancy!

Abb. Set you some spy of faith 'gainst his arrivall,
There let him stay him to attend my comming;
Then give us notice, and thou and I will plant
Our selves in secret to behold the justice;
To act which, get seven Executioners
Deaf, dumb, and dextrous to rush in upon him;
So all Rebellions shall be strangled in him:
Th'Hydra of Treason at one pluck shall lose
Her numerotis heads, and we our fears, and be
For ever cured of all Jealousie.

Mah. Ile appoint *FARRABAN* to be his last
Master of Ceremonies. *FARRABAN*,

MAHOMET- ALLTBEG, FARRABAN.

*W*hich is the way to rise at Court, thinkst thou?

Farr. To obey and please.

Mah. Right, and thou art ambitious.

Farr.

Far. What do I here else ?

Mah. Whither tends thy aime ?

Give me the utmost height of thy aspiring. (still rise

Far. Troth there you pose me; for "Our thoughts

" As our estates and power; the avarice

" Of honour is no leſſe insatiable

" Then that of gold. — But for the present, I

Know mine own wish, and so shall you my Lord.

When I walk by the Cittadell, so strong,

So stately, that claimes reverence from mine eye,

I think if I had but the government

Of that, I should be happy enough to pity

(7) The grand Signior, and envy him no more.

Mah. The government oth' Castle! is that all ?

Thou art too modest.

Far. Good my Lord, do'nt scoffe me. (RABAN,

Mah. I am in earnest, — thou shalt have it FAR.

The King has but one piece of Service for thee,

Do that, and thou art Governour.

Far. If I

Can do't, tis done.

Mah. Come, Ile instruct thee how,

FLORA DELLA, CLOE.

Come, why staid you so long abroad this morning?

You'l never leave your Gossiping till you

Be double rib'd, as GLAVCA was, and then

You may go seek a Father for't: 'bove all things

Beware of a great belly; there is losſe

Of time, and losſe of sport in't, besides trouble.

Clo. O Madam, I can make firrup of Savin,

My ſelfe; and twenty tricks I have beſides.

Here is the book EARINA promiſ'd you. (ſtures

Flo. What, ARETINE, ſo famous for his po-

Let's ſee it. — Were you at ERINA's house,

Or ſent ſhe this?

Clo.

Clo. I was there Madam, and
Had the luck too, to see her fine new servant.

Flo. What for a creature is't?

Clo. A pretty silk-worm.

Flo. How happy am I therein 'bove the rest,
That dote on sleeked limbs, and finest blond,
Looking but for couch comforts, not aspiring
The godlike ornament of a crown! let them
Melt in their youngsters armes, Ile sacrifice
To hair and bristles, cling to *MAHOMET*,
Or hug a coffin to arrive at honour —
Me thinks this Purruck leans to th'left hand somewhat,

Clo. No Madam, 'tis well set, and rarely fented.
I would we'd more of the prepared Pomatum,
And powder I bought last.

Flo. What talk's most rife
Abroad, wench?

Clo Tha: my Lord *MAHOMET* is sworm
Lord Treasurer, he's now the only Sun
Next to the King, of greatest light.

Flo. He shall
Ecclips him one day. —— What do you now?

Clo. This fucus
Is laid too thick, Ile mend it with my scarlet.

Flo. Have you got Puppy Dogs, and an aster burden?

Clo. Yes.

Flo. Well- - distill them then with care--my Lord.

*MAHOMET-ALLYBEG, FLORA-
DELLA, CLOE.*

*W*Hy; this is as it should be, now my beauty
Displaies her lustre, throwing sweets and graces
About the place, her selfe being as the spring,
A box wherein all sweets compacted lie.

Flo. This spring, Sir, owes it selfe but to your beams.
I wish you joy, Sir, of your treasurership,

Mah. A step, that's but a step to a greater heighth.

I've something more to tell thee, that is fit
For thy ear only.

Flo. CLOE, prethe leave us.

(Clo. Now can't I for my soul but listen, I
Have such an itch of novelty.)

Mah. Come my dear,
Art ready to ascend thy throne? hast practised
To Queen it with a Majesty? seest thou not
All creatures bow in homage to thy foot?

And Princes throng into thy set of servants?

(Clo. This is fine Pageantry, would it were reall.
O how I should be courted.)

Flo. Jeast not, jeast not,
How proteet you?

Mah. Smoothly, the dreaded Prince
Is on's last journey; an hour brings him hither,
An other sends him *Ezium.*

The army kicks at *BALTAZAK*'s command,
And pines for th'Prince; the two Dukes fume and fret
Like Lions caught in toiles, or Buls in nets,
Where strugling but intangles them the more.
Since the King can't trust these men thus inrag'd,
Nor knowes he where to serve himselfe of others;
He means a league with th'*Turk*, so falls this army,
And leaves him no force to oppose my rite.

He shew'd me his thoughts of outing *ELCHEE*
From his vice-royship of *Hircania*,

And stout *EMANGOLY* from his of *Shiras*.
I having hopes of *ELCHEE*, knew to cut him

Were to disable him to do me service;

So wrought him to continue⁽⁸⁾ the golden Duke,
But not without a spice of his displeasure,
Forbidding him the Court, and this will rub
His former wounds, and make him fitter for me
To work upon; for "Nothing like disgrace
" And discontent drive men into rebellion.

EMAN-

EMANGOLY I know too wise and haughty
 For my use so did close with his suspicion,
 To lay him by ; there I've disarm'd a fee,
 (9) And the most Potent too in the whole Empire,
 To hinder his gath'ring or abetting Factions,
 We'll to this Town confine him, to have him in
 Our eye, and keep his friends from herding with him.

(*clo.* Faire fall that Counsell, I shall see my Sweet-heart

Again then,-- O dear *VASCO* !— Well, I'll venture
 Catching th'other cold, with sitting up
 To let thee in at the back door a nights.

Lord, I'm so marriage-minded o'the suddaine !)

Fllo. I'm musing who shall be preferr'd to *Shiraz*,
 If any of that faction should step up,
 T'were but the worse : be that your care to hinder.

Mah. Who cleares a field of thornes, but meanes to
 reap.

The crop ? nor had I counsell'd his remove,
 But that the King proffer'd his place to me :
 Whereby th'best halfe of my designe is affered.
 " For he that gives the means unto another,
 ' To become powerfull, undoes himselfe.

Fllo. That word gives me new spirits. O my joy !
 Let me embrace thee, sweet ; all our contrivements
 That sounded hard before, are easie now.
 Nor will we rest in our first project : we
 Will stretch our conquest farther, till no names
 But onely ours, be heard from Pole to Pole.

Mah. This hand was never made for to grasp less
 Then the whole world, one Scepter cannot fill it :
 Thou shalt reward thy women all with Kingdoms--

(*clo.* Hei, ho, my heart ! then I shall be a Queen.)

Mah. And give whole Iles in dowry with thy Mah-
 dens :

The meanest drudge that toyleth in thy service,

Shall sweep his Oven with (10) *MORAT'S* Horse-tayle standard :

My *Ganymeis* and Lackies I'll prefer
To Provinces, and give a City to
My Grooms for every time they hold my stirrups.
I'll ride upon tame Unicorns, and thou
Shalt have thy Charriot drawn by yoaked Lions :
My slaves shall play at foot-ball with the crowns
Of their own conquer'd Kings, whose blooming daughters

Shall sue to wait, some 'mongst thy maids, and some
To be entertain'd in my (11) *Serraglio*.

Flo. Why should not I have a *Serraglio* too,
For men and boyes ? I prethee let me build one.

(*Clo.* That would be fine i'faith, I love variety.)

Mah. No, no, my sweet, thou must keep all for me.

Flo. Fie, this ingrosslement is but meer conceipt :
Do's the sweet spring lesse cool, lessf fair appear,
When many thirsts are quench'd in her, then when
But one has drank ? find you not the same sweets,
When more besides your selfe have sinckt y our Rose ?

Mah. Well, I'll not press the Dove's example to thee,
Or geniall Vine, but give thee the free reins,
Let thy selfe loose to pleasures.

Flo. We'll make poor
Ingenuous luxury in all her Arts.

Mah. Mean while, we'll re-erect our marble City,
(12.) *Persopolis*, far fairer then her founder
SOSARINUS, or rather *JAMSHER* meant her ;
Or then she was indeed when (12) the mad Greek
Swimming in riot, at fair *THAIS* Counsell,
Did wrapt her pride about with waftfull flames.
There our bright Pallace I'll repair, and give
(12) The forty Towers new Resurrection,
From their forgotten rubbish (12) Th'hundred Pillars
Of white and shining marble, shall again

Erect their pollish'd heads, not to support
APOLLO, as of old, but thy fair statue,
 And mine, adored of the prostrate world.

Flo. We'l lie on Beds of Gold and Ivory,
 (13) Richer then that *Bythinian PYTHIUS* gave,
 Our great *DARIUS*: Golden Vines shall shade us,
 Studded with Pearls, whose artificiall clusters
 Shall be the freshest Rubies. Thus we'l tyre
 Nature and Art, and our selves too, with pleasures.

Mah. I've a pretence shall gaine even *MIRZA'S*
 friends.

'Tis that I onely aim at, the Protection
 Of young *SOFFIE*, whom they cannot think safe
 In's Grandfires hands, seeing his hate to's Father:
 Do you pretend no other to the Ladies.
 At first, to name my selfe were gross, and open.

Flo. Great soul of wit! that cannot chuse but take
 them,

Some oth' great Ladies I've with visits courted,
 With presents some, all with unusuall favours:
 So that they seem to stand expecting something
 I'd have them doe, which when the Prince is gone,
 They being thus prepared, they shall have.
 T'were good you won the (14) *Musick* to your pur-
 pose;

And some o'th' (15) *Abdalls*, that at publique mee-
 tings,

And market Lectures, may expound the Text
 Oth' (16) *Alchoraz*, according to your Comment.
 Good cheer is bait enough for these poore spirits,
 Fill them with that, and the bagpipes will sound
 What Tune you'l turn them to, when they are full:
 Bid them inveigh against the Tyranny
 They now groan under: promise silken Yoaks,
 And easie burdens in your Government.
 Pretenda Reformation of the Law,

MIRZAH.

To take down all illegal Courts and Taxes :
(17 To make all Lands and goods Hereditary,
So that the *Persian* being rich in Marble,
Need never more to build with anburnt clay.
Promise a Tolerant of all
Religions, to ease tender Consciences,
Or few or Christian, but yet persecute
The Christian still ; it is a spreading Sect,
And where it gets a foot draws in the body :
What though your word's not kept ? your ends ob-
tain'd,

Y'are too great to be taxt with breach of promise.

Mah. 'Tis true, great wit, these mercenary Priests
Are the best fire-brands, such I've ready kindled,
They are at work in every Conventicle,
Their empty heads are Drums, and their hoarse voyces
Are Trumpets to the war : then, when no longer
The people will believe, I shall be able
To forc: them to't : Power and Policy,
" Are the two Poles a Kingdom turns upon..

Flo. More Policy not *MERCURY* can boast ;
O that your power were equall ! as to that :
What think you of the Horse-guard I propounded ?

Mah. I do intend it, when I've money for't.

Flo. I've twenty thousand (18) Tomaynes towards
it.

Mah. (This want of money now was well preten-
ded.) [aside.]

As many thanks, my sweet, I will returne thee,
For every piece a Crown, (a nooze I should [aside.]
say.)

Clo. Base man ! well, I'll prevent thy treachery ! [aside.]

Mah. By this the King expects me, but my deare,
First let me leave my soul upon thy lips.

(*Clo.* Out Crocodile ! he'll lick off all her paine too.)

Mah. Adieu my Queen, my Goddess, most my love.

T

Flo.

Flo. My Prince, my MAHOMET, my best of
wishes,
And their acomplishmens attend thoc ever.

FARRABAN.

And must the brave Prince die ? who would
love virtue ?
That sure has no reward, and is but name !
Could vertuous valour, and all daring goodness,
A noble scorn of Fortune, and her frowns,
Whole Hecatombes of Vowes and Prayres, fene
Climbing to Heaven on piots breath, enough
To scale it, and forse blessings from the Gods :
Could Countries love, or *Terfias* Genios wroft
From ruthles *ATROPOS* the impartial sheares,
Then had'st thou liv'd, great *MIRZA*, and out-
liv'd

The smooth-tongu'd *Grano* Olex not this be khorine
In (19) *Balsora*, nor publish'd in the *Bizantium*,
Left the Arabian triumphs, and the despotism
Of *MAHMET*, sing the fall o'th' *Alban* glory.
But why waile I his fall that is my rising ?
" Kings great intents are to be serv'd, not searcht :
But would he'd us'd some other instrument :
Yet th'Cittadell is worth the paines I take for't.
He comes, -- I'm hardly bad enough for this service.

MIRZA, FARRABAN, PAGE.

Now *FARRABAN*.
Far. Long live your Highnesse, you
Are well return'd. Sir, I am sent from th'King,
To let you know, that since 't was private businesse
Urg'd him to call you up, he thinks it best
You'd not appear in Court, or make your comming
Publique, now when your Army so much needs you :

And since a suddaine grieve late fallen upon him,
Makes him unfit for businesse ; he desires
You'd repose here, till himselfe comes to visit,
And give you your dispatch, which he assures
Your grace shall be as soon as he can get
Leave of's Disease to venture into th'air.

Mir. Thou giv'st me joy and sorrow *FARABAN* ;
Sorrow, to heare his Majestie wants health ;
And joy, in hope of quick dispatch, because
My Army's need of me, and my desire
To be with them are alike great and urgent.
My humble duty to his Majestie,
I'll here attend him, and employ the time
In prayers for his health.

Far. Heavens keep your highness,
For Earth sha'nt long I'm sure.

{ *Secrer.*

Pag. Your Highness said,
You'd have your Scimitar, new set on edge ,
Whilst here you lay, if 'c please you, 't may be done.

Mir. That's well remembr'd, the stout trusty blade,
That at one blow has cut an (21) *Asinego*
Asunder like a threed, is drunk and glutted
With Ottoman blood ; it cuts not now, but bruises.
Take it, and giv't an edge, but be'nt long absent,
Mean while a nap shall settle my toss'd { *He lies down upon*
braine, { *a couch to sleep.*

ABBAS, MAHOMET, ALLY- { *They sleep in from be-*
BEG, MIRZA. { *bind the hangings.*

*H*E sleeps. — One blow will make yon sleep, *eternall.*

Mah. He is the fitter for your purpose, farther
From opposition.

Abb. But 'tis cowardly,
To strike a man sleeping.

Mah. We that stick not

For

For vertues selfe must not regard her shadow,
Fame and repute; no heed what honour saies,
State saies it, and state is the power we serve.

Abb. A handsome man! 'tis pitty!

Mah. Do you soften?

Abb. Rele nt a little; 'las, against a shoure
Of so great blood, what Marble but relents?

Mah. You have your choice yet, whether you or he
Shall passe the *Stygian* sound first. Do, do, obtain
Courtesie with him; say, my flower of youth
Has shed the leaves, thine flourishes in glory:
Live thine own time out *MIRZA*, and mine too.

Abb. No, he must fall; yet falls he not my crime,
But Tyrant Necessities, that knoweth
No law, not those of justice, nor of nature.

Mah. Now y'are your selfe again.

Mir. Skirt all along
The trenches with the Horse.

Mah. Hark! hark! he dreams
Nothing but war; talks sleeping or awake,
Nothing but blood and wounds.

Mir. Remember but
That I am *MIRZA*, you Persians.

Mah. Is this
Nothing?

Abb. An overflow of dangerous valour.

ABBAS, MAHOMET-AL { *The King, and Mah.*
LYBEG, MIRZA, { *fill behind the hang-*
seven Mutes. { *ings.*

AH! *Mah.* See your selfe and { *The Mutes with*
crowns rescu'd from danger. { *bow-strings in their*
Deaths journey-men ready to seize { *hands, they make*
your fear. { *softly towards the*
Prince.

Abb. Sad necessary evill!

Mah.

Mah. Shut but your eye
And when you op't again, you'll see no Rival.

Mir. Where, wher's the oppofiti- He starts up, the ex-
on made? ecutioners fly back.

Mah. He wakes.

Abb. There's danger in his fury, and quick death
In every look.

Mir. Bleſſe me! what do I ſee?
I am betrayed!

Mah. I warrant you.

Mir. Treafon! Treafon!

Mah. I, I, call till your lungs crack.

Mir. Hell, and furies!
What Devil made me ſend away my ſword,
To fall a tame dull ſacrifice to treafon?

Mah. Perſia's good Genius.

Mir. Yet the lower shades They fly upon him, and
Shall never ſee my Ghost throw their noxes on him
come unattended. bis neck.

“ Fury ne'er wanted weapons. He takes up a ſpear to war

Abb. O that I and fight with.
Could ſave him, and be ſafe my ſelfe!

Mah. You cannot.

Mir. Go you dull dog, tell *RA* He knocks down one of
DAMANIH I come— the executioners.

And you— bid *CHARON* wait me He kills another
with his boat. ---

How will it yoke my Ghost to fall without
My full revenge! --- could every blow I deal
Light on my exell Father --- the can'd cause
Of my base murder--- I ſhould die contented
As in the embracets of my deareſt friends. Chim.

Mah. You ſee Sir, what you were to trust to from
Abb. would I had ne'er defey'd it. part of art 4

Mir. And you too, part of art 4

Go you, --and tell my Grandfie, and my Uncle
 Go you, --and tell my Grandfie, and my Uncle

*He kills
another.*

I come - to keep them company, --we'll sit
 On *A* *harow* banks, --under a fatal yew, --
 Counting the murders-- of my Tyrant Father. --
 Ah too unnaturall Father! --Our pale Ghosts
 By turnes shall vex thee. --Is this private businesse?
 Curses and horrour dog thee to thy

*Wearied with re-
fiance, he falls, and*

Hell. --

ABBAS! -- O *ABBAS* -- forget
 not -- that I die --
 I die -- the complement of thy

*faines, the other 4
executors proceed
to strangle him,
when the King
comes out, and
takes them off.*

Abb. I can no longer hold, I feel
 historment.

Mah. Inconstant!

Abb. *MAHOMET*, help me rescue him,
 And call him back from the infernall shades.

Mah. Faith Sir, I'me deep ith'gout I cannot struggle.

Abb. *MIRZA*, *O MIRZA*, speak, thy father
 calls.

Mir. My murderer.

Abb. O, he lives, he lives, help! help!

Mah. I am very lame — Pox o'these
 bunglers, would

[Aside.]

He had kil'd them all.

Abb. He faints again! the soul
 Is coy, and will not stay, help! help! who waits there?

FARRABAN, SELEUCUS.

[To them.]

SIR. *Abb.* O help me redeem my hasty errour,
 And be a Father again.

Mah. Las Sir, we cannot
 Bring him again oth' sudden; he's but fwounded,
 His spirits must have time to Rally. But what

Will

Will do with him? do you think this injury
Will ever be forgotten? will you restore him? (him

Abb. No, yet he lives, though in a dungeon. --Bind
Left he recovers. — Now to make him henceforth
Incapable of giving me more trouble,
I'll have a flaming steel be drawn before
His eyes, to take away his sight.

Mah. Do't then
Ere he recovers, you'l not rule him else. (Cus.

Abb. Be it your care *FARRABAN* and *SELEH-*
Sell. It shall.

Abb. Then guard him to the Cita- { *Seleucus and the*
- dell. { *Mutes carry out*
Stay *FARRABAN*, you I've made { *the Prince, still in*
Governour. { *his fround.*

Where's his commission *MAHOMET*?

Mah. Here my Liege.
You see Sir I was mindfull of my word.

Far. Your trust shall never be deceiv'd by me.

Abb. Ward the Prince up, but hinder not his friends
Th'accesse of visits; yet observe who comes;
So shall we know the faction by degrees.
He fast, fetch his wife to him, and young *SOFFIE*.
Let little *FATIMA* be brought to me,
I'll have her in my Court to play withall.

Far. All your commands are done. — Now I
grow strong. [Secret.

In villainy, and fit for any service.
At first I startled, and my blood recoil'd.

“None are oth' sudden highly good or bad;

“By time and practise are crafts-masters made.

Abb. *MAHOMET*, compile a Proclamation
Declaring my just fears and jealousies
Of his exorbitant rise, and growing ambition.
This timely mercy will possess the world.
That I am only carefull, and not cruel.
And that 'tis not the person but the treason

I punish. "Tyranny may be gilt with reason,

MAHOMET-AL LYBEG.

I Nconstant dotard! canst thou never sleep
 I And wake again, firm in the same reslove?
 Well, thou but leav'st for me to do, what thou
 Wouldst have, but could'st not; nor shall this faint sub,
 Thy cowardise cast in my way, impede
 My strong-cast bowl, but the more surely lead
 It to th'intended Jack, that is, thy head.

NYMPHADOURA, FATHYMA,IFFIDA.

W Hat mists are these that dwell about mine eyes
 To cheat me into slumbers! as if rest
 (The cure of troubled minds) meant to compose
 The tumults of my brain, and sleep repair
 My broken sensēs, softly by distilling
 Her gentle balm upon my wounded thoughts?
 When I no sooner do obey, and throw
 My cares on her, but melancholy keeps
 Sad orgies in my head, shuffling again
 My sensēs with pale frights, and gastly dreams,
 Full fraught with horrour and black Tragedic,
 Turning to poysen what soft sleep meant balsom!

Iff. Why weeps her grace, as if she'd [To Fathyma.
 wash the world
 To its old innocence? accost her Madam. (vie
 Nym. Alas! poor heart! my load of grief's too hea-
 To be remov'd by thee; -- mine eyes no sooner
 Close, but I start in frights, visions and Ghosts,
 Pale wandering Ghosts still shake their funerall brands
 Before me, and invite me to their shades.
 Me thought I saw my Prince with gasty looks,
 Squallid and bloody, beckon me away.
 And then the Sun with bloody countenance seem'd
 To set upon his head, and a thick cloud

In envelop'd him in her dark misty womb,
Portents! portents of some dire fate to come.

Fat. Madam, alas how oft have you chid me
For crying at fatal dreams last night, me thought
I saw an eagle pick his chickens eyes out,
And could have wept for't, but I soon forgot it.

Nym. 'Tis true, sweet-heart, our sleeping thoughts
are oft
Idle and imperfect, but most commonly
They're either Histories of something past,
Or dark presages of what is to come.

Eff. For heavens sake, Madam, torture not your selfe
With dreams, but let some (22) *Magus* read them to
you,
Or else consult with some wise woman 'bout them.
Nym. No *IFFIDA*, "Wisdome and vertue be
" The only destinies set for man to follow.
" The heavenly powers are to be reverenced,
" Not searcht into; their mercies rather be
" By humble Prayers to be sought, then their
" Hidden counsells by curiositie.

*SOFFIE, NYMPHADORA, FATTY-
MA, IFFIDA.*

Madam, the Court is full of armed men,
They've planted guards at every door, and make
Apace towards the preserice.

Eff. Hark - Madam, let
The Prince be hidden.

Nym. No, he has innocence
Enough to guard him.

Fat. O they come!

Nym. Let them.

[A noise without.

FARRABAN, NYMPHADORA, SOPPIE,
FATIMA, IPPIDA, SELEMCHS,
Guards.

YOur Grace will please to pardon us, whilst we do
Only our Offices, and the Kings commands,
In removing you, and my Lord your Son, ~~his~~ to
To th' Cittadel, where Madam, I assure you,
You shall find all the liberty and service
Is in my power to afford.

Sel. You, Madam, [To Fazy]
The King expects at Court, where all delights,
And studièd pleasures, shall be spread before you.

Iff. O Heaven! [To Fazy]
Nym. Why this oth' suddain? if there's ought
Amiss in me, his gentlest check could have
Reform'd it soon, without this strict confinement.

Far. Madam, no cause of this is from your selfe,
As we conceive, but from the Prince, who is [Idem]
Already there.

Nym. O my oraculous soule!
My dreames are read without a *Magnus*, come,
Come, lead away, if he be there, the place
Is not a Prison, but a Court, a Palace,
A Paradise; this is my Prison, 'cause
He is not here: I goe not to restraint,
But to enlargement, is my Lord there say you?
I'm sure unjelly, since nothing deserves
A punishment but evill, and all evill is
Repugnant to bright honour, and her dictates,
And no dishonorable thought had ever
The confidence to thrust into his mind.
Adieu, my *FATIMA*, thou must to Court,
But I to riper pleasures, if allow'd
Thy Fathers presence in what ever place.

Far.

Fat. Las, Madam, may not I wait on you the
Sel. No Madam.
Fat. I'll not be long from your Grace:
 Farewell my Princeely Brother.

Nym. Alas! I cannot She turns
{ and weeps,
 See thee torn from me thus.
Sof. What insolence
 Is this! and whither will you hurry me?
Fat. My Lord, only to see your Royall Father:
Nym. Go, Childe, the Gods of Persia are thy
 guard:

Will thou partake my fortunes *IFFIDA?*

If. Willingly, Madam, as I'd entertaine
 My Bridall.

Nym. Come then, glad Brides do not meet
 Their longing Grooms, more eagerly then I
 Embrace my Prison, if that be a Prison
 Where *MIRZA* is: the joy of meeting him,
 Devours all thoughts o'th'place which must appear
 Both noble and convenient, he being there.

ABBAS, OLYMPA.

WE knew his Parts, but know with all, "No
 Virtue
 "Can merit praise, once touch't with blot of Treason:
 Yet since 'tis not himselfe we chafitise, but
 His crime, the innocence of his children shall not
 Share ith'reward of his offence, and therefore
 We commit *FATYMA* to your Governance:
 She is of the best blood, yet betters it:
 With all the Graces of an excellent spirit:
 Mild as the infant Rose, and innocent
 As when Heaven lent her us. Her mind, as well
 As face, is yet a Paradise untainted
 With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice:

Oh.

MIRZA.

Oly. My care fit, shall preserve those dayes
To grow with her, and flourish at her handes.

Abb. When aged some two years more, we will set
marriage

Tween her and an Arabian King: he
Can brook no meaner fortune then a Queen.

ABbas, OLYMPS, FATHMOUS.

LEONCUS.

See where she comes, waited by all the Graces.

Oly. With innocence cast about her as a Drift,
Yet wears she sorrow in her face.

Abb. But where is she? where is she? O
With such a sweete life, as gives sorrow beauty,
Come my faire Grand-childe, welcome to the Court,
We mean to have thee here, as a choice jewel,
Set to th'advantage, to be seen and prais'd,
Madam OLYMPS is your Governess.

Fat. Then first my first fit to her, I
May see my Father, if not still waiting.

Abb. Deny me nothing, but me to see him.

A Praise is no illume for such a creature.

Oly. Come Madam, I command you to be mercifull.

Abb. Doctor and SELCUS,
Be happy in thy Government, let us know
What's fit more to be done there? and how then
Take this great change of state.

Sel. I will try Lega.

SELCUS.

YOU soon will know what you demand, and what to do.

You shall be the first to see the Queen.

What's fit to be done, and what to do.

TRY & see what you can do.

bold himselfe open thus ! but one in whom
strict justice would have that impartiall doom
Of Tyrants to be proved. " Him whose fate
" Meant to destroy, she doth infatuate,

MIRZA, PAGE, FARRA - *Attinded and led
by his Page.*

THe empty nothing of our worldly greatnessse !
 ~~Thou~~ O think your trusty Scipioner had stuck
Acrosse my heart, when I depriv'd you of it !
Arm'd bug with that, the Sons of earth had felt
Their brochers fortune that made head 'gainst LOVE.

Mir. Remember it no more sweet youth, alas !
Hell and dire Treason call'd, call'd in the voyce
Of love, the fiend ith' Chembins disguise,
(Safety likewise, but cruellest !) I came led
By powerfull love to my destruction,
And this by chance the wachfull Powers made joynt
To pluck me down. So, " To a falling man,
" Every thing gives a thrust to hast his ruine.

Who's that ?

Page. TIS FARRA, your Goader sir.

Mir. The wchfull setting Dog, which me but to
My wretched wms shall crush our his black soule.

Page. Alas ! Sir, your revenge is toothlesse, hear him,
'Twill lese exasperate.

Page. NYMPHADORA, sir,
Your Princelle comes to see you.

Mir. Can that name
Come in thy mouth, and not convert thee ? wretch !

MIRZA, NYMPHADORA, SOFFIE, JIFFI,

O

Int' his familye the Gods have interdicted

All justice, and hurle plagues about at random !

Nym. Goodness ! what do I see ! — O, that I still
Did not onely dreame ! --- O --

If. Ah ! alas ! sweet Madam !

She's swounded ! help me *DORIDO*. —

Mir. What Tyrant

Planet did rage, not raign, at my curs'd
birth !

Too cruell heavens, to ply me thus with wounds ?

Do haue *JOVE*, do, shoot, shooe again, but know,

If thou spendst many Darts upon me more,

Thou'l soon disann thy selfe. --- Is not my woe

Enough, without addition of hers,

To sink me to the Centre ! Lead, O lead me

To her, my comfort once, but now my sorrow,

That I may revive her with fervent kisses,

Or mix with hers my dying breath.

Pag. Take heed sir.

M. O *NYMPHADORA* speak, thy *MIRZA*
calls,

Still *MIRZA*, and still thine, O speak, speak quickly,

Lest griefe before thou speak'st, putt me past bearing.

My name was once belov'd, and powerfull with thee.

Nym. Who, O who calls me from the pleasant
shades ?

Mir. Thy, *MIRZA* dearest, 'tis thy *MIRZA* calls
thee.

Nym. O the vast power of that Charre ! where is he ?

Bless me --- what see I ? --- Heavens, let me returne

To that sweet Grove, there stood my *MIRZA* for
me,

Glorious and bright, and ile to him againe.

If. Alas, She's gone againe --- sweet *SOFFIE*
Speake to her.

Mir. Ah, and is he here too !

Sof. Madam, sir Madam, *SOFFIE* never ask'd

Ought yet of you in vaine.

Mir. Heaven is proud

T'have got so pure a soule, and vowes to keep it. a bi

Iff. Here comes poor *FATIMA* too.

Sof. Madam,—*FATIMA*.

MIRZA, SOFFIE, NYMPH, ADORAFATIMA, IFFIDA, PAGE.

*Q*ye infernall Powers! your conquest is
Compleat ore me, why kill you me no faster?

But crucifie me thus with lingring tortures?

I'll do't my selfe--- and never be beholding

To you for my last rest. (24) *SALAZET'S Cage*

Arm'd him with high resolvs: my woe's as great,
As powerfull.

Fat. O Gods!

Pag. Sir, sir, the Princesse.

Sweet *FATIMA* cling you to him,

to hinder

His violence to himselfe.

Fat. O eyes! what see you.

Sof. O choice of bitter sights.

Fat. Wer'nt one enough,

To break so soft a heart as mine. O Father!

O Mother! whither shall I turne me first?

Which first bewaile, or add my losse to yours?

O that I could redeem his life with mine!

Sof. Or I with my blood ransome hers 'twould be
A noble payment for the breath she lent me.

Mir. Oh--oh! --

Nym. Ah! what strong groans are those?

Sof. 'Tis *MIRZA* dies, Madam, 'tis *MIRZA*
dies,

Infected with your grieve.

Nym. No *MIRZA* is

Immortall as his Vertue!-- O what cheats

Are these ! even now I left him in *Elizium*,
Yet now I find him here squallid and bloody,
As in my dream--

M. Madam, put off y our fright,
Assist now his recovery.

Nym. O my *MIRZA* !

Which wound shall I first kiss ? here ? this ? or that ?
In silent streams below now dost thou bath
Thy bleeding wounds-- but, ah ! why dost thou seek
To wash them any where but in my eyes ?
See ! see ! they flow ! These tears when once I dropt
Into thy hurts, when thou cam'st hot from conquest,
Thou didst call balme. Ah ! they are still as warm,
As clear, and flow as free. See, see ! I'de weep
All my whole moisture into cures couldst thou
But feel it, yet I'll weep because thou dost not.
Ah, ah ! thou dost not !—Thou art now posses'd
Of thy fresh Grove, and there to fame deliver'st
Thy *NIMPHADORA*'s Name; or on the rind
Of some faire Tree, perhaps thou now ingrav'st it,
Then hugg'st thou the fresh bark, and askest pardon
For wounding it with thy beloved Letters.
O'wake, 'wake dearest, and embrace the substance.

M. Where, -O-where am I ?

F. O thank Heaven he lives.

Nym. Th'art in my Arms, thy *NIMPHADORA*'S
ARMES ;
Where, O that thou hadst ever been, or now
At least may ever be.

M. No, no, I am not,
I'm in the Torrid Zone, right O right under
The vehement Line, -- Water-O water quickly.--
What Devill has in my sleep, thrown me to *Affrick* ?
O for a River, though 'twere *Acheron*,
Or *Syxx* its selfe to bath in.

Nym. Alas he burns,

MIRZA.

He's high in a strong feavour.

Iff. Madam that

Will find an easie cure, get him to rest;

That's the first step to health in a distemper. (Hag

Mr. Ah me! What *COLCHIAS*, what *Thessalian*
Thus tortures me, poor wretch, with Magick charms,
And boyles my guts in such a scorching flame,
Melting my marrow as her wax dissolves!

Nym. Alas dear Prince! best try to rest my Lord.

Mr. To *Lybian* Lions *THAT* is more mild,
Then thus to rage. *WILCAND* no such heat
At a glowing forge! Neither is *Aetra's* selfe
So scalding, when she vomits burning toles.

Nym. O! I will figh my soul to air to cool thee.

Mr. O, who put *HERCULES* shirt on me? I feel
The poison work, and all my veins boyl high
With *Cetana's* blood.

Fat. That I could weep, till like
•*ÆGIR* I thaw'd into a fountain
To cool him!

Sof. Might I *ACIS* like melt to a stream.

Mr. Pretty obedience! — Fortunate *ROMEO*—
(*THYRS*.)

Though thy eternall entrailes still should feed
A thousand Eagles! the kind *Æneas*
Benus with cold; O that I might with thee
Vnder that hill, handle eternall frost,
Roul in perpetuall snow, to quench my fires,
And slake my parch'd soul with continuall Ice!

Iff. Dear Madam, get him in

Nym. O! I could

Mr. O! might still thist *ANTAIANS* with
So I might alwaies bath in thy cool River,
For O I burn, I burn, the dog-star rules me,
And feeds his raging fires on all my joys!

Nym. Wilt in to rest?

self

5

Mirz

MIRZA

88

Mir. Tis dog-days every whitewhile now two T ad T
And Africk.—Here ye BEIDES, little pretty bairns T
On me, kind sisters, your pernicious wills do, sib bin A
There is an impious nation, that I saud most wrood it
To stiffe with humanisht their grudly womb J ad I
O they expect me, and are now despatching I ad I
My roasted Liver, all my members bonie, I ad I
And ready be HYESTES for day. Tikkish is yur IO
Nym. Page, try to lift him up, softy, O softy. I ad T
Mr. O I am stid in her glowing brasse boni I ad T
I low, shut up in dire PERILLUS Bull. I ad T
Away Dragons, you scald me with yur *Hellfire*,
your breath.

Nym. Stay yet. I ad T
Mr. Nought see I fore mine eyes but flames,
And towring Pyramids of eternall fire.
What food can serve such flaming aleys? white minnes
Of Bitumen and Sulphur have I in me, I ad T
That thus my loyngs consume, without a pilo. I ad T

Iff. Alas! this talking heighens his dñe in depe. I ad T
Nym. It does,—come to to bear him quicke, I ad T
Once well, he will forgive it. I ad T

Mir. I melt! I melt! I ad T
Ah! mine own self am mine own funeral fire. I ad T

FLORADELLA, MAHOMET ALI BEG.

Bungling Puppies! could not twich hand enough A
When once they'd got him downe. What will you
do now? I ad T
Step on, or back, or aker the whole world? I ad T
Of the contrivement, I ad T
Ach! On my fair, I ad T
These little diffidencies, great aduise, I ad T
To noble and wise, the world over, I ad T
At rabs cast in their way to thyself, I ad T
The peace I know by this time is patcht up, I ad T

And the bold factious Troops disbanded all,
The Town anon with swarm with idle Souldiers,
That will, like fish lie basking in the Sun,
And die, when ill the water, their element,
Is let out from them. Fine for ELCHEE first.

Fla. I for OLYMPIA, and SARINA.

Mab. Prayse him for his worthiness
For liberal lots of money, plate, or Jewells,
Or any of their fine superfluities,
They'll help to augment the heap. Possesse them strongly
That I intend to rescue the brave Prince
And SOFFIE.

Fla. You'd instructed me enough.

Mab. Keep hid the Serpent, Lure with the Dove:
No Treason is like that goes mas'kd like love.

CHORUS.

What is it Heavens, you suffer here?
As if that vices malice were unbounded,
All vertues Laws inverted are,
And the just by the unjust confounded.
Tis punishable to speak reason,
Now reason and loyaltie are out of fashion,
And Tyranny and Treason
Have all the vogue in this besotted Nation.
He that our great Palladium was,
No leſſe our strength and bulwark, then our glory,
A power to rampante malice lies,
Whose fall almost, the doers selves makes sorry.
His innocent iſſue suffer too,

Not laid it down as a priz'd treasure,
But to shew what their rage can do,
And that reason ruled not their acts, but malice,
His noble friends, that whilst they were
of their Countrymen, could deathes curse have charred,
Men, that would not their deadly Star mortify.

You

Suffer for crimes wherewith they're unacquainted.
 Some to strickt bounds confined are,
 Some to remote; all judg'd without due tryall :
 The cause, fond jealousie and fear,
 Strange state, that fears such subjects as are loyall !
 Whilst they that mean the rape o' th' state,
 Swim in smooth oyle, and wallow in all riot ,
 Intic'ling their black deeds to fact,
 And put bad men in armes, to keep good quiet.
 O whither doth the precipice
 Of evill hurry men of base condition !
 Made drunken with unjust successe,
 They all the world grasp in their vast ambition.
 Seest thou not *JOVE* rebellions scope ?
 'Lesse thy quick vengeance stopps their sudden rising,
 They'l, like their elder brothers, hope
 To depose thee too, and date h'avens surprising.
 Hear, O *JOVE*, hear their blasphemies,
 How all their wickednesse on thee they father.
 Cheating the world with pious lies,
 Saying their miles from thy instinct they gather.
 Dost thou not hear it boldly said,
JOVE bids us break all antient laws a funder ?
 (At the dire speech *ASTR.A.* fled)
 Or hearing it, why sleeps so long thy Thunder ?
 Was it not worth one bolt to save.
 Him, who the world thy truest copy deem'd ?
 Whom all good men in reverence have,
 Who thy laws highly, as we his, esteem'd ?
 Whom wilt not tempt, when these, they see
 The great prosperitic of evill secures,
 Away fromn down-trod right to flee ?
 When wrong, with the fair bait, successe, allureth
 So would it be, but that there are
 A wiser few, that know on high these metteth.
 O th' world, an upright *Gouvernor* ,
 And

And every thing is best that be permitteth.
 " We know a punishment it be
 " To evill to prosper, nor shall long endure.
 " The wicked's false prosperitic,
 " Though justice lowly moves, she striketh sure.

Act III.

ABBAS, BELTAZAR.

COME BELTAZAR, how have you us'd your
 POWER?

Bel. May't please your Majestie, a mutuall league
 Offensive and defensive we could not
 Obtain, but upon termes too low for us.
 The war is yet too high, and stands upon
 Rendition of thole Townes you hold of his,
 Which would dismish you of many men
 Fit for your other wars; so a Truce is all
 We've made, but so long, may be call'd a peace;
 'Tis for three years.

Abb. These truces yet in war
 " Are only like the well daises in an Age,
 " Short intervals of health, that flastcr us
 " Into debauch, and make the next fit worse,
 " Nor should we suffer a disorder follow,
 " To save a war, because that war's not say'd,
 " But only put off to our disadvantage,
 But how took our Mous Captains their calfing?

Bel. full heavily and matter'd mutiny,
 EMANGOLY hereat the Town was lost,
 With, you warr'd, and seizure of his places,
 Which he seem'd to put off with no more trouble
 Then he would do his Armes after a march,
 Or a hard charge, to take a nap of sleep.

Abb. Gunning dillembler! How took ELCHEE
 His

His banishment from Court?

Bel. As a school-boy

That has plaid ~~treason~~, and hears his Master's angry.

Abb. There's hopes of him; but th'other is quite lost.

ABBAS, FATTMA, BELTAZAR.

WHAT'S that my FATTMA.

Fat. 'Tis a petition

From a poor subject, wrong'd by a great Lord,
Too strong for him to struggle with at Law,
Nor has he wherewithall to pay for justice.

Bel. The case holds in himself, and his
brave Son.

[aside.]

[sold.]

Abb. Our justice, FATTMA, shall be given, soe
Twas wisely done, who er he be, to send it
By thy hand, (sweet.) of all the dearest to me.
Tis granted.

Fat. Heaven will pay the early mercy. (rightedone.)

Abb. Take you the scowle, BELTAZAR, and see

ABBAS, FATTMA.

BUt child thou shew'st thy selfe as unconcern'd

BAt all the pleasures of the Court, and seemst

A discontent.

Fat. Alas Sir, how can I

Relish these toyes, when my poor Father pines

And raves, mewd up in Prison? Is the daughter

Fit for a Court, and Father, Mother, brother

But for a dungeon? —

[She weeps.]

Abb. Come, these thoughts will over,

As time and more disardon wins upon thee.

Is fit thou be as free from the reward

Of his foul treasons, as thou ever from them.

He may be yet reliev'd, how ere his Name

Though stain'd with this onddoor, shall ever stand

Full

Full and Majestick in great Historie,
For noble acts, yet shall those Histories
And after times boast thee his chiefeſt Act,
That fame him most. - But which of all the pleasures
That court thee here, dost thou most favour child?

Fat. Musick; it feeds my melancholy, and
Brings Paradise into my thoughts. *OLTPA*
Tells me the soul is only harmony,
And Musick built the world.

Abb. Come child, within
Thou shalt have some shall please thee.

Fat. 'T must be sad then.

MAHOMET-ALLY BEG, ELCHEE.

HE was indeed the very soul of war, (him,
The thunderbolt: had *TYPÆUS* fought like
Great *JOVE* had been his Prisoner.

Etc. Heavens! whose ears
Have not his Trumpets tingled in? what fears
In *Perſu*'s foes, have his brac'd Druntes awak'd?
What enemies face has not his hand besmear'd
With blood and glorious dust? what land, what fields
Has not his sword manur'd with hostile blood?
Whose triumphs have not his deafned! his, heard
To, and beyond(1) *Byzantiums* walls of fire!

Mah. But now, O lost, lost is our hope, our glory,
And fortune of our name, except--

Etc. Except!
My Lord, and can yet all the Gods, if they
Should fit in counſell, form a remedie? (open

Mah. Yes, yes, dear *ELCHEE*, there's a way yet
To rescue *Perſu*'s glory, and our comfort.

Etc. O speak it, and be our good Genius.
Mah. And 'tis, my Lord, a way wherein the Love
I bear to you, would have you high and eminent.
Nature and virtue have done their parts in you,

And Art and education better'd both,
 The dignities and honours that you hold
 Are no more then your birth assign'd you to,
 Were your parts lesse. I'd have those scores of merit
 You've put upon the age, paid double to you,
 But how the course the King now takes, will do it,
 Your new disgrace at Court assures you;
 So that if justice, honoir, or endearments,
 Were silent all, the many disobligements
 The King has given you, call you loud enough
 To th'Princes Party.

E/c. I, my Lord, have studied
 Not to divide my soveraigne from himself,
 His interest, and the Princes, I count one,
 How ere his anger has now sever'd them.
 And were I once assured in my reason,
 That his dis-favour of the Prince were just,
 I'd onely mourn his fall, as much from Virtue,
 As from his honours.

Mah. 'Tis but the jealousie
 Of's guilty mind, persuades this cruelty
 To th'Prince, and to himself, he being his hope.
 Good JOVE ! what fears, what doubtful apprehensions
 Do wicked Actions leave in cruell minds !
 His Fathers Ghost, and Brothers haunt him daily,
 And *MIRZA* he thinks, must needs require the blows
 He gave to them. Nor will this humour cease,
 But grow upon him still with its fond Nurse,
 Old testy age, that's subject in its self,
 To fears and doubts, and sees all dangers double.

E/c. That's his disease, my Lord, but now the cure
Mah. What, but a hard, and seeming violent one ?
 Why may'nt you martiall men, rally your powers,
 Free the brave Prince, secure his hopefull Son,
 And then maintain't, and force his frenzy from him ?

E/c. That looks too like Rebellion.

Mah.

Mah. O success! Is a rare paine, that which succeeds is good,
 " When the same Action, if it falle, is saughe.

Ely. Indeede would the young SOFFIE were safes.

Mah. To wile it onely is but womanish,
 Attempting, and he is, Think but my Lord,
 The innocent Babe calls from his prison to us,
 And are these hands that never could deserve them,
 So soon for severall? Believe it, D. A. MOCLE, Esword
 Hung not by a lese thred, then the Kings doth
 Ore that sweet hope of Persia, one mad fit
 Destroys the race and glory of the Empire.
 He grows apace, and the old Tyrant knows
 " The children, whose Parents have beene wrong'd,
 " Inherit all their hatred, and are dangerous
 What factions then, what numbers of Passengers
 Will not with force assaile their fancied Titles?
 And shalt thou, fairest Mother Persia, be
 Torn by the factious hands of thine own Children?
 Forbid it Heaven.

Ely. MIRZAN'S deserts please too.

Mah. Yes, and that loud: shall I shew
 bloods, No toyl, dear quondam Souldiers, to adorne
 Your heads with Palms, your memorie with fante,
 Now ripp, and find no courteous hand will knock
 My unworthy shackles off? Is Honore, Love,
 And Gratitude all blinder with the top?

Ely. Who should begin?

Mah. (Is works, it works.) why yow
 Or I, or any body; well begin.
 The work's more then talk ended. A small force,
 And handsome Declamation, will find none
 Such Enemies as he, that is to oppose
 Nor do the Princes high deserve his Sane
 Apparant danger, or non-Honour's fall.

Louder

Louder then our own safeties, they are now most flinty
 At stake : He whose wild rage could reach a Father, A
 Brother, Son, and I may say, a Grand-child, O
 Will not spare us : but you, or I, or any, E
 May daily feed the monster of his fury, B
 Etc. 'Tis but too probable : like a madman, he'll
 Hurl stones at all alike.

Mah. And like a madman, P
 His presence stirs appears, with sorrow, I
 See him like one distract, about to murder, A
 His best friends, and himself ; and doth not this, A
 Condition call for help ? O let us pity, A
 The Father of our Country, and intercept, A
 Between his fury and his violence, A
 Tis Duty, not Rebellion : We'll restore him, A
 To's wits again, and then he'll thank us all, A
 For hindring's making of himself away, A
 How would the young mad Greek have hugg'd that
 Servant, A
 Had hindr'd him in's drunken frolick, from A
 Murdering his friends, A

Etc. Our ~~ABbas~~ *ALEXANDER*'s jealousy, A
 Is no leſſe wild then, *ALEXANDER*'s wine, A
 Both perfect madmen, and the fit once over, A
 He'll see his error, and be sorry too, A

Mah. Then how shall they appear lovely in story, A
 Firm in the King, the Princes, Peoples loves, A
 That like good Angels, say'd all that was dear, A
 Among us, to Glory, to Honour, and the Empire, A
 An Action no less glorious then, A
 His bearing up the Linking Globe from ruin, A

Etc. My Lord, *EMANGOLY*, is well beloved, A
 And now enough incus'd to make the head, A
 Of the design, will work his reconciliation, A
 With the King too, A

Mah. No, no, my Lord, why should you, A
 Thrust

Thrust from your self so fair a fortune I do't,
 And let me serve you in't : your hand, my head,
 Our Purses, and our friends together, do it.
 Besides, *EMANGOLY* is too much disgrac'd,
 And men will say his hatred to the King,
 And not his love, or to the Prince, or Empire,
 Put him in Arms.

Etc. They'll say the same of me.
 Bear you the name, head both the act and Plot.

Mah. (I ne'r meant other⁽²⁾ good) [aside]
 Golden, but to ride you.)

Etc. I shall have honour enough in serving you.

Mah. Well Sir, I'll be no courtier with you then,
 But do what *JOVE* shall envy, and wish his.
 You'll hold the second place, Lieutenant General.

Etc. Yes.

Mah. Then what friends can you oblige to us?

Etc. He try them all, but *MAT-ZED*, young
BENEFIAN,

And Stout *MOZENDRA*, I promise to my selfe.

Mah. Those are sure cards ; what banks have you
 in't City

Will push out freely to a contribution?

“ These publick works need many private purses.

Etc. Some we shall find.

Mah. The beauteous *FLORADELLA*
 Has promis'd largely, her I have impeach'd ;
 We shall proceed the merrier for the Ladies. (Silence)

Etc. We'll give them back their gold to buy their

Mah. The best way to affuse our selves of time,

Is to engage them deep enough ; we hood them

To work their friends, and to augment our treasure.

“ All wars are chargeable, but civil more.

“ And we that mean the publick good, should nos-

‘ Lie heavie on the people. I intend

A guard of horis, my Government of 5000.

Will bear it out, thither I have sent *SELEVCUS*
 To govern *Larr*, and raise three Regiments there,
 Of horse one, two of foote. This Cittadell
 Is mine and that is all that readily
 Could give me any trouble; another force
 Ile pick up here, the Town and Country swarm
 With casheer'd souldiers, thirsting for employmēt.

Etc. My Lord, what if I levyed in (3) *Hircania*?

Mak. 'Tis fit, call all your friends about you here
 To cast your strength up, but avoid all listing.
 " Listing is dangerous in secret Plots,
 " One paper lost, discovers all; take only (to.
 The great ones names, and what they promise, trust

Etc. We can have no resistance suddenly,
 The first must be by forreiners call'd in,
 Nor can the King trust to those mercenaries,
 Nor will the *Persian* like their comming in.
 Besides My Lord, our powers may be ready
 To be with us, ere they can reach the frontiers:
 How ere they'l hinder the Kings levies there.

Mak. Thou art my Oracle of war.

Etc. But why
 May we not saize the King, and cut the fear
 Of all resistance off? the Princes friends
 Are ours already, the rest we'l find, or make so.

Mak. Of that at our next Councell, mean time work
 Your friends as I will mine; but above all
 Provide what money, and what armes you can:
 " Who has the gold shall never want the man.

Etc. Enough, Farewell my Lord, my good Lord
 Generall.

MAHOMET-ALLYBEG.

How shall I fall in love with mine own parts,
 That have so conn'd all cunning mystique Arts!
 On every side have I set wheeles a going

G

Shall

Shall work my purpose with their own undoing.
 Torches, shall spend themselves to give me light;
 Stages, for me to climb by to my heigh.
 Then down go they then my hot credulous Lord;
 And then my fine soft wench will I discard.
 " The Lovers and the Courtiers Master-piece,
 " And the states-mans, dissimulation is;
 " High favour and sure friendship to pretend
 " To him whose Throat he'll cut, to gain his end:
 " This must he do, will rise, and then its best
 " To swear most love, when he intends it least.

OLYMPA, FLORADELLA, SARINA CLOE.

This, and much more we'll do, to let men see
 That we can help as well as they, to save
 A sinking State.

Flo. And happy are we Madam,
 In putting obligation on the present
 And future ages. For this act the Prince,
 The Princess, ~~SOPHIE~~; may the King shall call us
 Their Patroness, that did timely bring
 An arme to save them from their hasting ruines.

Ear. Children unborn, and Priests not yet begotten
 Shall sing our names upon high festivalls.

Oly. And many a happy Penitall toyle to keep
 Our memories as fresh when time himselfe
 Grows old and halts as now our beauties are. (State
 Ear. But why sha'n't we improve the debt, the
 Owes us, by injoying offices, and sitting
 In councell with the men!

Flo. Madam y're happy
 In that conceit. Indeed we are fram'd by nature
 With th'same parts o'th mind for th'exercise
 Of vertue as men be.

Ear. And if men boast
 Such excellencies, it is reason to think
 Those

Those no leſſe excellent of whom they are :
 Since timerous Doves, did never yet hatch Eagles ;
 But men, and beasts, and all the whole creation ,
 Inherit th'minds and spirits of their Parents.

Flo. 'Tis no hard task to patern in our sex
 All excellent things that ever men performed ,
 Not arts excepted, nor that active valour
 That lift so many Demi-gods to heaven.

(4) The valiant *Amazons* are proof enough.

Ear. Nor do others faireſſe take away their force.

Oly. True. vertu's not oblig'd to live with beards
 Alone, ſhe may chufe the ſmootheſt edifice :
 But the rough part of vertue, ſkill in armes
 I am content to let the men ingroſſe.

(4) I have no mind to loſe a breast, to wear
 A ſhield the better Yet ſtate offiſes
 And to be Counſellors would become us well.
 Our Witts are sharpeſt, and we fitteſt made
 For Embaſſies, as having ſmootheſt tongues.

Flo. And ſhould our Rhetorick fail, we'll but employ
 Our lookeſ to plead, and conquer with our eyes.

Oly. Befides, the novelties and varieties
 We meet ith ſtate will yeeld us ſtrange delight.

Ear. We'll have them both; the Buffe and Fur ſhall be
 A new and fashionable drefſe, and every
 Lady appear a *PALLAS*, with an *Ægis*
 Vpon her breast.

Flo. This, Madam, and what elſe
 Our Cabinet thoughts can diſtate to us ſhall be
 All in our powers.

Ear. Pluralitie of husbands
 Would be thought on.

Flo. Yes, and *Seraglio*'s too
 For downy, peachy chins: This, and all elſe
 If we but ply the work. There's Madam *O'MAY*
 Is worth the witning, who has intereſt in her ?

Oly. There has been long a league between us, strong
Enough I hope to make her hear reason from me.

Far. She has her share too of ambition, that
Will work.

Flo. Ambition! Madam, what are we
Without it? 'tis necessary as beauty
To a great Lady.

Ear. What sounds high in others,
And is pride, is but needfull state in us,
And the true knowledge of our selves.

Flo. She's rich,
And young, and handsome, and you say ambitious;
Then She's well qualified.

Ear. Handsome, in troth
At first she presents well, but then she loses
Her selfe presently.

Flo. She does indeed---what now.

Clo. Madam, my Lord.

Oly. Well, Madam, your great friend
Expects you.

[in secret]

Flo. No.

Oly. Come, come, deny him, do.

(Cloister)

Ear. Well, we all know our parts, , and will no

Flo. The pains will pay it selfe. —Now where's my
Lord?

MAHOMET. ALLYBEG, FLORADELLA

H ere, where he would be, Dearest, in thy arms,
The Centre my soul tends to.

Flo. Welcome, ah
Welcome hither, as conquest to the souldier:

Mah. How do the Ladies take thy proposition?
Flo. as their best wishes.

Mah. Good, good, ELCHEE too
Has swallow'd the hook, and promis'd his Allies.
I feel the Crown warm on my head already.

My guard is rais'd, I want but the Kings license
 For their attendance; for that plead thou strongly,
 Possesse him wi: h the need of't for my safetie,
 This last service having pul'd envie on me.

Flo. It shall be granted, or I'le lowre the dotard
 To death, it shall, I'le kisse it out of him.

Mik. My better Angell! ah! how poor am I
 That there are not more worlds then one, that I
 Might cast their crownes into thy lap for this!

Flo. Your love my Lord shall set me higher, then if
 I rode with *HECATE* in her ebon Charriot,
 Or held the reins of *JUNO*'s yoked Peacocks.
 To hold that heart is above all dominion.

FLORA DELL A, CLOE.

How stately a thing it is to be a Queen!
 O that I now could but look into Heaven,
 To see how our great sister *JUNO* shakes
 Her Scepter o're the world, and learn her carriage!
 We now must speak ith' plurall number *CLOE*,
 Dost thou not see new Majestie spring in us,
 And all our looks speak Queen?

Clo. Madam, I would
 Fortune had been as free to you as nature.
 Then had that honour long ago rewarded
 That beauty which did ever merit it.

Flo. *CLOE*, bestow thy wishes on the needy.
 Fortune has humbled her selfe to us, and
 Ask'd pardon for so long keeping our right
 From our possession, a fault she'l now amend,
 And be our servant ever. Go, provide
 State Ornaments, and regall Robes for us,
 Jewells will cost whole Provinces to purchase,
 And yet receive new lustre from our wearing.
 Hast any sisters, friends or kinswomen?
 Prefer them to us, thou shalt have the favour

To appoint our maids of honour, and a set
 Of servants for us, 'gainst our Coronation. --
 Dull and insensible ! what, didst thou meet
 Thy Mothers Ghost this morning fasting, that
 Thou starest so ! do not our eyes proclaim it ? --
 And all our steps say, they are towards a Throne ? --
 The poverty of thy soule ! --

(Clo. She's mad, and raves !)

[aside.]

Flo. Have we not taken care for all events
 That can befall us ? Have not we remov'd
 All that stood betwix, and many in our way ?
 Goes not the levy's on ? flow not friends to us ?
 Is not the Castle ours, and Shiraz too ?
 Is not all ours ? Or shall be, when I've given
 Th'old Dotard King his pasport in a kiss
 To th'other world ; thither a Dag, or draught,
 Shall send the Prince, and a Plumb SOFFIE,
 Who then is Emperour, wench, but MAHOMET ?
 His head has laid it, and his hand shall act it,
 His ready Army shall crush all gain-sayers.

(Clo. Perhaps you too.)

[aside.]

Flo. What mutter you ? me too !

(Clo. O how her Plumes would fall now, should I
 tell her.)

[aside.]

What I ore-heard.)

Flo. What is't you mumble, Gossip ?

Clo. Madam, you'll pardon me, at your last meeting
 But one, with my Lord MAHOMET, I was curious
 To listen, and ore-heard some doubtful words,
 As if he'd onely serve his turn of you.) (so,

Flo. Pish, pish, He knew you listned, there fore spoke
 If so he spoke, to try my confidence
 Perhaps, or mock your curiosit. y.
 No, well, he knows he never can requite
 My love with a lesse dowry then the Empire ;
 I have deserv'd it of him, and i'l never

B:

Be jealous of his love.

(*to*. What toyts doth fancy

[aside]

Suggest to us, in fayour of our selves !

Well, I had best comply.) -- Indeed perhaps

His great wit play'd with me ; but could he see me ?

Flo. Yes, my selfe saw you.

to. Then 'twas so : but yet

Me thought the planer spoke him serions.

But sure the Army do's not mean his rule,

But to restore the Prince.

Flo. Tush, Souldiers know not

Their own intent, 'tis as the Generall pleases,

Who has an Army up, and a strong Purse

May work them easily into any thing :

'Tis done, 'tis done, my *CLOE*, -- 'tis high time

For us to practice Queen-ship ; thus do we

Indulge our hand, our trusty maid of honour.

Clo. May't please your Majestie, then { *Cloe* kisses
must I begin { *her* hand.

To know my selfe, and set a higher price

Upon my beauty.

Flo. 'Tis indeed a virtue, *cloe*,
To prize our selves enough -- *CLOE*, as we passe,
Bear up our traine -- so -- Not so neer our Grace.

to. High ho ! my Heart ! I shall have a sweet place.

MIRZA, NYMPHADORIA, SOFFIE, IF-
PIDA, PAGE.

O The seven Bandogs are let loose againe
Upon me ! HERCULES ! HERCULES ! canst
not heare !

Prethee lend me thy club -- the Lubber's sore
With's labours still, and sleeps, and hears me not.

Nym. Why let you him come out thus ?

Sof. Alas Madam,
He broke through's all, and calls us all his Hangmen.

Mir. See ! Lightning flashes from their eyes.

Sof. Hark, Madam.

Mir. Every one of them is a match for CYCLOPS,
Yet will I charge them all alone. —— O —— O.

Nym. O.

Iff. Help ! help !

Sof. Page, hold him from violence.

Mir. Th' hast hit me right *TYR*

PHÆUS, thou hast Centaure.

Nym. O heavens ! if there be any

powers that pity

The miseries of their Creatures, look down on him ;
The sight's enough to move a heavenly nature.

Mir. So MIMAS, hold PORPHYRIO, strike no
more,

I am *TYPHÆUS* Prisoner.

Nym. Lay not hands
Upon him, keep him but from farther hurt.

Mir. CHARUN ! oh, CHARON ! —

Pag. Nay my Lord.

Mir. Come CHARON,

Quick, surrah, Sculler, row me to *Elyzium*.

Nym. Alas ! the frenzies high talk not much to him.

Mir. But now ha'nt I a halfe-penny for the waftage,
No-matter though, I'll snatch the slaves Oare from him,
And if he grumbles, knock his brains out with it,
And CERBERUS his too, if the Cur snarls at me --
So -- I am pas't without a Sop —— now which
Of all my friends shall I first meet ?

Nym. O Gods !

Give me more ease, or else more punishment,
For I with this can neither die nor live.

Mir. Who's that ? -- That's PROSERPINE be-
wailing of

Her runs his head a-
gainst a Post, and

falls. The Princess

turns away astonish-
ed, and weeps, the

rest fall down a-

bout him.

He

Her Rape, the silly wench would faine be with
Her Mother again.

Nym. O make me either happy
Again, or wretched till you can no more!

Mir. 'Tis so, tis she—she's warm, and { Takes her
soft as air. Hand.

Sweet *PROSERPINE*.

Sof. Madam, apply your selfe
A little to his passion.

M'r. Beauteous Queen
O' th' under world, do'nt men when they come hither,
Though blind above, have here their eyes restor'd?

Nym. Alas! I cannot flatter his wild frenzy.

Sof. Pray Madam seem to be what he conceits you.

M'r. What art thou, *GANTMED*? and if thou
bee'st,

Good yellow-tressed Boy, intreat thy Master,
When next he thunders, to bestow a bolt
On *ABBAS* head, 'twill not be cast away,
The man deserves it; —but that plague's too quick,
Desire him rather, send him (5) *PHINEUS*, *Harpies*,
He merits them as much as the *Arcadian*,
He've put out his Sons eyes too: hear'ft small skinker?

Sof. Yes, and when next I wait, I'll do the errand.

Iff. He wants no *Furies*, he has all in's breast.

Mir. Hafi art thou a *Furie*? good *TISIPHONE*
Get thee to *Persia* then, and take thy sister
ERINNTS with thee, and torment the Tyrant.

Iff. Well sir, he shall not want for torments.

Mir. Hark yet,
Prethee new wire thy whip before thou goest,
And tie more knots on't, take fresh Snakes too with
thee;

He is my Father, I'd have him want nothing.

(6) May all the Scorpions of *Cushan* sting thee.

Nym. Ah! cruel Father!

Mir.

M. First *TISIPHONE*,
Lead me to *TANTALUS*, I'd faine talk with him.

Iff. Why *TANTALUS*?

M. 'Cause he kill'd his Son too,
I'd see if's punishment be great enough,
Then I'll Petition *PLUTO*, my hard Father,
May have the same.

Nym. O that the Comparison
Held whole in thee ! He murdered his *PELOPS*,
To entertaine the Gods, but *ABBAS* thee
To feare the furies of his frantick mind :
To *PELOPS* too, the yellow Goddess gave,
A whiter shoulder for his own she tafted,
And with new better life requited him.
O that some Deity would thine eyes restore,
Or close up mine !

M. Ha ! that's a *PROSERPINA*,
She's in love with me, and condoles me too,
But I'll not wrong my *ANNA HADOURA*, though
PROSERPINA, where's (7) my Uncle, and (7) my

Grandsire
Two Persian Princes, murdered by their Son,
And brother I'd faine speak with them, and sit
Comparing fortunes with them.

Nym. O they are
Bathing themselves in blisse, in their sweet Grove.

M. And shall I be there too, *ERES* bright daughter ?

Let me sweat Emprefse.

Nym. Yes, if you will rest
Your head here in my lap, and there lie still.

M. But will not *PLUTO* then be jealous of me ?

Nym. No.

M. Come then—(8) Now tell me more of *Paradise*.

Nym.

Nym. There'midst the fragrant flowre-enamelled fields,
Do golden Pallasces their shining heads
Erect, with richest Arras each one stor'd,
Christalline Rivers flow to moat their round
For state, not strength, and with their wanton mur-
murs,

Lull every sence, and make soft sleep yet softer;
Their banks are fring'd with Trees of Gold, that cast
With goodly forms the eye, with fruits the tast
Fruits that pluckt ne'r so oft, straight spring againe,
So the rich boonghs still with Emettall shine
Under whose fragrant shades they spend their course
Of happy time with amorous Virgin's, who
Regard alone their own particular loves,
Not such as tyred out in the world a life,
But there created for it, with best form's,
(9) Cows eyes, and beauties as the Hyacinth.
Still their Virginities return, and still
Their beauties florish as their Parades,
For ever young, yet ripe and fresh, full blown,
Yet alwaies free from naturall pollutions,
Still as in their third lustre, men i'th' sixt.
Their Boyes of divine feature minister
To them, and proffer hourly to their choices,
The most delicious Viands, Drinks, and Voyces.

Mir. But when, but when, dear Queene of darknesse,
shall I

Inherit all this bliss?

Nym. When thou art fit for't.

Mir. And how shall I make my selfe fit?

Nym. By sleep.

Sleep will much purge thee from thy earthy humours.

Mir. Sweet PROSERPINE, there is in Persia,
The fairest Lady that ere blest the Earth,

Sweet

Sweet *MYPHADORA*, thou must needs have heard
 Of her, many worthy *Hero's* have
 Dyed for her love; one frown (if such a face
 Can frown) of hers, have given a hundred Princes
 Their P'sport hither: didst ne're heare them fit
 And figh her name? or see't carv'd in the rind
 Of some faire Tree?

Nym. Yes. O that love should last
 Longer then reason!

Mir. She *PROSERPINA*,
 Will be with you ere long. the noble heart
 Has taken such a grieve, for her wrong'd *MIRZA*,
 It can't last long unbroke, but when she comes,
 Let not thy *PLUTO* see her, lest he falls
 In love with her, and so turn thee away,
 He will *PROSERPINA*, let him not see her.

Nym. Well then, he sha'nt.

Mir. You talk of women too,
 That we shall have in Paradise; when she comes
 Let me have her, she was mine own above,
 And I'le not change her for all natures store.

Nym. Admired constancy! sleep, and you shall.

Mir. Boy, *GANYMED*, give me a draught of
 Lethe

To make me sleep, -- wilt not? -- I'le try without it.

Nym. Alas! what noise is that? -- [*A noise without.*]

Look *IFFIDA*.

Iff. Madam, here comes my Lord *EMANGOLT*,
 And three or four with him.

Nym. He were welcome,
 If's comming now could be without disturbance.

MIR-

MIRZA, NYMPHADORA, SOFFIE, E-
MANGOLT, METHICULI, HYDAS-
PUS, ALKAHEM, IFFI-
DA, PAGE.

HAh! hah! who's that? do's *PLUTO* come?

Nym. No, no,

Lie still.

Ema. We'd best retire.

Nym. No, joyn your help
With me to calm his fury.

Ema. O that my selfe

Had bit my unhappy tongue from th' panting roc
And spit it in the Tyrants face, which falling
Had (trembling) murmur'd curses at hs foot,
When I gave counsell to my Lord t' obey
His cruell message.

Met. O who ever yet
Saw the returning steps oth' credulous beasts,
That visited the counterfeit sick Lion?

Hyd. And yet, O *ABBAIS*, what fierce ravenous
Lion

Did ever *Lybia*'s fiery womb produce,
Or what fell *Tyger*, thy *Hyrcania*,
Of so prodigious cruelty, as thou art?

Alk. Lions are tame as Lambs, and Tygers mild
As frisking kids, to that outragious monster.

Ema. There is no perilous desart but his breast,
Where teeth and armed fangs do tear the strong
And treacherous toiles t' insnare the innocent,
Are ever ready set.

Met. O th' cruelty
Of hate, disguis'd like love!

Ema. And how, O Gods,
Is virtue dear to you, if thus the Serpent
Of T reason, be permitted to turn Dove,
To flatter it, by unsmelt means to ruine!

Mix. I knew on earth a voice like that, -- sure 'tis
My good *EMANGOLT*'s, —— and is he here too?

Ema. Here, my dear Lord; but O that I had been
Under the earth, when my unlucky judgment
Advis'd you hither.

Sof. O you've spoil'd all my Lord.

Mr. Why are we still ith'upper world? I thought
I'de past the ford. --- Cheats! cheats! [He starts up,
and fantasies!]

Quick then, *EMANGOLT*, go muster all
Our force, and see them paid, I'll march to morrow,

And never make a halt till I have kickt

Bizant. *am.*'s selfe to dust. (10) Let an Iron Cage
Be made to carry with us, for proud *MORAI*.

I'll try yet if his stomach be as stout

As *BAFAZET*'s; bat line it all with furs,
To hinder him from the pleasure of a death. (per,

Nym. Would he but cool with sleep his high distem-
All these wild thoughts would vanish with his frenzy.

Ema. Repose Sir, till the Army needs your conduct. 22051

Nym. Yes, my dear Lord, restore thy selfe again
Unto my care, and make my lap thy pillow. (hence,

Mr. I will, my sweet, and ne'r would rise from
Did not dear honour call as loud as thunder,
Such is my love to thee, yet could I not
Love thee so much, lov'd I not honour more.

Nym. *EFFIDA* call for musick, and a song,
Gente and soft, as Notes of dying Swanns,
To woo him into slumbers.

Sof. That will charm him.

Mr. The *Turke* already made thy Prisoner, when
I next return my selfe to thy soft breast,
His head's a present for thee.

Nym. Hark! my Lord, [soft musick]
How gentle rest courts thee in her best language.

SONG

Clivied handes. SONG. 10. 1. A.

HE's great that masters his own soul,
As he whose nod shakes either Pole.
Not he that Kings in chains can bring,
But that subdues himselfe a King.
That's ever in himselfe at home,
And ne'r lets his Queen Reason roam,
On whom all passions waiting stand,
As hand-maids on their Ladies hand.
He ore himselfe triumphing first,
Dares chance and envy doe their worst,
And keeping still his own even height,
Fall Fortune heavie, fall she light,
He'l never make to th'standers by
Too low a moan, or hanghry cry;
But wisely can her fawning slight,
And then as bravely scorn her spight.
Who can deny that such a one
Possesses all things, or waits none?
And which oth'two wold you wish first
Still to have drink, or ne'r to thirst?

Ema. Excellent morality! O the vast extensi
O' th' Kingdome of a wiseman! Such a mind
Can sleep secure when th'brine kisstes the Moon,
And thank the cartous storm for rocking him.

Sof. Come my good Lord *METHICULI*, you
and I
Will sit, and tell sad storie; pray begin.

Nym. Ali me! what storie canst thou hear can yie
For sadnesse with our owne? run ore the Roulc
Of Tragedies, and write but *NYMPHADORA*
And *MIRZA* (for let's here be parted mort)
And that's the sum of all that grief cardo.

Mer. But my Lord *SOFFIE*, I've a plot to free
Sof.

Sof. Speak it, and be my Deitie.

Met. And once out,

I can secure you, where not all the force
The Tyrant, or the world can make shall reach you.

Sof. But how shall I get out?

Met. Your sister, Sir,
Has won much on your grandfathers best affections,
So that if he love ought that's good, 'tis hers:
And she comes often here to pay her duty
To her dear Father, (O too much wrong'd Father!)

Sof. Nay, pray, no circumstance, she comes, what
then? (and so

Met. I'd have your grace change cloaths with her,
You vaile, may easily passe the guards, and come
Where I'll receive you.

Sof. How shall she get out
Again?

Met. Sir, 'twill be quickly known to the Tyrant,
Who loves her so, he'll not be long without her,
He'll send for her, and with a chiding passe it.

Sof. But wilt not turn his rage on my dear Mother.
He'll not think this plot only *FATIMA*'s
And mine, but hers.

Nrm. I'd suffer for thy good
All th' Tyrant now can do, the wasp has stung
Me already, and disarm'd himself: if rest
Restores the Princes senses, we'll advise
With him about it—How sweet securitie
He now enjoys! O pleasant dreams! slide softly
Into him, that he takes no wounds from you.
Present his silent thoughts with purling streams
And hushing winds, such as perfume the morn.
Then mildly as thou seiz'd him gentle Goddess,
Resign him perfect: so what was the gift
Of relenting heaven, we'll ascribe to thee.

Mr. Ah! where am I?

If. He wakes.

Nym. Pray heaven to health.

Here my dear Lord, in thy sad spouses lap,
Yet compass'd with a ring of thy best friends.

M'r. That Ring is sorrows Crown,--and can it be
That any will be friends to wretchednesse?
High mounted in the Courts and Armies head,
The Sun had not more Atomes dancing in
His beams, then I had followers in mine.
But even from him eclips'd, all shadowes vanish,
And shall mine then continue?

Nym. These are such
As vertue, not your fortune, made your friends,
And will though fortune failes, continue such,
Since your high vertue cannot ever leave you.

Em. If we lov'd and obey'd you, when you stood
In power, both to do us good and honour,
Which then we never could requite unto you,
We ought to publish now our gratefulnesse,
When the world sees no hopes induc us to it.

M'r. There gratitude spoke in her Angels voice.

Mer. We have lost in you a Prince for to defend us,
A Father to care for us, a Companion
In all our joyes, a Friend in all our wants;
And if we owe to your sad memory
The pious dutie of our love and honour,
Shall we not pay them to your selfe yet living?

M'r. Not living, say, but buried alive. (den.)

H'd. Treasure ith' mind, is treasure still, though wro-

Ema. Should we desert you now, 'twould basely
prove

We never lov'd your highnesse, but your fortune.

Alk. Rather, we never lov'd his Grace, but High-

Ema. Like vespine that sick of the living blood,
But leave the body soon as life.

Alk. The more Love.
We ow'd you, the more shoud we shew our hate
To the accursed Author of our losse.
Let's rouze revenge, and arm all her dire hands
With Thunder, to discharge upon the Tyrant.

Mr. Act, act, brave friends, and leave complaints to
women;
'T will be more honourable for my Tombe
To be sprinkled with my murderers blood,
Then with the tears of you my constant friends.

Nym. Now have I time to shed sottie, *Uffida* follows
but in private.

“ They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.

*MIRZA, SOFFIE, & MANGOLY, METHI-
CHULI, HYDASPARS, ALKAHEM,*
PAGE.

O Let me not lie long in this sad durance
Met. This justice to the world, This duty to
Our injur'd Prince, This honour to our selves,
And terror to our foes, do strongly plead for.

Alk. This will restore our glories lost, and put
A muzzell upon Tyrannies black jayves.

Hyd. How shal we effect it?
Mr. How? and have not you

The Power of the sword, the Souldiery

Ema. Alas! not we, my Lord, we're all callid.
Your highnesse was no sooner cheated from us,
And decoy'd up to Codit, to be undone,
But *BELTAZZA R* comes down strong in commission,
To be my Colleague, that is, my superior.
We vexed at our injuries, and losse
Of you, threw up all diligence, and quitted
Counsell or action, when the uniuersitie shew'd
Power to elap a peace up, which was quickly
Done, on conditions fit for slaves, not southerns,

The

The Army all disbanded, I call'd up,
Met with Arrest and banishment from Court:
Thus is their wrong secur'd by our weakness.

Mir. Shall we then tamely suffer? my blind self
Will grope out Vengeance yet, and in deep makes
incize it on the Tyrant's own dull head.

Ema. O foolishness of Tyranny! that the King
Should arm his foes, and thirst his own undoing!
He studies evill, and seems lost to all goodness,
But for his love to your sweet *FATTMA*.

Mir. And loves he her? can vice then affect vertue?

Ema. Sir, her he doth embrace with all the powers
Of a doting soul.

Hyd. Has her still in his eye,
Nor ere seems pleased with ought but what she does.

Alk. He talks of marrying her to th' King of
Arabs.

Mir. Soft, I've a better match for her in store.

Ema. We met his Proclamation as we came
Taught with invectives 'gainst your Grace and us. (you,
Your Highness grew too great, wee too much lov'd
Therefore the King must fear, yea, and remove you.
My treachery to the English it alledg's
That help'd me to take Ormuz, when 'tis known
Themselves first broke conditions, and enjoy
Still Priviledges for their service there.

This is (12) the Coffermonger *ALLY-REG*,
For his smooth tongue and the old King go mad
And doat upon his foes, when there is never
Jewell in's Crown but is entarnell'd
Both with your Highnesses brave blood and mine.

Mir. I that so oft display'd his bloody colours
'th' martiall field, and beaten his proud foes,
that have so boldly'd his Territories,
and threaten'd the lands beyond (13) the Caspian Sea
14) Driv'n the Magi into his Countries,

To stand and see me waft his other lands,
 (15) Made Balforash' Arabians utmost bound,
 And (16) bounded th' Tartar with th' Hircanian
 Ocean.

(17) I that check'd CYCALA'S insulting Progress,
 Torturing th' Georgians, our Confederates
 With eighty thousand men, I that first chased
 His bulkie Army to th' Armenian bounds,
 Then forc't him fight, and gave my selfe the pleasure
 To paddle ith' blood of thirty thousand Turkes:
 I that did still pursue that flying General
 Into Iheria, and slaughter'd all
 The turkis Garrisons in Teflis, Tauris,
 Carbeen and Babylor (17) that year regaining
 No lesse from ACHMAT to ungratefull ABBA
 Then our TAMAS lost to their SOLYMAN.
 (17) I that since that, beat that stout CYCALA
 Oft as he could recruit, till the Eoe vow'd
 Never to follow more that lucklesse Chieftain,
 Must now be th' Martyr of the Insolence
 Of slaves, and a besotted Tyrants wrath.

Ema. (18) I that gave Ormuzs scepter to his hand,
 (18) And brought her Captive King to live upon
 His slender Pension of five Markes a day.
 (19) I that subdued Larrs sandy Kingdom for him,
 Maugre her wall of Rock, am now accused
 By him for killing her King treacherously,
 When he himselfe angry I gave him quarter
 Commanded it: I now must tire out
 My life in exile, or, as bad, disgrace.

Mir. And (20) I that won the Realm of Bawiy
 Am taxt with a perfidious Victory,
 When I had died, had I return'd without him
 Ema. Why mourn ur subjects when his Son escapes not
 Mir. And how could I hope others, when his Name
 Thirsts after blood as food! O when so many in

Innocent subjects fell, they warned me.
What signified (21) his wrong to the poor Christians,

(22) His murdering of his Embassadour

To th' Kirk as he'd kill all can't work his ends.

Met. (23) His Treachery to th' Magician, set him
On work, then hang him up for conjuring.

Fm. (24) His murder of the sleeping Traveller,
Because his pamper'd horse but startled at him.

Hyd. (25) His coupling of the souldiers lustful wife
To an Alinego.

clk. (26) His cutting a Clerks hand off
But for not writing fair. (27) His wrath to th' two
Pilfering Souldiers, more for their raggs then theft.

Met. But above all, (28) his ore-ambitious
murder

Of his brave Father, and farbraver Brother. (strings;

Mir. His Torture, Poisons, strangling with bow-

(29) Men eating Doggs, and Arts of Tyranny

Proclaim his nature, that it must be glutted

With blood, and why not ours, since 'tis best?

Met. What better promises (30) his irreligion,
In taking needless Journeys still in Lent
To avoid fasting, under pretence of Travell?

Ema. Our misery is his inconstancy
Like the weather about the Equinoctial,
Now a quiet breath, and gentle gale, and then
A storm so fierce, a ship can feel no helm?
(31) Thus he'll forbid and tolerate the same thing
Oft in one year, not as his interest,
But as his variable humour swaies him. (mw,

Mir. Go my EMANGOLY, take my bank at Or-
Rally with it a Troop of your old Souldiers,
And give me liberty: take my SOFFIE
Into your care, and make him safe in private.

Sof. Sir, here's a way propounded for my freedom,
To change cloaths with my Sister FAITMA,

And go like her out hence.

Mir. Let it be done.

Be ready to receive him, and be to him

As much a Father as thou 'haft friend to me.

Emr. So Heaven be mine, as I his faithfull friend.

Mir. 'Tis no small benefit that this rough fortune
Discovers yet my friends, severs the doubtfull
From the assur'd, for Prosperity

At her departure took away with her

Those that were her's, and left me still mine own.

O at how vast a rate would I have bought

This fair discovery before my fall !

And when I thought my self most fortunate !

If Heaven again will try lost state restore

And wealth, i'le use them better then before !

If not, my soul not at the losse repines,

Having found friends, a greater wealth then Mints.

VASCO, CLOE.

Lady, but that no fault or dis respect
In me to your sweet Beauties merit it,
I should afflict my self to see your Countenance
Estranged thus to your best servant.

Clo. Sir,
I know no fault, nor is my countenance chang'd
But with my state, due gravitie increas'd.

Vas. As how, dear Lady, since I left the Court
Is our state chang'd ? I hope the cloud upon
My Lord shall not obseure me ?

Clo. No, but you
Think then I am the same you left me ?

Vas. Yes
Lady, I see no change, your lip, your eye
Has the same lustre, the same tincture on't
If there be any change, 'tis for the better.

Clo. Better, I know that marry; yes my Hopes,

Nay

Nay certainties, are higher then before.
 And shall my thoughts then bear no correspondence?
 Is it no more to be chief Maid of Honour
 To the Empresse of *Persia*, then woman to
 My Lady *FLORADELLA*?

Vas. (Sure she's mad !)

Empresse! we have none.

Clo. But we shall have soon.

Follow me in, and I'll unriddle to you.
 Since we are one, the secret is safe still,
 And were the fortune mine, it should be yours.

Vas. Love and amazement! what will this produce?

ABBAS, FATTYMA, FARRABAN.

'T Is granted, pretty heart, they all shall have

T Their just desires, and I truly wish

I could as safely give them liberty

As necessaries in their just restraint.

FARRABAN, see your royll Prisoners have

What they desire, fit for their condition.

Wait my fair granchild to them.

Fat. Sir, my thanks.

Com: *FARRABAN.*

Far. Madam, your humble Servant,

ABBAS.

O Strength of vertue! how dost thou shine forth
 In this sweet Innocent! how dutifull,
 How carefull, how solicitous is she
 For her Parents! and shall not nature then
 As well descend, as ascend? am no^t *ABBAS*
 As well his father, as she his daughter? But
 Here's she will turn these thoughts another way.

H

FLO-

FLORADELLA.

*I*ntrude not I upon your privacies ?

Abb. No, my best love, for what is more important
Then thy embrace? and what affair shall not
Vanish at thy approach, as mists at daies ?
But I see businesse in thy face; come speak it.

Flo. Though hither chiefly, love and duty brought
Which puts me strongly forward to your pleasure,
I have indeed somewhat to ask your Grace, (vice
'Tis for your servant *MAHOMET*, his last ser ---
Has render'd him most odious and envy'd.
The factious threaten in private, and in publick
Beard him to's face.

Abb. There's lightning in his eyes
Shall blast all his maligners.

Flo. They are great,
Strong, and increast much by th' cast Officers,
Most now in Town, all of the Princes faction,
So that without a guard he can't with safetie
Attend your person, or follow your affairs
Which ask his publick presence: and you know
How much your service needs him.

Abb. He shall have part of our guards assign'd him.
Flo. (Those can't we [aside.]
Trust) that your state permits not—see himselfe.

ABBAS, MAHOMET-ALLYBEG,
FLORADELLA.

*C*ome *MAHOMET*, what need hadst thou t'employ
Any tongue but thine own in thy just suit? (raise
Thou maist do more with me, my *MAHOMET*,
For thy securitie, what guards thou pleasest. estate,

Mah. I willingly could have spar'd this needless
Could I securely attend your service:
But though arm'd with my innocence, I fear not
ZOYES Thunder-boles. yet, "Wise prevention

" Is

“ Is the first point of wisdome in a Peer.
Sir, here is a commission, please you hear
It read, and sign it ? ”

Abb. Give me it, *MAHOMET*,
We'll sign it without reading, we dare trust thee,
Farther then this.

Flo. Your Highnesse may.

Abb. We know it.

Flo. Dear, thou knowest when to [They whisper.
meet a' Madam *OMAI*'s.

The consultation's there, you had the watchword ?

Mas. I know the time, and will not loiter, dearest,
Since 'tis for thee I work.

Flo. And I for thee.

(take it:

Abb. A Masque attends me, thou shalt sweet par-
Thou *MAHOMET* hast something else to do.

MAHOMET-ALLY BEG.

YEs, I have that to do, shall undo you, I erre, 'tis done not Heaven can hinder it.
But should th'whole Machine oth' design crack, which Would more amaze the world then bratish thunder,
The pleasure I have given my selfe to see
To what a height I've wound this strumpets soul,
Would almost pay my pains : How sure she makes
Her selfe, of what I never mean her fortune !
Then when I rise fresh in my summer glory,
And throw her off, like a course robe I wore,
Only to shick me from my colder winter.
Who will not say, I curmings Master am,
That can deceive, and that in their own game,
Greatest deceivers when they me shall know
Out-cheat a woman, and a strumpet too.

WAS.

V A S C O.

AMI awake! or do I live! what torrent
Of evills have over spread thee *Persia*?
Is justice stifled? and the furies all
Let loose to act their Gambols in the world?
Dire secret of the direst Treason! how
It swells within me till I be delivered
Of it at my Lords ear! He happily
May stop its course: then was my love well plac't
To sift out this; and though I die this night,
I've liv'd to be most happy, and the ages
To come shall pay thanks to my memory.

MIRZA.

[In his Coach alone.]

Blooded! imprison'd! pining here for want
Of what each debaucht Russian spends in riot!
And by command of my own Tyrant Father!
A proper Patrimony! If the *Turk*
Had us'd me thus, my fall had been with honour,
And heart held up with hope, whilst I had had
A Father to command Revenge, and friends
To set me home! But when those friends are thus
Fetter'd, disgrac'd, and torn from my assistance,
And make too turn'd backward in my Father,
What have I left me, but to curse my stars?
Stars! ignis fatuus! glittering Medors!
That made a show of greatness, and in shaff
Now loose their glimmering false light, and stink
Unnatural Monstrous! have I left so oft
For thee, and for thy safety, the embrace
Of my fair Princely spouse? abandoned
My self to all the sufferings and hazzards
Of bitter and long war, to have this Triumph?
O that I could relieve my soul with vengeance!
In my last sleep I saw the wandring Ghosts
Of my great Uncle, and wrong'd Grandfather

Squallid

Squallid and pale, attended with an Army blw ym n
Of murder'd spirits, all my Fathers crimes,
Calling loud to me for revenge, revenge,
Both for the love I bear them, and my self.

1. h' head of these gnashing her teeth with ire
Came frowning *NEMESIS*, offering a whip
Of folded snakes to my impartial hand.

My soule's now like a boistrous working Sea
Swelling in billows for disdain of wrongs,
And tumbling to and fro from Bay to Bay,
Nothing can calm it but full wrought Revenge.

Stern Goddess! I adore, and give my self
To thy dispose. O point me but a way
To work thy ends and mine! My arm is short
And shackled thus with Irons, I can't reach

The Tyrants heart, how shall I serve thee then?
When strait she calls to me with bended brows,
Reach him in's Favourites: 'las! *ALLYBEG*
Is strong i' th' Courts and Tyrants affections,

But he has Marble walls, and Iron barrs
T'ween him, and me. But *FATYMA* comes to thee,
She saies: and she's the Idol of his soul,

Rob him of her. Shall I through my own sides
Wound him? and to deprive him of a Grandchild,
Tear from my self a daughter, no lesse dear
And dutifull to me, then she's to him?

But I am great with child of indignation
And cannot be delivered but by vengeance,
And no revenge but this is in my reach.

I shall but send her to the pleasant Groves,
Give her at once Heaven and the Tyrant Hell,
Hell in his thoughts, Hell in his Conscience,
And that same Hell of his is Heaven to me.

It is decreed: She dies to make him do so.
O sweet revenge! how I thirst how for blood,
And burn more then Plater did for drink,

In

In my wild feaver hottest fit? -- who waits there?

SOFFIE, MIRZA, NYMPHADORA, IFFIDA.

C All'd you my Lord?

Mir. Yes child, is FAITYMA come.

Sof. Not yet Sir,

Mir. SOFFIE, art thou prepar'd
For freedom when she comes.

Sof. Sir, as you please.

Mir. yes, thou shalt go to Libertie, though I
Repent thy absence.--O, my great resolve! [*in secret.*
If I must fall, I'll pul down *Persia* with me,
And have no lesser Monument then an Empire.

Nym. And when th' art free, and in EMANGO-
LI'S care

Think oth' restraint thy Parents here endure,
And seek with all discreet care to redresse it.

Sof. I shall not rest till then.

Iff. Here's FAITYMA.

MIRZA, NYMPHADORA, SOFFIE, FA-
TIMA, IFFIDA.

C Ome child.

Fa. Fate is not yet all cruelty.

Nym. What's this I see child in thy face of mirth?

Fat. Madam, I have got Licence of the King
For all you can desire but Liberty.

Mir. And without that what can we here desire
Worth satisfying? -- Come hither FAITYMA,
Stand here between my knees. -- (Sweet [*in secret.*]
innocent!

Ah! that I could but now forget all Father,
Or else be like mine own, and leave all goodness!)
Sweet child, art thou contented to stay here,

And

And let thy Brother'scape in thy attire? - *halw muddi*

Fat. Most willing Sir. *sebit*

Nym. Thy Grandfire will not let *halw muddi*
Thee lie here long in misery like us. *halw muddi*

Fat. Would I might still stay here to wait on you,
I'd rather so. - *My Lord METHICULI* *O. 11*
Is at the Castle gate waiting for some body. *O. 10*

Sof. That is for me. *in the 11th*

Fat. Come Brother, let's change cloaths.

Mir. Stay *FATIMA*, suppose thy Grandfather,
Why say I so? thy Fathers Murderer, *baan binoo*
Should now grow angry with thee for this change,
How wilt thou bear his wrath? child, *canst tho a die?* *i*

Fat. Yes Sir, if you will have me; to die and sleep
They say is one; and after Death we wake *halw muddi*
In a fresh Paradise where joyes abound *halw muddi*

Mir. All joyes are there, there once, for all the world
Thou wouldst not be a minute here again. *halw muddi*

Fat. But Sir, shall I not want your Presence there?
And my dear Mothers? and my Princely Brothers?
I love you better then all joyes beside. *halw muddi*

Mir. Prety ignorance! thou goest but before,
Wee soon will follow thee. In the mean time
There shal thou meet thy Uncle and great Grandfire,
They will make much of thee, and shew thee all
The glories there, the green and fragrant fields, *halw muddi*
Ripe fruits that ne'r decay, Soft melting songs *halw muddi*
And Carolls of the Golde-flather'd birds *halw muddi*
Shall lull thee asleep; then thal thou wake again *halw muddi*
To see the Nymphs and Virgins dance about *halw muddi*
The silver Rivers, they shall take thee in, *halw muddi*
And make thee Mistris of their sprightly Rovells.

Fat. Would I were there, if you would follow, but
I'l not be there without your company.

Mir. I'l follow thee sweet heart, when I have got
Revenge enough upon the doting Tyrant:

Mean

SOFFIE, METHICULI.

O My good good Lord! the saddest accident
My Father has kill'd with his own hands my
Sister,

The Castle is all in an uproar at it,
In which I escap'd, else he had kill'd me too.

Met. Thank Heaven you have so^r come my Lord, this
No place for talk, quick, let us hast away.

Sof. Fast as you please my honour'd Lord, & whether

EMANGOLY, VASCO.

{ He muffles Sofi
in his Cloak, and
carries him awa

WHAT horrors seize me! that the world should

Be all abandon'd to the furies envy!

Sure this is but to cheat us!

Nef. No my Lord,
Though CLOE told it with such confidence,
The horror was not able to persuade me,
Till first I ran to OMAI'S Garden House;
There the Conspirators are all to meet,
The house preparing and the entertainment.

Ema. Dire discoveries! *Vasco*, this you'll swear,
And with your blood maintain?

Vas. I will sir,

Ema. Come then,

Though banish'd, I venture to the King,

And break his hally order for his good.

How happy art thou to discover this?

Thou shalt be *Peregrine's* Genius, this shall pay

Devotions to thee; and how blest am I

To be an instrumēt to save my Country!

O Heaven! how bounteous art thou to mankind!

When we rush on to ruine, mad, and blind,

Thou

Thou cast's a bit upon our furious hast,
 To curb us for our good, and from our wast
 Preserve us 'gainst our wills! Whence is it, whence
 That the world stands but from thy providence,
 Truth-loving JOVE? Thou wilt not suffer wrong,
 However great, to go unpunisht long;
 Or although long to us, and to sense past
 All hope, yet full-paid vengeance comes at last.
 "Thy certain Justice ever ready stands,
 "And though she 'has leaden feet, she 'has Iron hands.

CHORUS.

A Passion stronger then the rest
 No more call love,
 Since dire revenge in a wrong'd breast
 More strong doth prove.
 She breaks all bands for her desire,
 Blood is her food,
 She treads down all things in her ire,
 Though just or good.
 Ore lov: it selfe she triumpht hath,
 Oft having forc't
 Fierce hands in the dear bloud to bath
 Which they lov'd most.
 The fierce Odryssian Queen to take
 Revenge upon
 Her husband, for her sisters sake,
 Butcher'd her son.
 As to the wood a Tygresse wild
 A Fawn doth trail:
 She drag'd to a close room the child,
 Where nought avail
 His tears, his banishments, or both
 To calm her blood,
 Revenge stood by gnashing her teeth,
 Expecting food.

O rage of women! though the boy
 T' her bosom clung,
 She hain't (nor turn'd her face away):
 Seab'd as he hung.
 He kis't, she stab'd O dire reward
 His kisses got?
 The pavements blusht with blood besmear'd
 Though she did not.
 This proves not she her sister priz'd
 Before her Boy,
 But that all are by rage despis'd
 For cruell joy.
 And that revenge might ore men too
 Her Triunphis see,
 We have a Father late did doe
 As much as she.
 A Father, by his held in thrall,
 His daughter kill'd
 'Cause her the Grandfire above all
 Things precious held.
 Since his revenge could reach no more
 O rages sway!
 The Jewell of this soul he tore
 From him away:
 Carelesse, so him, himself to strike,
 Hope flatter'd so,
 What that to *PROGNE*'s, this the like
 T' his Sire would doe.
 Go innocent Princeesse, Martyr go
 Of Rage and Fate,
 And in thy checker'd Grove below,
 Embrace thy Mate.
ITYS and *FATIMA* there shall cling
 Into a pair,
 Him sweetest birds shall ever sing,
 And *MUSES* her.

Impute not thou the crime, O JOVE,
And breach of Lawes,
To th' Astor, but to them that gave
The cruell cause.

Act. V.

FATYMA's Funerall passes over the Stage, Six Vir-
gins leavers.

ABBAS, MAHOMET ALLY-BEG, BELTA.
ZAR, FLORADELLA, OLYMPA,
EARINA, &c. Chief
Mourners.

A Funerall ELEGIE, sung to the Harpe.

Rief and Horror seize on all,
From the Suns rise to his fall.
But in in sight no breath so spent,
No voice heard but to lament,
In each face the cause is read,
FATYMA and Beauty's dead.

SOL, disturb not sorrows night.
She gone, none deserves thy light.
And ther's none now whose eye may
Bright as hers did, gild thy Ray.

Birds, that did your songs forbear,
Hers with more delight to hear,
And did still expecting stand
Notes from her voice, meat her hand,
You again may sing along,
You'll be heard now she is gone.

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And ther's none now whose eye may
Bright as hers did, gild thy Ray.

Birds, that did your songs forbear,
Hers with more delight to hear,
And did still expecting stand
Notes from her voice, meat her hand,
You again may sing alone,
You'll be heard how she is gone.

To her name your voices set,
And ne'r sing a note but that.

Flowers, droop your leaves and wither,
You no more her hand shall gather.
Wither, wither, for there's none
Worth a Garland, she being gone.

Water Nymphs, that in a maze
Oft have stopt your sports to gaze
At her sitting on your banks,
Or else tripping o'er their cranks,
In a Dance, with odorous feet,
And a grace as *VENUS* sweet,
Weep her losse: weep, more you'l ne'r
See your selves out-done by her.

Weep till you thaw: melting, mounth,
Till into your streams you turn.

Winds, let sighs henceforth consume yee,
Her breath shall no more perfume yee.

Be astonish'd thou O Earth,
Thou hast lost thy fairest birth.

See! see! all the charm obey!
Into night is shrunk the day.
The Sun mourns, or, to judge right
He wants her to give him light.

Birds have learnt her name, and now
Hark! they sing't on every bough.

Of the flowers some decay,
Others wither quite away,
Or if any beauty have
Still, they keep it for her grave.
Grief has turn'd the Primrose pale,
Lillies droop, and all bewail:
Down the Violet hangs her head,
All the Roses tears have shed;
Cups full have each Daffadil:
Down along the cheeks they trill

Of the rest, and trembling there
Hang, true Pearles for sorrowis wear,
Fountains weep, winds sigh heofall:
Earth is stupified withall, vnde
Onely Gods strok grief aefrain, sic ha vewis saido
Since earths losse is Heavens gainisur vnde
For since she arriv'd at Heaven, strok you illw of
Now the Graces number's even.

Abb. No more let bold Philosophers denie
That Vertues are from Nature, since here lies
An heap of Beauties, with more graces born,
Then Education or Art ere gave
The longest liver. Once a divine soul
inform'd that curiositie Body, and so ached
to all good, that Heaven envied Earth
Th' enjoyment of it, therefore took to Rome
As bright as when she lent it the sun modelly,
And now it shineth the brightest star she has.
But why, so soone good Heaven, haft thou possessed
Earth of her glory? because you mean
To call the / there again; and the /
The soul oth' world must first be calle away?
Day must depart before soul night can come?
Or fail'd your Powre? could you not make the summer
And Autumn of her Age as gloriess?
As her sweet Spring, and so destroy'd it quite?
Or doubted you she would engross all hearts,
All loves? and make us think there was no Heaven,
No Paradise but her, and her sweet favour,
So, jealous of your Honour, took her hence?
No, but now that her Niper Father had this no bis;
Given up his name to mischief and Rebellion,
That all that's good of him might fall, she must:
And fall his crime: but O that crime alone
Had beeno more, should sink his monstrous head
Below the deepest Hell, I punish him

Not now for crimes committed against me,
But 'gainst himself these I could have forgiven,
And Nature almost now had drawn me to it,
But this dire murder of my joy and comfort,
Has chas't away all pity from my thoughts,
And arm'd my heart and hand with elements for him.
Who will not crush the subtle that eats his Rose?
Goe F A R R A B o y s N y b u d : the Influrne

Monster With ponderous chains as heavy as his guile:
Remove all comforts from him since his carcasse
Till his own flesh be his abhorred food, no more
He may as well devour that as this: O wretched soul of me!
Tell him we'll studdy Tormentes for him; Torments and
Witty and requisites as he wishes and such beoing the on
Deliver th' message to him in worlds, he may joye of
For a just anger great as ours is, and as truly as we gind
'Twill be some comfort to this inrodder soul i won be
To see his mynders bloud pent aboynt of devyce
Her divine ashes, Barredon Gloriouſ Ghetys, no more
(For now devotions the cashe, knyght a lustre)
That we mix with shynes fat fed dustynbleed
So tainted i yess his mynd thy sacrifized
Yeth first R R A R B o y s, let so O F E be regaird
Again, you'd best: I wonder at yow neglect upon A
Of care to guard so great pifcions

Far. My Liege! the proper when the guards were all
Employ'd to stop the Princes statickt rage,
He made escape

Abb. Well, se he be brought out. How to enoke; Lead on, and enrich Earth with Heavens envy.

MIRZA, PAGE.

Great NEMESIS, now have I sacrific'd
To thee the best of Creatures Persia had;
If the old Tyrant feeleth but the wound,
I have mine ends, and thou a feast of blood.

Pag. But sir, I fear the blow you gave through her
Will fall most heavy on your self; and make
Him more incens'd.

Ma So he but feels a grief,
I'll triumph in my pains, and scorn his worth.

MIRZA, PAGE, FARRABAN.

W Ho's that?
Pag. 'Tis FARRABAN, and in his looks
I see Revenge and Torments threatned.

Mir. Tut!

Farr. Sir, the King.

Mir. Peace, thou most impudent tongue,
Call him not King, but dotard, Tyrant, Serpent,
Go on.

Farr. Commands me to deliver's wrath
To you in thunder: Pardon the messenger,
He threatens you with Strapadoes, Famine, Tortures
Cunning and cruell, for your dire deed.

M.r. I thank his Tyrantship; return thou him
From me many curses: but how took he
His minions death?

Farr. As he would do the fight
Of his own Executioner, Heavily.
His life-blood seem'd to stream from's aged eyes,
Horror to seize his Limbs, and grief his soul.
He tore his silver hair, beat's reverend breast,
Threw himself prostrate on the loved body,

And curs'd his starrs: the killing newes is like
 To do as much for him, as for the old
PANDION the like act of *PROGNE*'s did.
 He slightes his meat, seems wholly given over
 To sorrow and revenge.

Mir. Io, Io, P. A. N!

Sing victory, sing victory, my scul,
 I'm Conquerour; I've vanquish't the stern Tyrant
 In a great deed, 'bove th' horror of his own.
 Now I can make him grieve, I'l make him bleed,
 Bleed next, dog Goaler, bleed his damned soul
 To air, which will turn to Pestilence,
 And poysen, and infect the cursed world.
 He has but yet a tast of what i'l do.

Fa. Sir, sir, we'l keep you from all further outrage.

Pag. Be civill, villain, to your Royal Master.

Fa. He must excuse me, I'm but an Officer.

Mir. O'th Devills.--Traytor, do thy drudgery.

*Fa. He has commanded me to load your limbs
 With weighty gyves, and famish your stout stomach.*

Pag. The Devill has.

Mir. His gyves are ornaments.

To me: and Faniue, that I fear not slave,
 I'l feed on my revenge. Come bring thy fetters,
 I will adore them as a lover does
 His Ladies favours.

*Pag. Sir, Exasperate
 Not Tyranny.*

*Mir. Sweet youth, be patient,
 I'l teach thee courage. Hangman come, your chainer,
 I'le follow you by your sent. Beare-ward, to have
 them.*

EMAN-

EMANGOLY, HYDASPUS,
VASCO,

Horror! that the brave Prince should ever do
So cruell a deed! but what can't sense of wrongs
And thirst of revenge force a great mind to?
Yet shall this stop our grand design no longer.
Now for the King. *HYDASPUS*, you say *SOPHIE*
Is at *METHOULI*'s Farne, without the Town?--
What is't you study of?

Hyd. My Lord?--yes, yes,
He is.--My Lord, I was even stricken dumb
With the disfervices you've made.

Ema. O great, and
Horrid they are: by this the hellish Counsell
Is upon meeting; sure their hour's near?

Vas. 'Tis come my Lord.

Ema. Come then *HYDASPUS* you'
Accompany me to th' King.

Hyd. You know, my Lord,
We are forbidden.

Ema. What then? for his good,
And to save *Perse*, what is our lives hazard?

Hyd. They can't be better spent, i'l wait your Grace.

Ema. But not a word where *SOPHIE* is as yet

ABRAS, PAGE.

~~FATYMA~~ murder'd! all my joyes are fled!
Fled in a moment! Pageant of Earths greatnessse!
I that was erst ador'd, great in an Army,
Strong in a valiant Son, and happy in
The fair hopes of two brave Grandchildren,
Am now forlome in all: my Army broken,
A base peace made, for which all brave men loath me,
One of my Grandchildren, hope of my Crown,
Fled, but O whither? that's unknown to me.

The

The other dead, dead, and worse, murdered.
By her own Father, ah unnaturall Father!
But yet not more unnaturall then my self,
Us'd I not him so? and should he not be
As dear to me as she to him? I did,
I did, O mischief of credulity!
And causelesse jealousie would all my fears
Had happened, so I were guiltlesse still.
It then had been his fault, not mine. O heart! (Ly
Pag. May't please you, sir, my Lords, EMANGO.

And HYDASPLUS do strongly plead without
For Audience of your Majestic, shall they enter?

Abb. Have I not banish'd them my Presence? well,
They die for breach of the command, if they
Prove not their innocence; Let them enter, i'l
Have now an ear for both parts; I will never
Punish more on bare hearsay, + Guard, attend us.

ABBEAS, EMANGOLI, HYDASPLUS,
GUARD.

How dare you thus intrude into my presence?
Must I forbid you, and my strict commands
Be slighted thus? you rush upon your ruine.

Em. Sir, were we conscious to our selves of any
The least neglect unto your just commands,
We'd fly your sight as doth the Owl the Suns,
And seek out corners for our Treasons safety,
But when we dare dese black Calumny,
We know not why we should not yenture to you
To warn you of your safety, now at stake.

Abb. At stake! as how?

Hyd. If there be any fault
In us, examine it in fitter time,
And spare it not, but fuddy punishments
New and exemplary to plague us with,

At

At least, at present, mind to save your Crown,
Your Realms, your life, and all your Progenie.

Abb. What Pageane's this!

Ema. No Pagean', Sir in short.

You are betray'd, and *MAHOMET*'s the Traytor.

Abb. What envy dares traduce him? then my heart's
False to my head.

Ema. Sir, if I prove it not,

Dissect me into Atomes, torture me,
And fix eternall infamy on my name.

Abb. Produce your proofes.

Ema. Your Highnesse lately stood
A Bulwark to your friends, a terror to
Your Enemies, you had a Royall Army
Commanded by a noble Son, and though
I say't, a faithfull Generall, and Officers
Trusty as truth it selfe, while thicke stood firm
In your esteem, as they deserved well;
(For what haue your brave Son, and my poor self
Not done, that men could do, for your just honour?
You do not hold one Scepter in your hand,
But such as we have put there, or else kept
From being torn away:) whilst these I say
Had power with you, not your proudest foes
Or Treason had a tongue or hand to hurt you;
But we must fall, that they may rise, upon
Yours, and our ruines, and your credulity
Has given them way: pardon the plainnesse, sir.

Abb. Go on, go on.

Ema. Sir, it was your misfortune
To advance the impudent pleasant *ALLYBEG*
To such a dangerous height as made him giddy,
And mad with pride: he is the very person
That having got your ear, wrought all our ruines,
Intending yours: which thus he acts; first having
Obtain'd the Princes fall, disbanded th' Army;

He has consulted with the malcontents
To advance himself: has rais'd a bank of money,
And now is levying of a Guard--

Abb. That Guard
On second thoughts I fear'd.

Hyd. As well you might.

Abb. Well, who are of his party?

Ema. His pretence,

Is specious (as all Traytors must be) so
He has allured some innocent Persons to him
(For such we yet are willing to believe them)

As *ELCHEF*, who yet owes you a Grudge,
And so's the fitter for his purpose; he

Engag'd *MATZED*, *MOZENDRA*, and
BENEFIAN,

MATZED is levying in *Hyrcania*,

But privatly, as the rest here in Town.

These credit his pretence, which onely is
To rescue th' Prince, and be made Guardian
To *SOFFIE*, when he indeed intends
To murder you, the Prince, and *SOFFIE*--

Abb. What's this, you say?--

Ema. Nay, good sir, hear me out.

He means himself our King too and his Queen
FLORADELLA, (she at least believes so)

For she was usefull for him to gain you

To this advancement, and the Princes fall,

And rich to help his bank, and has engag'd

OLYMPA, *EARINA*, and Madam *OMAY*,

All these we know, besides who else as yet

We've not discovered. But his confidents (*LEUCUS*

Are *FARRABAN* and the smooth tongu'd *SE-*

He at this present gathers force in *Shinas*

The other holds the Castle at his pleasure.

Abb. If this be so, themselves convey'd away
Young *SOFFIE*, I pray *JOKE* not to Heaven.

: H

Hyd.

Hyd. That, time will prove, we speak but what wee
know.

Abl. How came you by the knowledge of thus much?

Ema. My Lord, my Servant *VASCO* has made love
Long time to *CLOE, FLORA DELLA'S* woman,
And she has heard him not unwillingly:
It first came out by her, who boasted it
To him, as an addition to her fortune.

(BEG

Abb. This makes me doubt the rest: sure *ALLY-*
Has more brain then to trust such high designes
To whores and waiting women; Sives, that let
All things run through them, be they ne'r so precious.

Ema. Sir, she's the closet of her Ladies secrets,
'Tis like she had this knowledge from her chieflly.

Abl. By some especiall providence: O Gods!
How have we sinn'd! that you upbraid us thus
T' indebt us for our safeties to such low
Vile things! as if the basest instrument
Were good enough to save so corrupt a state!
But *Rome* thrice ow'd her life to as vile trash,
Once to a common Harlot, twice to Geese.
Wise Heaven can make good work with any tool.
But this me thinks requires pregnant proof,
Ere it gains my belief, as now my horror.

Ema. First, we attest it fir, next, your own eyes
And ears may be your certain witnesse.
Fail you they cannot: clap a Guard on us,
Send but another Guard to *OMAY'S* House,
There may you apprehend most of the Traitors,
There at this instant hold they their black counsell.

Abb. No lie can bee avouch't with thus much fore-
head.

EMANGOLY, thou hast deserv'd much of me,
And you *HYD ASPUS*; first we cry you mercy,
For our too much rigour to you both,
We'll study an amends, if this be true,

If

If not, you both die without further process.

Emo. Sir, be it so.

Hyd. Yes, so my Liege we'd have it.

Abb. Come then, our selfe will goe to *OMAY*'s
house.

'Tis worth our pains, you shall attend me thither.

Emo. Your Majestie still meets our wishes neerer.

Abb. Is *BELTAZAR* engag'd?

Emo. No surely sir,
We believe him too honest, and a spirit
To great to truckle to base *ALLYBEG*,
Though he had the mis-fortune to be us'd
I' th Princes raine, we might see regret,
And an unwillingnesse in him to th' action.

Abb. He did indeed, I think, obey for fear;
Nor did he more then what our own commands
Did urge, so we've no ground for wrath to him;
Him then we'll keep in favour still, and call
T'attend us to unkennell the base Fox.
First send for *FARRABAN*, and make him sure,
Then plant a Guard upon the Cittadell.

Emo. It will be best sir.

Abb. Guard attend us here.

*FLORADELLA, OLYMPA, EARINA,
OMAY, CLOE.*

Women are still most forward in great actions,
I wonder yet none of the Lords are come.

Oly. All in Good time Madam--- 'tis a close day,
Me thinks it 'bodes not well, I like it not.

Flo. The day is as it should be, close and dark,
And fittest for our Plot that must be secret.

Ear. The Sun perhaps mourns for poor *FATIMA*.

Oly. O that sad accident takes up my mind,
I'm almost statice still.

Oma. 'Twas sad and cruel.

Flo. Ladies, you see 'tis more than time we help

Poor Persia from ruining herself,

To which she hasts amaine.

Clo. Madam, my Lords, I have told you I had well

MAHOMET-ALLY-BEG, EL CHEE, MO-

ZENDRA, BENEFIAN, FLORADEL-

LA, OLYMPA, EARINA, OMAR,

CLOE.

S Ave you Ladies.

Etc. Hail beauties all a-row.

Flo. Hail Persia's Genius.

Oly. Hail my honour'd Lord.

Mah. Are we all here?

Moz. I see not FARRABAN.

Etc. FARRABAN wanting!

Mah. What makes him so slow?

Flo. Slow, y're all Snails to us, you must confess!

The Ladies still most active: we'll not lose

Our shares of glory.

Etc. FARRABAN not here!

I like it not.

Flo. My Lord, he's gain'd already.

Ear. So we are all I hope.

Flo. I'll engage for him,

What you here order him, he shall be ready

Upon first intimation to perform.

He may be busie searching SOWFIE up,

You heard the Kings threats if he were not found.

Mah. Would he were found.

Flo. Let not that trouble you.

(1) If we cannot recover him, give out

He is baptiz'd, and so incapable;

'Tis no new way, in India, MSSAPH did it,

And well it took. -- My Lord, you are not cheerfull.

Etc,

Elc. MAHOMET'S troubled.

Oly. 'Tis for PARRABAN.

[To Olym.]

Ben. What! doe's my Lord Court her,
to be her Guardian?

[To M]

Now had I rather talke of Love and Court-ship
To EARINA then these state-affaires.

How well she looks!

Moz. Fie, Flesh-fie, hold your peace.

[Secret]

Flo. My Lord, I hope you flag not?
will you saile

[To Mah]

Bravely three quarters of your course, out-ride
Many a storm, break thousand raging waves,
And then sink in the Haven?

Mah. My soul is dull,
And dreads some treachery; never till now
Knew I what 'twas to fear.

Flo. Come, sacrifice

To confidence, she'l carry you through all;
I'll promise largely when we come to th'Loane,
More then you must expect to bring them on.

Ear. But sure we came not here to whisper, firs.

Oma. No, I did think our businesse had been pub-
lique.

Mah. Rouze my dull soul--- Publique indeed it is
And private too it must be, the Consult
Private, the benefit most publique shall be---

Flo. Now he's himselfe againe. Death! [aside]
dead ith'nest!

Mah. And reach to all: old men shall owe that
short

Portion of life by natures course they hold,
And reverend Matrons their white age, to us:
Those shall thank us, they see their manly Sons,
Spend in soft exercise their peacefull time,
And that themselves sit in their chimney-corners,
Telling the loved stories of their youth,

And

And feel not at their wither'd throats the swords
 Of foes, to force them to detect their wealth ;
 And these, that they enjoy their blooming daughters
 Unravished, and see their Grand-children
 Come skipping on their aged knees, and not
 Sprawling upon the Enemies hostile Spears.
 The Nurse shall owe to us, that her dear childe
 Doth suck her milk still, and not she its blood,
 So to sustaine a while her famish'd soul.
 The Gods shall be indebted unto us,
 That still their Temples stand, and do not crack
 In sacrilegious flames ; the Genius
 Of every City, that he is not forc'd
 To leave his walk, or wander 'bout the ruines :
 The dead that fury ransack not their Uimes,
 And puffe their ashes in the face of light :
 Th'unborn, that we procur'd them time to ripen,
 And that they fell not, blasted ere they blow'd.
 The benefit shall to the meanest Swaine
 Extend, that toyls in the *Parmenian* fields,
 And farthest parts the *Persian* name doth reach,
 To us his morning, and his evening thanks,
 Shall he ere pay, for that his wretched eyes
 See not the battering hoofs of waftfull Troops
 Trample his hopefull Cornie, and springing grassie,
 For that the sheafes ar'nt from his reaping hand
 Torn by the Foe, nor his full Barns blaze high
 With dreadfull flames, nor stalled Cartel low
 Under the plundering Souldiers hungry blade ;
 For that the hated noise of bellowing Drums,
 Fright him not from his Plough with fear of pressing
 Ben. He shepheardeesse thanks might promise too,
 For having time to sing still, and make
 Chaplets. { To Mozz. & secret.
 Those thanks shall you reap.

Ben. Those I chiefly covet,
I soon can tell them how they may requite me.

Mah. This generall good must unto all accrue,
By our incoutring of that violent torrent
Of ruine, that flows strongly towards all,
And will o're-whelm us, if not stopt in time.
Is not our aged King (alas!) given up
To dotage, and unneedful jealoufie ?
Has he not cast down his chiefe prop, the Prince ?
Disbanded his strong Armies & so the Empire
Lies open to her Foes, like as a Vineyard
To the wild beasts, its fence being trodden down.---

Etc. Princes were given to defend their subjects,
If he'l quit the Protection of us,
Yet must not we quit our own safeties.

Mah. True,
Doth not the royll stock decay apace ?
One of the best and fairest branches of it,
Is torn away to death--

Oly. O that the Tyrants
Selfe had excusid her !

Mah. An aſtſo horrid,
The Sun ne'r ſhirſd out ſince, but hid for shame
His face with clouds ; the other forc'd to hide,
Perhaps in ſome foul ſhed, poor and forlorn,
His innocent head, from his hand Grand-father,
And injur'd Sire, and yet he is our hope.
Pines not the Prince, whose fight no foe could 'bide,
Without his fight, in a condition
Beneath the merit of the greatest foe ?
Melts not the sweetest Princeſſe in the world,
In her own tears ? ſhe, worth a brighter fortune
Then Earth can give her, yet abides the worſt.---

Ear. So much the worse, as fallen from best.

Mah. You Ladies ſhould reſent this moſt of all. --

Oma. Who doth not, hath no ſence.

Ear.

Ear. No soul.

Flo. No honour.

Mah. Yet the old King's so fast in his dead sleep,
So lost in his strong Lethargy, he feels,
Nor sees, at least regards, nothing of this.
Ist then not time to 'wake him, and to stop
The gulph of ruine that thus opes and gapes
To swallow us all in its hollow entrailes?—
I see it in your faces, you all think
It more then time; nor let the cure seem harsh:
No less then fire, cauterizing, searing,
Can salve this sore; tis Arms I mean must do it;
We must cast Rampants 'gainst so strong a tide,
Nor think't at all unjust; "That War is just
"That's necessary, and those arms religious,
"When there's no hope left otherwise but in them.
The Prince restor'd, the King once shewn his error,
SOFFIE return'd to safety, how will all
Applaud the Actors! what is there you wish,
But will flow in unto you with advantage!
Your greatest thoughts will be accomplished,
As easily as desir'd. (2) Would you my Lor.
ELC HEE, requite your selfe for th'injury
Late done to you? now, now's the time to do it.

Etc. I see, nor will let slip the fair occasion.

Mah. Would you, *MOZENDRA*, arrive at th'hopes
You, I know, have, of things worthy your merit,
And daring soul? this, this is the way.

Moz. I shall improve the opportunity.

Mah. Would you, *BENFIAN*, render your self
Worthy, as the addition that honours,
And fair estate can make you, (and they're great
In womens eyes) to teach the bravest Lady
Ith' Persian Court to give and take a flame,
(For you, they say, are amorous) now's the time.

Ben. And I will strike, Sir, whilst the Iron's hot.

He has taken me in the right vein i' faith.

Mah. And is there any thing that you, sweet Ladies,
Can on your Pillows wish for? now command it.

Flo. As ther's no Lady sure but has her longings.

Ma. Is there a seat in all the Empire
Fairer then other? or an air cooler?

Before your feet that place shall spread its self,
And court you to accept it. Is there ever
A Knight, or smooth chin'd youth your eye commands
Unto your heart? he is your ready servant.

Oma. And we may hap employ that priviledge.

Mah. Are your thoughts higher? would you make
your fortune?

Even with your beauties, equall unto Princes,
Fit for to meet with crowned Monarchs loves?
This is the way to atchieve all these, and more:
To be, alive great Queens and dead, bright starrs.
You shall be cal'd the Saviours of your Country,
A name more dear then Monarch, the sole honour
O'th' present age, the grand obligers of
The next, and *M^uHOMET*, your humble servant.

Flo. Admir'd height of Policy, and Courtship!

Mah. Cast then, sweet Beauties to so great a work
But your lose Ornaments, and receive greater.
Borrow but of your fair ear a Pendent,
A Garkaner of your Neck, or of your breſt
A Gem, and be return'd more then a Crown.
And you brave Knights, shine forth in brandish'd steel,
Like to so many Gods of war, and be
Ador'd as he is: Nor can I expressa
(Such is the dearth and poverty of words)
With how much distresse of affection
You'll be received of all loyall hearts.
With what resolution of fidelity
With how great Piety! with what tears of joy?
Will any Gates dare to be shut against you?

Or any Envy to oppose your Progresse?
 Up then, and undertake this brave exploit
 With that courage, and those fair hopes, wherewith
 Such just great actions are to be attempted,
 That under your colours, and protection
 Of your Fortune *Per/4* may be
 Again ennobled, and made more then free.

Elc. My Lord, whilst uttering this, I wish't your voice
 Had been as loud as *STEN/ORS*, or ram'd thunder,
 That' t' might been heard through (3) *ABBAS* thirty
 Kingdomes,

And strike upon the Centre with an Echo
 Loud as the acclamation it deserves,
 It would have done more good then forty Troops
 To our great purpose, of which men and money
 I take to be chief elements: for men,
 My *MATZEL*'s Levies prosper as our wishes
 Design'd them in *Hyrcania*.

Mah. And in *Larr*
SELEVUS grows as fast: once on their March,
 They'l gather like a snow-ball.

Elc. Here I've gain'd
 As many friends as when I can appoint them
 A Rendevouz, will make a Regiment.

Mah. I have as many too, besides my Guard,
 To help up which the bounteous *FLORADELLA*
 Disbursed freely.

Flo. I have yet my Lord,
 Fifty thousand Crowns towards the service.

Mah. And is your purse, sweet Mine, as fathomless
 as is your wit?—this is a brave example.

Flo. Sir, my good will.

Oly. (Shall I go less then she?) [scorer]
 I will not, though it half undoes me)—Sir,
 I have as much at your command.

(Flo. I knew

She would not be behind me)

Mah. Excellent Lady!

All I can say, is, you shall pay your self

For your great bounty, with your own desires.

Ear. (Shall we go below these? they'll scorn us then.)

Oma. Faith Madam, I can't spare such *To Madam* sums, let you *Omay.*

And I go halves, and mak't betwixe us then. [secret.

Ear. Content.) —— My Lord, this Lady, and my selfe.

Between us will bring fifty thousand Crownes.

What we will more we have in our own brests.

(*Flo.* Pish, ther's a Jewell at your breast would do't)

(*Oly.* They that least need are still the greatest hold-fasts)

Oma. 'Till be the welcomer that comes unlook'd for.

Mah. Y'are bounteous Ladies, and shall shine for this,

Below in story, 'above ith' Firmament.

Ben. You, Ladiz, have done well, but we'l yet more, Not to extoll our selves, or slight your bounties, You give but part, we all: you haizzard gold, We bloud, and sweat, and life, and our gold too.

Mah. Brave Colonell! this toil shall buy you rest, And furnish you with stories for your age:

Each skar you get esteem of as a favour

From warrs great Goddess sent to win you hearts:

Men are not more enamour'd of their beauties,

Then fairest Ladies are of mens knowne valours:

(*Oma.* How hee takes every bird with its owne lure!) *Aside.*

Moz. Where, where shall we begin? I would be at it.

Flo. Spoke like an Angell!

Mah. Here in Town I think.

Etc. Do you intend to seize on the Kings person?

Mah. What else?

Elc. Then it were easier done abroad,
If you could train him to some house of pleasure.

Flo. For that, let me alone; I'll undertake it.

Mah. He cannot, though they grew, pick up a Force
That can make head 'gainst us in time; but should he,
Which is unlike, sure he'd give us conditions.

If we get him, we'll give him Articles
To signe, the effect you know, what else we then
Think fit, we can cast in.

Elc. Resist! my Lord,
Wrong not your Judgement once to think it can be,
Are we not strong enough to force the Guards?

Mah. Yes sure.

Elc. Then let *JOVE* and *HERCULES*
Come take his part, they too, shall be our Prisoners.

Flo. Brave fiery Hero!

Mah. I've a Proclamation

Already drawn, luring as words can make it.

Oly. Now for the time?

Elc. What if we presently

Dispatch advice unto our friends abroad
To put themselves upon their march towards us,
And when we know the time they can be with us,
Give our friends here the watchword, and to horse?
All this, I hope, may be sometime to morrow.

Mir. It may, it may, we by to morrow night

May all be ready, and night's the best time too.

Ben. The Sun shall see us Conquerors when he rises.

Mah. Your Counsel's good.

Ben. But at the hour we rise

The Citadel here must advance your colours.

Mah. It shall. —— Clear up sad mother *Persia*
We will retrieve again thy age of gold,

ASTRÆA shall come down once more, and fix
In thee her fair Tribunall: those impostumes
Rather then children, that broke from thee,

Thy factious sons, I mean shall fall in ruine,
Whilst thy true births shall grace thy happy bosome,
And thou on them bestow a thousand blessings.

Thou Treason——

Glc. Hark! what noise is that? [a noise without]

Oma. Look out.

Clo. O heaven! the King and FARRABAN!

Mah. My soul!

Is he a Traitor!

Ben. Well, I only came
To contemplate the Ladies beauties.

Oly. Fly!

Fly all!

Clo. Alas! the Guards spread all about.

ABRAS, EMANGOLY, BELTAYAR,
HEDASPUS, VASCO, FAR-
RABAN in irons, *GUARD.* [to them]

HOrror! what a dire Conventicle's here!

Ema. Sjr, now you'll credit us.

Abb. My faithfull friend! [embraces him]
Th'art my good Genius: I must do thee Homage
Both for my life and Crown, I owe all to thee.

Ema. I'm happy sir, in being usefull to you.

Mah. Let's yet fall bravely.

Abb. Stand we here a while

Looking of Treason out of Countenance.
Since we have seen the Basilisk first, no danger
Can he bolt from his fiery eyes: see now
How blond-shotten! how red with rage they be!

Oly. We've innocence enough to trust to yet.

Oma. We meant nothing but well to the whole Empire.

Hyd. So sculks the owle 'fore the Suns golden ray,

As

As these black souls do at the face of justice.

Elc. Death! that I saw thee, yet could not scape it,

Ber. I'm looking on what Rock of Diamond

This house stands, that the weight of so much treason

Hath not yet sunk it.

Elc. Ah! unhappy me!

Ber. Madam, if you get free, for sure [to Earina.
the King

Will not extend his wrath even to the Ladies.

Beg me to be your Servant.

Ear. I my selfe

Would serve in any qualitie to be free.

Oly. Sure Madam, there was treason among our selves.

Flo. You may swear it.

Moz. O I am thunder-struck!

Mah. A vengeance on the Traitor! this was you
Damn'd Cockatrice. [To Floradella.

Flo. Varlot 'twas thy self.

Abb. So, peal, do, do,

Elc. I yet fear FARRABAN.

Far. Alas! my Lord, will not these chains resolve you?

Elc. Craft, craft all.

Hyd. Faith, this is no fashion;
He has confess'd enough to hang you all,
But not discover'd.

Mah. Confess'd! —

Far. Why should I spend
My last breath in avouching lies and Treason?

Mak. A bowstring stop that breath---my Liege,
we were

Designing---

Abb. Mischief.-- ball not, impudent head!

Ungratefull Monster! cause I raised thee

From they foul dunghil, will no meaner seat

Then a Throne please thee? and mine own too?wretch!

Guard apprehend them, to close Prison with them--

Flo. Mercy sir, mercy sir. [To Oma.

Oma. Pardon, mighty Prince.

Abb. Let they consult, or pack lies, sever them.

Ear. Favour at leat fir, till our cause be heard.

Ben. I'll second her.---Sir, please to hear us speak---

Ab. Yes, on the rack you shall.

Mah. Let him put me

In PHALARIS Bull, he shall hear nought but curse.

Clo. What will become of me! I'm lost on all sides.

Vas. No, fear not, the discovery shall save you.

Moz. (I aim'd at a great name, and to [secret
transmit

My fame down to Posterity, and my fall

Shall do it for me, since my rising failes.

As long the memory of him shall last

That burnt *DIANA*'s Fame, as his that built it.

“Fame follows great deeds be they good or bad.

I'll slight his rage then, and speak boldly to him.)

Sir, who ere was your spie upon our Actions,

Make much of him he, did you timely service--

Hyd. O unheard impudence!- slit his windpipe some-

Moz. The truth is, we intended to take arms,

Not to disthrone you, as you intimate,

But to restore the Prince, and make you see

Your error in your unjust anger to him.

Abb. Peace impudence, the rack shall squeeze out more.

Moz. Not more then truth, and that you have already.

Elo. So may we find your favour, as 'tis truth

He tells you, and no farther stretche our aim.

Abb. Others did then. Guard, bind them, and away.

You may *EMANOLY*, and *BELTAZAR*

Take their Confessions: force from that { Pointing to

base serpent Floradella.

Whom I detest to name, the truth by tortures. (it.

Flo. Would I'd a sting, thou shouldst not fail to feed

Mah. She's open enough, you need not press her much

Abb. Use *CLOE* gently, and perwade her, *VASCO*,

To detect all.

Vas.

Vas. I'll do my best, my Liege.

Abb. Away with them. *HYDASPUS*, wait on us,
Double our Guards: we will to sacrifice
To gracious Heaven, and make publique prayer,
That sav'd us from what we knew not to fear

MIRZA, PAGE.

*T*He Cittadell beset with armed Guards,
Upon what interest as yet unknown!
And I still pining here! and still the Tyrant
Wallows in Luxury! (4) surfets with delights
As far fetcht as dear bought. Hell and Confusion!
DORIDO, faithfull *DORIDO*, there is yet
A way for thee to help me.

Pag. For me, sir?

Speak't and enjoy it.

Mir. Give me a draught of Poyson.

Pag. Forbid it Heaven.

Mir. I promis'd *FATYMA*

I'd follow her, and I will keep my word,
Twil in some part excuse the wrong I did her,
The sweet soul claims it of me: I ne'r sleep
But still I see her beckning me away.
However *DORIDO*, had I not better
Die bravely like a *Roman*, then pine here
A slave? I'le die too, though thou dost not help me,
And bequeath thee a Curse for thy unkindnesse.
In vain they'r forct to live that vow to die,
This *CATO Uticensis* taught, this *PORCIA*
His noble Daughter too: and shall the Prince
Of *Persia* goe to school t' *Italian Ladies*
To learn Courage? think but of that sweet youth,
Lead me to rest. ---

Pag. Shall I do this, and bear
All his friends curses? no, they'l rather blesse me
For rescuing him from torment; and his foes
Will feel the pangs gnaw them of their own envy.

ABB.

ABBAS, E MANGOLY, BELTATAR, METHICULI, HYDASPUS, ALKAHEM, VASCO.

MAHOMET- ALLYBEG, EL CHEE, MOZENDRA, EARINA, OLYMPA, OMAY, CLOE,

Officers, Soldiers, Guard.

First, my *E MANGOLY*, and you, my Lords *METHICULI, HYDASPUS, ALKAHEM,*

We here revoke our sentence against you
Of Banishment, and impower you to sit
With us in judgment, on these dire Delinquents.

Ema. We thank your Majesty, and glory more
In that we are capable of serving you,
Then in the honour which you grace us with.

(Oly. They'll complement our lives away at last)
(Ben. Then we are judg'd already; -wel, th' other day
I studied speeches for the Ladies, now [secret.]
I want one to the People; but, --lets see--
The common place is to avoid ill company.
A curse on these state matters!)

Abb. Next we here
Degrade that Viper *ALLY-BEG* from all
Those places, or of publique trust, or Honour,
To which too rashly we advanced him.
Those which he held of yours, *E MANGOLY*,
We do to you restore.

Ema. Your Grace shall find
Me faithfull as at first.

Abb. The Treasurer-ship
We do conferr on you, *METHICULI*.

Mer. My service, as i'm able, shall requite it.

Mah.

Hi. Mah. May they requite you as I would have done.

Alk. Bold Traytor ! cannot armed justice awe thee ?

Abb. Now BELTAZAR, produce your proofs a-
gainst

EN. These criminals.

Bel. They're guilty all of Treason :

CLOE accuses that impostum'd monster

MAHOMET, to have forg'd the whole conspiracy,

But not without the help of FLORADELLA--

(Flo. A curse on that loose Gossip.

Abb. And you too.)

Abb. Give them no name but Traytors.

Bel. First they meant

To shift away the Prince, dissolve the Army,

That no force might oppose the Traytors rising.

You Majestie-- (the horror of it choaks

My utterance) -- your sacred Majestie--

Mah. So, try again.

Bel. This viperous woman should

Have poysoned.--

Mah. So, now 'tis out-- would she had.

Bel. And FARRABAN, SOFFIE, then held the

Castle,

At the devotion of this monstrous man,

Who aim'd to set the Crown on his own head,

Having already gotten a strong Guard,

Towards which that strumpet did disburse a Mass

Of ready Treasure, making still her Purse

As common to him, as her wicked body.--

Flo. You might preserve the modesty of the Court.

Bel. To this end be their Levies afoot too ;

In Larr SELEUCUS, MATZED in Hyrcania,

Are raising Forces ; so that this lewd woman,

And FARRABAN, and fly SELEUCUS, were

Chiefe complices, that knew his utmost aime ;

The other we believe drawn in, as onely

Crediting his pretence to free the Prince,
And MATZED'S Levies are on ELCHEE'S score.

E/c. Urge that my Lord.

Oly. Oma. Ear. Yes, yes, sir, urge that home.

Abb. Monster, what say you? knew the rest yo
meant

Your selfe their King?

Mah. They knew as much as I did.

Oly. 'Tis false.

Moz. That thou west worthy but to bear
A Sword, that I might claim the combat 'gainst thee
I'd write it on thy heart, in stabbes, thou lyest.

Mah. A brave Rodomantado!

Hyd. This vile man,
Given up to Treason late, and now despaire,
Accuses these but to have company
In's fall.

Ben. True my good Lord.---Come, you and I
Were Comrades once.

Emu. This I indeed believe.

Mah. The more the merrier.

Mah. Hear my graciouſ Lord,
He intimates as much before your Grace.

(E/c. What if I say I devyed in Hyd. To Mozen-
nia, [Secr.]
With an intent to help the King, and ballance

MATZED'S strength, having the greater hopes
For doing him service so unexpected?

Moz. 'Twill gaine as faich: and then [Secr.]
'twas Treason too,

To list without Commission: know your dooms first,
If you fall, urge it: Some will credit you,
'Twill beget pitty to ybür memory
I'ch'vulgar, who are still fond of the wretched.

Abb. These persons could not be so lost in sense,
Being noble, as t'advance so vile a thing.

Over

Over themselves. 07. We scorn him for our Groom.
Hyd. His envy and his rage will peal us too
Anon, I think.

Met. How strong is malice in thee,
Penicious wretch! thou car'st not how foul
Thy Treasons were on earth, nor weight thou now
How great thy plagues for them shall be in hell.
Bel. Disburden yet thy soul of so much guilt,
And speak these innocent in what they are.

Mah. Your selfe's not innocent, I good Rhetorician.
Hyd. I thought so, slit his impudent throat some
body.

Mah. You did, as much as I, exasperate
The King against his Son.

Bel. If this be true,
Here beseech your Grace command me stand.
Among the Traytors. — Come come, Officers, bind
My hands, I am accused here of treason.

Abb. You, more then feignedly, did act his friend,
And O that I had heard your pregnant reasons,
So urg'd to save him with an equall care!

Bel. Heaven knows, I urg'd them strongly as I durst.
Mah. The Tyrant's selfe's not innocent.

Alk. Bold head!
Mah. He's guilty of his Sonnes blood, and FATH-
MA'S too.

I was but his instrument.

Met. O extasie!

Abb. Varlet, the guilt is thine, though the grief mine,
That I gave faith unto thy forgeries.

Proceed Lord BELTAZAR.

Bel. Sir, hoping these
May yet be worthy of your timely mercy;
What have I but to inveigh against those other?
Look up, fair Mother Persia, and see

Thy

Thy selfe redeem'd, put off the horrid fright,
 Thy plotted ruine late amaz'd thee with:
 Now shall not thy fair breast be stained with
 Thy best Sons blood, but freed of thy worst.
 Had this gone on, th'hadst been but thine own prey,
 Th'hadst seen thy Prince that toyl'd so oft for thee,
 Groaning his soul out into empty air,
 The hopeful blossom nipt as soon as blown ;
 Thy aged King swell'd up with deadly poysen,
 And burning as in ~~fire~~ till he'd burst :
 And impious MAHOMET upon thy Throne,
 Unworthy of thy Gallies ; and this strumpet,
 His fine loose Queen.---

Mah. That yet I never meant.

Flo. The more wretch thou, so oft to swear it to me.

Mal. The more fool thou though, ever to believe me.

Bel. Thy noblest Sons torn, some to cruell death,
 And some to servile misery, worse then that ;
 This was the fight prepared for thine eyes.

Mah. And it had been a brave one.

Abb. Cursed monster ! No sence of guilt ? no teares ! can no remorse
 Touch thy scar'd Conscience ?

Mah. Yes, I see my guilt ;
 Guilty of folly I am, to trust a woman
 To keep for me, what for her self she cannot,
 A secret ; tears I could profusely shed,
 Tears of just wrath, and for each one that drops,
 Afford a curse too, that I sped no better.
 I'd spend my soul in sighs, could they but scald thee :
 To be so near a Crown, and reach it not !
 O Hell and Furies !

Abb. In thy soul they're all.

Ema. Proceed to judgement sir.

Mah. Tyrant, remember,
 In me thou judgest thy own Cause ; I meant

No more to thee, then thou didst to thy Father,
And brother too, and that for the same reason.

Ema. Prodigious boldnesse ! sir, regard him not.

Abb. Monster, since thou haft toyl'd to be ungrateful,
And with thy Treasons to out-vie my favours,
To let thee die were too much pitty to thee,
Nor is there a death equall to thy guilt;
Besides, we having so much honoured thee,
And sworn thou ne'r shouldst feel death from our hand,
We'll keep our Oath, but leave it to our Heir,
A strict command, that on my funerall day
Thou dyest (5) the ancient death of boats.

Mah. Then have I

Great *MITHRIDATES* for my pattern.

Abb. Mean while,
Officers, lead him to the publique market,
There let the common Hangman bore his eyes out.
In a Dungeon shall he sustain his life,
With what he gets by begging onely.

Mah. Nay,
I'll then sustain my soul with full mouth'd curses,
To thee meant, and the rest of my undoers,
Especially that open Sex, whose souls are
So loose, they cannot keep them in their breasts,
But they will still swim on their lips.

Abb. V A S C O,
To thee we do decree his whole Estate,
And our best thanks for thy discovery.

Vas. I humbly thank your Majestie.

Abb. Let Souldiers
Go pull down all his Palaces and Statues,
And make a Jakes there where his chief house stood.

Ema. Admired Justice !

Omn. Equall, equall, Justice !

Mah. Do, do, ball on.

Abb. You, strumper, are the next.

Mah. But that I scorn to ask it, might I hear
Her sentence, and I'de triumph in mine own.

Flo. Envious villain.

Abb. Away with him, he shall not
Give so much pleasure to his envious soul.

Mah. Write on my dust, *IN HIGH ATTEMPTS*
HE DY'D.

All ills betide you. --

Abb. Lead that impious wretch
To th' publick Market, & there (6) beat her brains out,
Ith' ancient way ordain'd for Poysonters.

As for the murder of her Queen **S T A T I R A**,
Base *GIGIS* dy'd, then (7) burn her limbs with Cats

Flo. Mercy! great sir. (dung.)

Abb. Thou hast too much in dying,
But that we are not rigorous to thy Sex. --
Away with her.

Flo. O this is a sad fall.

Abb. All her Estate to *LOE* we confer;
'Tis fit she have reward t'encourage others,
Though she not meant to do us gnod, she did it.

Cl. Indeed my Gracious Lord, I ever meant it,
I humbly thank your Majestie.

Vaf. See now, *CLOE*, Secret.
I counsell'd you for th'best. Come, I'm still constant,
Our businesse here is over, we'll to beder.

Abb. Take *FARRABAN* with the rest, and stran-
gle him.

Far. O mercy, mercy!

Abb. Quick, away with him.

Far. The Citadel cost me faire; O dire ambition!

Abb. The Citadel we give thee *ALKAHEMA*

Alk. I hope to do you better service in it.

Abb. We doubt it not. -- Now *ELGHEE*.

Ben. (Now, now,
I feel the Bow-string at my throat.

Moz. Nay sure, [Secret.]

He'll let us die like Souldiers.)

Abb. Though we credit

The good of your intention, yet your life,

Is by your hasty error forfeited,

But that we give you, and confine you only

To th' Isle of Orme, whence on good behaviour,

We may recall you.

Elc. Thanks dread Sovereigne.

I hope my carriage will induce you to it.

My feare was never so great of your justice,

As griece for the rash error I ran into,

And so injur'd my friends.

Moz. Truth, I believe him.

Ben. Sure he'll send us thither too? MOZENDRA,

Are there any handsome Ladies there, capstrell?

Moz. I care not, so there be a Book, I'll [Secret.]

never

Converse but with the dead hereafter. I.

Ema. This true repencance speaks him noble.

Abb. Yes,

Your two friends shall attend you.

Elc. A noble mercy.

Moz. Long live the Gracious ABBAS!

Ben. More then live!

Moz. My Lord, my love to you re-

maines still firm,

And eggs me on to prompt a way into you,

How you may happily avoid exilment. [Secret.]

The Kings rigour, I know, will not extend

To th' Ladies lives, yet in the fright they stand in,

They will do any thing may get them mercy:

Urge them to promise, if they have their lives

To give the King, in gratitude, those summes

They look'd for to the Traytors; then beryou

Their speaker to him, and he can't in honour

(Urg'd by my meditation) but receive
The favour as from you, and shew you grace.

Elc. My Lord, my humble thanks, I will attempt it.

Abb. But *MATZED*, for example sake must die, [Elchee whispers with the Ladies]

Being ith'very act of Treason, raising
Of Arms against us: You my Lord *HYDASPUS*,
Take a Brigade of our own Guards, and hast
Down to *Hyrcaania* to apprehend him,
Strike off his head, to you the Government
Of that fair Province we assigne, until
If he deserves it, we recall Duke *EIC HEF*.

Hyd. I wish he may, mean while, I shall be carefull.

Abb. *EMANGOLY*, send you some trusty person
To *Shiras*, arm'd, to seize *SELEUCUS* there,
And strike off his head too.

Ema. My Liege, I will.

Abb. These Ladies still expect,--- how shall we use
them?

Ear. Oma. O my good Lord.

Oly. There's mercy in his looks.

Ema. Sir, they're beneath your anger, they can't hurt
Nor stands it with the honour of great States,
To take strict notice of vain womans actions.

Abb. Well, mercy is no lese a virtue royal,
Then justice, and 'tis fit we shew some, since
Heaven has shewn us so much: we pardon you
Ladies, hereafter pray avoid state-matters.

Oma. Ear. We will, we will, my Lord.

Oly. Our humble thanks.

Omnas. Long live King *ABBAS*! long, long-live
the King!

Elc. You'll keep your words. [To the Ladies.]

Oly. Ear. Oma. Yes, yes, my Lord, we will.

Elc. May't please your Majestic, these noble Ladies,

(Not)

(Not to say by my instinct) do resent
 So heartily your royal favour to them,
 As to their powers, to attempt gratitude,
 Whereas their error late involv'd them in
 A promise of considerable summes,
 To advance what they thought duty, but proves trea-
 son,

As testimonies of their thankfulness
 For pardoning them that fault, they humbly pray
 Your sacred Majestic to accept those sums,
 Towards the raising of your force again.

Tis 'mong them all an hundred thousand Crowns.

Em. A brave amends !

Alk. A noble gratitude !

Abb. Ladies, we thank your loves.

Oly. And we your mercy.

Abb. METHICULI'S Treasurer.

Oly. My Lord, we will
 Attend you anon at the Exchequer.

Met. Now

They do deserve their Pardon, and I'd almost
 Said, *ELCHEE* merits his too, for procuring
 These donatives, it proves his loyalty.

Ben. Hark ! hark !

Abb. *ELCHEE*, for improving thus
 Your interest with the Ladies to our service,
 We do revoke your sentence of exilement.

Etc. My best thanks and indeavours, still shall serve
 you.

Met. These two offended, sir, but on his score,
 They're his dependents.

Abb. Them we pardon too.

Ben. Our humble thanks.

Moz. We'll labour to deserve it.

(*Etc.* My Lord, I am your Creature for { To Methi-
your hint. culi.

Met. I joy my love could prove schoofill to you.)

(Moz. A fair escape!

Ben. A Resurrection! i'le

Ne'r hazzard more so high a member as

My neck; *VENUS* is my star.

Moz. Mine *MERCURY*.)

Abb. This were a happy day, were *SOFFIE* found.

Ema. And the brave Prince restor'd.

Abb. That he shall be.

Ema. Then *SOFFIE*'s safe.

Abb. Thou went' born t' oblige me.

Where, my good Genius?

Ema. In *METHICULI*'s care

And mine; and now forth comm'ing, at your service.

Abb. Go *METHICULI*, bring him to th' Castle.
We'l meet thee there, whither we now will haft.

To rescue our Son, and make our self deserve
This benefit the Gods were pleas'd to give us.

Met. My Liege I wish.

Abb. O who can be a Tyrant,
And plague the innocent on bare surmises.
When gracious Heaven passe by our reall ills,
And oft, to gain us, save us 'gainst our wills.

MIRZA, PAGE.

FIE DORIDO, and did I ever think
I should check thee for disobedience?
Now I importune thee, sha'nt I obtain
My last draught of thee!

Pag. I can hold no longer
'Gainst his command--Sir, here's a bowl well spic'd
Will send you to your Paradise in a moment.

Mir. Give me it *DORIDO*.

Pag. Ah, my hand trembles
In the delivery.

Mir.

M.r. Thankes, good faithfull youth.

Now that my Father could see me quaff this!

A health to the confusion of the Tyrann. [he drinks.

Pag. Sir, leave some, and i'l pledge you.

M.r. As thou wilst.

Now call my wife to take her last farewell. --

I come sweet *FATYMA*, i'm coming to thee,

And doubt not but thou'l thank me for releasing

Thee from this Prison, the world calls a life.

NYMPHADORA, IFFIDA, [to him.
PAGE.

*W*HAT would my Lord?

Mir. Be reconcil'd to thee.

I know th' art angry with me for the losse

Of *FATYMA*.

Nym. Not angry sir, but grieved.

Mir. Come I have sent the child t' a place fit for her,
A sacred place of rest, worthy her goodnessse,
This world was not, it was her Hell and mine;
And I am following her, I sent for thee
To take my last leaye.

Nym. I conceive you not.

Mir. Thy eyes shall make it plain--I have drunk poy-

Nym. O Heavens forbid!

Iff. O Gods! how came he by't?

Pag. I gave it him, he drank, and here I pledge
him. [He drinkes.

Iff. O wretch!

Nym. Wer' claufull, would i'd pledge him too.

Pag. I still was us'd t' obey all his commands,

And this was one, nor could I abide to see

Him miserable, my duty did gainsay it.

Mir. And my own honour, faithfull youth, and cou-

Nym. Self-murder's a false colour of true courage,

"Rising from fear of torment, or of shame,

“ T’ out-face ill Fortune, and malicious Fat”.
 And this I hop’d from you: then should the Heaven
 First have dissolv’d, but you should have been righted.
 “ Heaven sets us Captains of our bodily Forts,
 “ Which without Treason, cannot be delivered
 “ Till redemanded.

Mir. Sure if Heaven had made us
 Masters of any thing, ’tis of our lives?
 Which if we may not without leave lay down,
 We must not without warrant leave a joynt.
 If in these little Castles we be Heavens
 Lieutenants, sure we may give up our charge,
 When He .ven leaves us void of good means to keep it.
 “ *Nym.* We must not doubt Heavens goodness, who is
 nothing

“ But goodnessse, nor limit it, since the last
 “ Instant is scope enough for th’ heavenly Powers
 “ To revoke all things to ones own desire.
 Why pluck’st thou then their work out of the hand
 Of Justice, and becomie thy own revenger,
 When she would surely have don’t, and better ?

Mir. I feel the poysen working –O- be happy.
Nym. Hast *IFFIDA*, some antidote may help yet.
Pag. Nay, spare that paines, not natures self can
 help him.

’Twas strong enough.

Nym. To break my heart, I hope.
Pag. It works with me too: my eyes swim in death,
 And dizziness tosse over all my braines.

IFF. Fie, *DORIDO*, thou art the greatest Traytor
 Of all, to poysen thy dear Lord.

Mir. Peace fool,
 He’s faithfull, and my good deliverer.

AB.

ABbas, EMANGOLLY, BEL-
TAZAR, ALKAHEM,
Servants.

NO; that is yet my part, I'm thy deliverer.
Rise injur'd Son, arise, and meet thy freedom.

Mir. Who's that?

Iff. The King.

Mir. The Tyrant: in good time
He comes to see me rescu'd from his rage.

Nym. His eyes blast me; I can't, with patience, see him.
But what means this yet? why are these friends with
him?

Fag. All are prov'd false and mock our misery.

Nym. And is this then a spectacle of pleasure?
That I could form a curse great as his guilt!

Abb. Spare them, sweet daughter, if I yet am worthy
So near alliance to so bright a virtue -

Mir. O death, why com'st no faster?

Ema. Heavens! what means he?

Bel. He thinks he comes to torture him.

Alk. He looks ill.

Abb. No art of words can now more aggravate
My guilt then mine own Conscience: nor dost thou
Feel sharper pangs of Grief then I of horror.
I'm undeceived, I see my hasty error,
And hadst thou now a window into my breif.
Thou wouldst confess th' unfeign'd integrity
Of my repentance, when thou seeft my soul
Weep(freely) tears of blood to bath her crime in.

Mir. Crocodiles tears.

Ema. Indeed, my Lord you erre.

Abb. Thou err'st, brave Son, for yet i'll call thee so,
And will henceforth appear a Father to thee,
I've been a Tyrant, nay a Monster long,
Which as I have bewail'd, I will redrefse,

Repentance has made Rivers of mine eyes,
 My eyes weep themselves blind for loss of thine.
 My breast is hardened as brawn with strokes,
 My head turn'd gr̄y, with sorrow more then age.
 Infense makes the offended Gods relent,
 For that, i'l spend my very soul in sighs.
 " To be penitent bears a pardon with it:
 A pardon, I that yet ne'r beg'd of any,
 Now beg of thee: A Father of a Son,
 Let the relation at least obtain it.

Nym. So when the house is burnt the fire goes out.
 O that this true remorse (for so I think it)
 Had come before, when yet it had been usefull!

Bel. Madam, 'tis ne'r to late to redresse wrongs.

Nym. Yes, when the wrongd's not capable of redress,
 The Prince (alas!) inflamed with despair.

Got his unhappy Page to give him poyson.

Abb. O Heaven! and slightest thou our Penitence?

Mir. Poyson so strong defies all remedies,
 As it will soon make me all injuries.

Ema. O Act of Horror!

Bel. Dire event of wrongs.

Abb. Which when in time we're careless to redress,
 We justly, when we would do't, are deny'd it.

Abb. I mourning to my grave must ever go then.
 At least, before thou leav'st this upper world,
 O speak thy self but reconciled to me.

M.r. I freely do it, and implore your pardon,
 If I, exasperated with my wrongs,
 Have vented any undocent words of you.
 Of other crimes towards you my soul acquits me.

Abb. And mine own too: this piety adds load
 Unto my grief, and melts my very soul.

METHICULIE, SOFFIE.

See sir, their joy has drown'd them all in tears.

Sof. This looks not yet like joy.

Abb. Ah! no, my Lord.

All joyes have fled us.

Alz. The brave Prince, tir'd out
With suffering wrongs, took poison.

Sof. O just Gods!

Mer. Not just, they are grown Tyrants too, & mock
Our best intentions - O -

Abb. What a blest day

Had this been, had not this draught clouded it!

That balefull draught descends in a dire storm,

And not ecclipses but our Sun-shine openly,

But batters with fierce dropps our springing hopes!

How mightst thou else have triumph'd in the Justice
Done on the cursed causers of thy ruine?

Base *ALLYBEG*, and impious *FLORADELLA*,

And all the rest of their dire Complices

This day fell sacrifices to thy wrath.

SOFFIE is found too, and doth here attend thee.

Mr. Turn then your love to him, to him requite

My wrongs, and from him too expect my duty.

Now shall I die with much a lighter heart.

Since I have liv'd to hear those Traytors fall.

Nym. O this I ever hop'd for from heavens Justice,

And grieve the more that thou despairedst of it.

Mir. I come sweet *FATYMA*-Father, farewell--

Use *SOFFIE* like a Son.--

Abb. O that Heaven would

Let me excuse thee!

Mir. *SOFFIE*,--Farewel

Obey thy Grandfire--as thou wouldest do me--

Forget my wrongs--and eschew Tyranny--

Sof. Ah! that I could forget strife, and turn stone!

Mir.

Mir. Adieu sweet Spouse--

Nym. O!

Mir. From thee I hardliest go:--
But thy grief will not suffer thee, I know,
To be long from me. --

Nym. O my wretched ears!
Do you heare this, and will you ever hear
Any thing after it! O woefull eyes!
Why at this wailfull fight drop you not out:
Or, frightened, recoile deep into you holes!
O stubborn heart! can't all this shiver thee?
Am I turn'd Rock too!

M.r. Friends adieu--- make ore
To my young Son, the love to me you bore---

Ema. O that I could not hear!

Mer. Or I could help!

Mir. Yet love my memory.---

Bel. O Grief!

Alk. O Anger!

That griefe is all we can!

Mir. Thou *DOKIDO*,
Art to attend me- to the shades below---

Pag. Yes my dear Lord.

Eff. O that he'd gone before.

M.r. I shall again live-- and on some sad Stage
Be mourn'd. Great wrongs reach further then one
O—O. [*D'es.* (Age. --

Abb. He's gone, he's gone, break heart and follow!
Ownes, O Heavens!

Nym. Stay winged spirit, stay and take
Me with thee, at least (8)let me suck thy last breath.

Bel. Madam, forbear, you will infect your self.

Nym. O Gods! what have been my deserts, to be
Thus punished! or if such be my deserts,
Why am I yet not punish'd more, with death?
Yet that were to give end unto my woes:

To joyne me with him, were to make me happy:

That happiness I shortly will obtain

In spight of fate, if not from thy kind hand.

O AIROPOS, from mine own grief at least:

Mean while-- lie soft, O loved Corps, and thou

Adored soul, it love to earthly creatures

Remain in death, think of me in thy shade,

And oft Petition Fate to send me to thee.

Sof. Unhappy DORIDO! how hast thou wrong'd

All Ages!

Abb. And shalt still be curs'd by all.

Pat. Is't not too late to say, forgive pass'd errors?

I hast to follow him to his shade, I'll there

Wait on him too, and try to be more happy.

They that behold the Sun, must see his shaddow,

And who remembers my brave Lord, must cast

A thought on me, and may they say thus of me;

I was his faithfull servant, waited still

On him in life, and death, good state and ill,

So used to obey his each command,

I did it, though it to his hurt did tend.

If any fault--of mine--be known to time,

Service mistaken--was my onely crime.

O--O.

(Dyes.

If. Hedges.

Ema. Would 'twere our greatest losse!

Abb. Our losse (alasse !) is above words to easse,

And we must more then mourn it: Do thou see

METHICULI, all rites of pomp and sorrow,

Perform'd to that brave body: This vile trunk

Of DORIDO'S, for giving his Lord poyson,

We will have burnt upon his Tomb.

Mer. Sad office.

Nym. Ah sadder sight: that 'twere

my last!

Abb. SOFFIE,

Methiculi and Al-

tahem, carry out

the Prince's body,

and the Servants,

the Pages.

Thou

Thou now art ours, and the Empire's hope,
EMANGOLY, be thou his Governor,
And breed him such as you intend to serve.

Ema. My care shall labour to requite the honour.

Sof. And mine to improve your honour by my profit.

Abb. Daughter, your losses we can't requite;
Yet, as we can, let us attempt amends;
But that must come from you; look ore your wishes,
And be the Mistress of your own desires.

Nym. 'Las! sir, what is there left for me to wish,
But a short term of wretched life? meanwhile,
Some humble Country seat shall be my Cell,
Free from the trouble of all tongues and eyes,
I being unworthy either waiting their
Kind death's cold hand, to lead me to my Lord.

Abb. If that be your desire, you must enjoy it,
But we could wish we could deserve you still.

Nym. Wilt thou partake of my retirement, *EFFIDA*?

If. Madam, it would seem hard to you to spend
My years, which my youth promise will be many,
In solitude—I'm an ill comforter—ignorant of life
And then, my fortunes are before me too.

Nym. Be happy in them.

Ema. Poor ingratitude!

Nym. Farewell, great sir, if ever you remember
You had a Daughter-in-law deserv'd your love,
Pay to my poor Son, (at least forget me,) O
You had a Son that did deserve it well.

Abb. To him well pay the love we owe'd his Father.
Adieu sweet Princelle—*BELTAZAR*, attend her.

Nym. I thank your Grace:—Farewell my dearest

Boy; who I aid no longer need overthrew.

But that thou still wilt dwell in my best thoughts,
I would I could forget I ever was happy.

But thou to ever.

Sof. Madam, if you please not

To stay still with us, you'll, I hope, ~~and~~ ^{not}
Me in your solitade to do my duty.

Noy. Things of more weight will take thee up, be
happy.

And so shall I, when sighs have spent this breath.

"A mortalls happiness begins in death.

Mab. Come, *SOFFI*, and learn to be a Prince
But (5) when thy hand shall close mine aged eyes,
And on thy head my Diadem shall shine,
Learn by my harms to eschew Tyranny;
It was thy dying Fathers Legacy,
And shall be mine too; and I leave thee now
In that, then in my splendid wreath of *care*,
"For crenell Acts in them their torment have,
"Guilt on our soils, blots on our names *have*.

MISERATIONS

THE END.

AN-

NA

Annotations.

READER,

If, by perusing the former pages, thou deservest that name, Thou hast in them perh'aps met with divers historickall matters, wh ch, unexplained, may defraud thee of the content I wish thee, therefore I here offer thee a Key for every Lock, A NNOTATIONS, wh ch, if thou shalt find useful, I am glad I inserted them, of superfluous, they cost thee nothing, for they are so few, they have not swell'd the Play to a much greater rate. I will not trouble thee with tedious digressions upon the Poetick Names and F gments strew'd up and down the Poem; those, if thou beest Learned, thou knowst already, if not, a Dictionary may inform thee, and spare my paines. I only touch, and that lightly, upon such historickall concurrences, and customary rites of the Persians (essentiall to our Scene) as every Scholar is not bound to know, for so such chiefly I wrote this Tragedy.

VIA

AN.



ANNOTATIONS UPON THE FIRST ACT.

[(1.)  *HE Murder of our Sire,]* This King *Abbas*, being a younger Son, was only King of *Heri* (near *Tartaria*) by birth; but, aiming at the *Perſian* Empire, he, to make his way to it, privily murdered his Father, *Ma-
homet Codoband*, or purblind, *Herbert's Travells*. pag. 89. 127. &c.

[(2.) *And me] viz. Emir-hamze-Mirza*, King *Abbas* his Elder Brother, whom also he murdered, as standing between him and the Crown. A crime most usuall in thele Eastern Princes, especially, in *Perſia*, in this line of *Gurpan Acadu*, (or white sheep) of whom few attended patiently the death of their Predecessours, but, by impious means, laboured their own untimely establishment. *Herb. p. 100. &c.* Of *Emir-Hamz*'s bravery and proweſſe, See more in the 32. note upon the fourth Act.

[(3.) *The Mogul,] Emir-hamze mirza's Ghost* irritating his Brother *Abbas* to revenge him upon himself, bids him act those things upon his Son, which his very enemies shall pity, (not without the example of the matchleſs *Johnson*, who, in his *Catiline*, (which miraculous Poem I propole as my pattern) makes *Sylla*'s Ghost perſwade *Catiline* to do what *Hannibal* could not wish,) of the *Perſians* Enemies, I set the *Mogul* in front, against whom our Prince *Mirza* served in *Perſia*,

in his Fathers wars, and gained much from him, towards Candabor, The great Mogul, according to others, Mogor or Emperour of East India, borders upon the Persian by the River Oxus, and is at continual enmy with him, sometimes for Religion, sometimes for Empire; though it is no small let to the acquests of the Mogul against him that the Frontiers of Persia are on every side hem'd in with those outstretches & branches of Caucasus, which the Grecians call Paropamise, more defensive then any artificiall rampire to Persia, making it inacessible to the Moguls horse, wherein the chief sinewes of his force consist. About the year 1300. (as Barros writes) the great Sanosardin King of Delos, conquered much of these parts, and attempted the Conquest of all Asia, but died by the Persian Powers. The present Mogul boasts himself of the race of Tamberlain (which abridgeth his antiquity) and saies he is the tenth from him. The probable opinion indeed is; that they descended of the Tartar, or from the antient Massageta from whose coasts they came, whose chief City is Shamscand, from whence came Tamberlain. A word of this Princes Puissance may not seem superfluous, because it magnifies our conquering Mirza; his bounds are one way divided from the Persian by the River Indus, betwixt which, and Ganges he swaies far and wide: a territory no lesse puissant then pleasant, a temperate air, over a fertile soyl, abounding with all sorts of commodities, rich and curious; stately beasts, as the best horses, Elephants and Dromedaries; precious stones, especially Diamonds and Cornelians; most delicious Spices and fruits, among which is most of note a Tree they call Moses, whose fruit is so delicate, as the Jewes and Mahometans (which are the religions of those parts, the last swaying the first) believe to be the same that tempted Adam. This Prince enjoys 47. Kingdomes, the chief are Mandao, Citor, Bengal, Delly, (where he keeps his Court) and, to name no more, Cambaig; a Kingdom enjoying a City of the same name, consisting of 130000 houses, this one Province is also reported to have 60000. Burroughs; a number great and admirable, if we compare it to the best of our European Kingdomes to name but two: Ptoleme saith there are in France (excepting Burgundie, and, as I take it, Normandie) 27000. Burroughs having parish Churches; though D' Enigne will have the number of Parishes 132000. Guiccarde reckons that in the Netherlands within the Territory of the 17. Provinces, are 203 walled Townes, and 150. Burroughs, enjoying the privi-
ledge

ledges of Cities, and 6300. Villages having parish Churches. In *Bohemia* are 780. Towns, and 32000. Villages. But because no absolute judgement can bee made of the power of any Province by the number of parishes, see the forces of *Cambaya*: *Maffens* writes that *Bandurius*, who, about the year 1536, ruled in *Cambaya*, (by what right he d. terminates not,) had under his standard 150000. horse, wher of 35000. were barbed, and 50000. foot among these only 15000. were forraigners, & some 80. *Christians*, *French*, and *Portugals*. The force that this Prince can on a short warning bring into the field, are reputed 300000. horse, infinite foot, proportionable ships, and 50000. Elephants; beasts which they yet find usefull in war, so that in the year 1571. *Idalcano* had 60000. of them at the Siege of *Goa*. Nor let any wonder that this Prince ingrosses not all the Orient, for he has as potent neighbours as himself; as the King of *Barma*, the *Perfian* and others: besides, he is so shut up with Rocks, as he has no good egress for his Armies; nor have those vast multitudes of men so much true strength as they carry terror; they sink with their own weight, are long gathering together, but not long held together; the numberleſſ Army *Marburedius* led against *Cambaya*, did not onely wast the regions where through it passed, but by devouring all things that the earth yeilded, bereaved its ſelfe of luſtenance: against ſuch mighty impreſſions the way is to draw the warre out in length, and onely to ſtand upon the defensive: for ſuch armies will ſoon waver, either for want of provision, ſcarcity of coin, infection of the air, or infirmities of their own bodies; as the inundations of *Atrila* into *Italia*, and of *Tamberlain* into *Asia*, were but as running marches in comparison of what the *Romans*, *Grecians*, *Macedonians*, *Carthaginians*, *English*, *Guales*, and *Portugals*, have done with more nimble power; 800. onely of which laſt named, at *Demain* upon the Coast of *Cambaya*, ſettled in ſpite of this mighty *Mogor*, as another ſmall number of them did at *Diu*, at which two places they have buiſt, and do maintain two moſt invincible Citadells, that ſhut up the whole gulf of the *Cambayan* Sea; a greater detriment to him then the loſe of an inland Kingdom; for on one ſide he has no haven, and on the other the *Portugals* are his jealous neighbours.

[§ 4.) And *Turk*.] He is another, and the greatest of the *Perſians* Enemies. He enjoys an Empire the greatest that is, or perhaps that ever was from the beginnaing, comprehending the better part of the antient, threefold diſtinction of the Earth. His government is like his Neighbours Tyrannycall,

his strength lies in his Janizaries, as the *Moguls* do in his *Nairs*. His Religion is *Mahumetan*, of which effect he is the chiefe patron, and more then slightes the *Persian*, for being lesse zealous then himselfe, so that in ballancing the state of *Christianity* with *Mahumetism*; I have heard these two Princes, compared to the two Kings of *France*, and *Spain*, the *French* to the *Persian*, the *Spaniard* to the *Turk*. For the state of those differences, and for the quality of the Ottoman Empire, I refer the Reader to the most elaborate, and accurate discourse of *M. Sandys*, and *M. Knolles* his *Turkish History*, &c. See more of the *Turk* in the third note upon the second Act.

[(5) The *Tartar*] or great *cham*, against whom also our *Mirza* had warres, and gain'd much from him, east of the *Hyrcanian Sea*. *Herb. p. 90.* Of this Princes Empire, larger then strong, see *Paul Venetus*, who first broke the *Ice* in describing of those parts, *Monst. l. 5. Cosmogr. Ortelius, Mercator, &c.*

[(6) *BAHAMAN*] A Prince that had reason to wish as ill to the *Persian*, as any of the rest, and deserves to live again in a *Tragedy*; his story is briefly this: About fifty years since, King *Meleck Bahaman* raign'd in *Larry Joon*, a small and craggy territory, in the straits of Mount *Taurus*; his onely aime tending to preserve his birth right, and that his grey hairs might go in peace to an eternall dormitory: but *Abbas* the victorious *Persian*, set wholly upon conquest, and now at leisure, having subdued *Hyrcania*, pretended that this mountainous Prince, took opportunity to ransack his Caravans, anticipate his progresse to the *Caspian Sea*, &c. Reasons though but conjecturall, of force enough to make *Abbas* send *Methiculi* with 30000 chosen men against him; *Bahaman* hearing it, plants Garrisons in places of defence, leaves the rest, being not able to rake the field, & secures himself, his Queen their two Sons, and 10000 Souldiers in his Castle of *Ryna*, before which inaceessible fortress, when the *Persian* came, despairing by reason of its incredible height, and perpendicular ascent to expugne it, he turns force to fraud, desires a parley, presents offertures of amity, secounds them with presents, and strong invitations to the aged King to come down, as well to banquet, as strike a league with him, engaging all the Gods he knew, for his safety; which strong allurements so wrought upon the old King, as he broke through all the teares, persuasions, and prayer, of his Queen, Sonnes, and Souldiers, strongly carryed by his destiny, to the *Enemies Tent*, where indeed

indeed he was feasted all day, but deteyned prisoner at night; then summons the *Perſian*, the two young Princes to yeeld the Castle, and descend, or their Father ſhould die; they refufe, the *Perſian* abſtains, is forc'd to retreat with losſe, ſo ſore to his Army that it mutineed, and vow'd to return home; the Generall knowing his Masters ſeverity, conſidered, that to return without victory, were to run into the nooze; firſt he releases *Meleck Rabaman*, perſwades him, he uſed this diſcourſe but to try him, and gives him his choice of returning up to his Sonnes, or perſwading them to come down too, and ſeal the eaſie Articles, a Copy of which were with their Fathers doting Letters ſent up to them; the Souldiers diſſuade them from crediting the *Perſian*, but the Queen, to enjoy her husband, provoked them down, where they are entertain'd with all the greatness, and feign'd affection, that ſo great an intended treachery could devise: whiſt they were here congratulating with their Father, (the Generall then in company) at ſight of a private token, three Souldiers in an instant whipt off their heads with their Scimiters, and ere it was diuulg'd abroad, by inviting the Queene and the rest, by counterfeiſt ſeals and tokens, to come down and partake of their joyes, for the new contracted league, they made them descend and yeeld the Castle, ſome of which received deſtituſion, others mercy. *Herbert.* p. 110. &c.

[(7) The *Arabian*] the laſt of the *Perſians* Enemis that I here recount, though not the laeſt, againſt whom our *Mirza* expreſſed moſt heroick proweſſe, in diſtreſſing of their *Baffora*, (among other achiemeſts) a Towne where *Tygris* and *Euphrate*, empty themſelves into the gulph of *Perſia*. *Herb.*

[(8) Set equal with the Gods] *Plutarch* writes, that the *Perſians* honour their King as the Image of the God of nature; his words are theſe, recounting that *Themistocles* deſired Colonell *Artabanus*, to help him to the preſence of the King, he makes him anſwer thus: *Amongſt all the good Lawes and Cuſtomes we have, we eſteem this above the reſt, to reverencē and honour our King, as the image of the God of nature, who keepeſt all things in their perfect life and ſtate: wherefore if thou wilt fashion thy ſelſe after our manner, to honour the King, thou maſt both ſee him, and ſpeak with him: but if thou haſt any other mind, then muſt thou uſe ſome third perſon as thy meane.* *Plut.* in vita *Themist.* & *Justinus.* lib. 2.

Iſmenias being ſent by the *Thebans*, after their deſeat of

the Lacedemonians, at the battell of Leuctras into Persie, to King Artaxerxes, to desire his compliance, being commanded to kneel to the King, he let fall his Ring at his feet, and stooped to take it up, whereby it was thought of some, that he did it to kneel to the King. *Piatarch, in vita Artaxerx.*

[(9) And as ador'd, as is the Sunne our Brother] That the Persians adored the Sun, is as clear as the Sun, if any doubts it, to be informed, he needs but open any Book that treats of that Kingdome ; but, to point to one, let him consult Justines first Book, there where he treats of the fortunate choice of Darius, Sonne of Hystaspis to the Monarchy, his horse (which beast they hallow to the sun) seeming first to salute their rising God : see more in the seventh Note, upon the second Act. That the Kings of Persia yet took upon them so great state, as to claim kindred to this adored Planet ; I find by their inscriptions, and directions of Letters and Pattents. Sidores, Sonne to Mardates, Monarch of Persia, in the yeare after our Saviour 315. wrote thus to Constantius the Emperour : I Sidores, King of Kings, equal to the Starres, and Brother to the Sunne and Moon, &c. And Chozroes (Father of Ormizde) who ruled Persia, Anno Dom. 542. Enstiles himselfe thus to the Emperour Mauritius : I Chozroes, great King of Kings, Begler beg, (or Lord of Lords) Ruler of Nations, Prince of peace, salvation of men, among the Gods, (a man good and ever) among men (a God most glorious) the great conquerour, arising with the Sunne, giving lustre to the night, a Hero in discent, &c. As blustering and blasphemous Titles and Epithites, gives the great Turk to himself, as witnesseth M. Sandys, Tra. I. 1. p. 47. Nor do any of these Oriental Monarch go less, everyone thinking himself greatest, so good opinions have they of themselves : for particulars see Herb. p. 129. 130.

[(10) Higher then that in Spawhawn] Spawhawn, though it stands in Parthia, is the imperiall City of all the Persian Monarchy, and the best built ; 'tis by some called Spaan, by others Spahan, Fespaan, and Hispahan, as their severall Dialects concord ; in her infancy she was called Dura, (but whether that Dura, wherein Nebuchadnezzar erected his golden Coloss, I know not) the ancient Greeks called it Hecatompiles, from its hundred Gates, (as the Isle of Crete Hecatompolis, as having so many Cities) the Persians Hyperbolically term her for her greatness, Half the world, though her circuit is not now much above nine English miles, and in that the better halfe is Gardens ; her form is near round, like Paris, the number of inhabitants

bitants 300000. at most. In this City is a monument of our *Abbas* his merciless cruelty; being a Pillar, compact of severall heads, of men, Antilopes, Bucks, Goats, Buffols, Elephants, and Camels; 'tis at the base about 20. foot in compasse, in height about 60: It was erected upon this occasion; when *Abbas* was proclaimed King, the *Spanhawnians* would not admit him, but charged him with the death of *Mahomet* his Father, and the murther of *Emir-hamze* the Prince, his elder Brother. This netted *Abbas* who stoutly swore for this Rebellion he would chastise them bravely, and cut off 40000. of their heads, to raise a Pillar of terriour and admiration, as a ready Sacrifice unto *Mahomet*. At length he Conquers, and ransacks the City, kills 1000. of them, and mirdfull of his oath, gives order to behead 40000. A lamentable cry is raised, but to small purpose, (the vow of the *Persians* never alters,) nor could he be dissuaded, till the *Mustri* (or sacred Messenger) assures him, *Mahomet* by revelation told him his oath might be dispensed with, so 40000. were beheaded, no matter what; at length he consented, whereupon ensued a massacre of all sorts of beasts, of whose heads this barbarous Columne was reared, higher then any Mosque in that City, though now grown ruinous, *Herbert.* p. 89. &c.

[(11.) *The Bazzar*] In our language the Market place. *Herbert.* p. 147.

[(12.) *Their great Ancestors from MORTYS ALLY*] the present King of *Persia* will have himselfe of true descent from *Mortys-al.*, or *Haly*, an honor he conceives so great as he puts it among his titles. This *Ally* was Cousin to *Mahomet*, the *Persian* Prophet, to whom he gave in marriage his daughter *Fatyna*, born of his first wife, and made him his heir, and head of his superstition, by the title of *Caliph*: but after his death *Abubacer* Father of *Aifa*, *Mahomet's* 2d. wife, taking ill the preferment of *Ally*, by the aid of *Omar* and *Ottomar* *Mahomet's* kinsmen, whose desires were, in hope of succession, by reason of the old mans years, and for kindreds sake, rather to see *Abubacer* then *Haly* *Caliph*) resisted *Haly*, and set up himself, after him *Omar* and *Ottomar* succeeded; *Omar* was slain by a slave, *Ottomar* in a private Quarrell; after them *Haly* reigned; against him arose *Mavius*, who accusing him as necessary to the death of *Ottomar*, caused him to be slain, near *Cefe*, a City some two daies journey from *Babylon*, where he lies buried; and there, in his honour, the *Persian* Kings have

ever since used to be consecrated; the place is called *Massadell*, or the house of *Haly*. *Ojjan* or *Hussein* his Son was proclaimed, but resisted by *Mavius*, and by him poisoned, about the year 657. He had twelve Sons, eleven whereto were murdered with him, and with him lay buried at *Cafe*, or *Massad*; the twelfth Son escaped, from whom the now King derives his pedigree, his name was *Mahomet Mahadin*, alias *Musa*, or Prince *Cherifim*. The *Perfians* so highly honour *Mortys-ally*, as still they place him in their devotions with *Mahomet*, and swear by his name; their usuall oaths being by *Serrey Mortys Ally*, the head of *Mortys-Ally* or *Serrey Shaw*, by the Kings head; and putting one finger upon their eye, and then you may beleeve them, if you list, they honour no less his son *Hussein*, whose death they yearly celebrate with many ceremonies, nine severall daies, in great multitudes, in the streets altogether, crying out *Hussein! Hussein!* so long, and so fiercely, till they have spent their voices; on the ninth day they find him (whom they imagine lost in a Forrest) or one in his place, and then in a tumult, crying out *Hussein! Hussein!* with drums, fifes, and all sorts of loud Musick, they bring him to the Mosque, where after some adoration and thanks giving, their Orgie end. Most believe that *Hocem*, or *Mahomet Mahadin*, is not dead, but strongly expect his return to convert the world, wherefore, their Prophet *Mahomet* also having promised them his second glorious coming after 1000. year (which they seriouys late looking for and seeing themselves gulled by such credulity, began to stagger, till the *Musiti* assured them the figures were mistaken, and that upon better view of the Originall he found 2000. when he would not fail to visit them) till the first thousand years end the King of *Perfia*, ever kept in the Mosque of *Massadella*, a horse ready sadled, richly camparison'd, and well attended, which, with one of his daughters, he reserved for *Mahomet* the Prophet, or for *Mahadin* his Nephew, first come, first serv'd. The lineal descent of this King of *Perfia* from *Mortys Ally* (superfluous and tedious here to insert) as also of the difference in religion between the *Perfian* and *Turk* raised by his family. An. 1375. or at least by *Syet Guynet* who pretended to be so, read at large in Mr. *Herberts Travells*, and Mr. *Sandies his Relation*.

[(13 & 14) *CTRUS* and *DARIVUS*] The Alpha and Omega of the *Perfian* Monarchy, when it was the second and greatest in the world; and stretched from East to West, from *India* to *Ethiopia*,

Ethiopia, if it can be that any is not yet acquainted with the memory of these two mighty Princes, they may soon be so, by the means of *Quintus Curtius* and *Iustine*. They were both the most fortunate and unfortunate; the one overcome by *Thomyris Queen of Scythia*, the other by great *Alexander*. The two examples they were of the fragility of mundane greatness, whereof the last, that led an Army of 1000000, fighting men against *Alexander*, professed it his mishap at his death, that he had not werewith to requite *Polystratus* for a draught of cold water, but was forced to leave it to his noble Enemy to do. And the first, that possessed so large a Dominion, and had 200000 men to attend his fall, was content with this modest Epitaph over his narrow dormitory: *O man whatsoever thou art, and whencesoever thou comest, for I know thou shalt come: I am Cyrus that conquered the Empire of Persia, I pray thee envie me not for this little earth that covereth my body.* Words powerfull enough to pierce even the heart of *Alexander*, considering the instability of worldly things, as witnesseth *Plutarch in vit. Alex.*

[(15) Would ope M A H O M E T S shrine] *Mahomet the Saracen Law-giver died in his 63. year (his great Clymacterick) giving his seduced sect a promise of his Resurrection the third day after; till when they kept him unburied, and as *Anthoniush writes*, 30. daies after the reckoning; till smelling he was a lier, the air being infected with the monstrous stink of his carkass, by *Abubecker* (or *Ebbubecker*) his Father in law, he was purified, entombed, and laid in a new Sepulcher, at *Medina Talaby*, some two daies journey from *Meccha*; to which place is daily resort, by such of his sect as have zeal to Pilgrimage; and those not onely are ever after accounted *Syets*, or holy men, and cannot lie from that time forward, but their Camels and apparell also are of such esteem, that they never after do them service in vile carriages or servile occasions. The lay people are not permitted to approach, much lesse to look into his Monument. But the vulgar Tradition that he hangs in an Iron Chest attracted to the roof of a Mosque by a loadstone there placed, I find approved of by few good Authors, therefore wave it. *Sandys, Herbert. &c.**

— No where are

[(16) Two Kings in safere but in Teneriff] *Teneriff is one of the Canary Islands, in the Atlantique Sea, in former ages called Fortunate. Plinie counts onely six of them, others ten, but*

but the moderns reckon their number 7. viz. *Grand Canaria, La Palma, Teneriffa, Lancerota, Hierro, La Gomera, and Forni ventura*, their commodities are Honey, Wax, Sugar, and the best Sack; They were unknown to Romes greatness, being first discovered (as *Galvano* writes) by a French Gentleman, called *John de Betancour*, An. 1417. though some report it of another, and in the year 1330. at which time the inhabitants were rather monsters then men; they knew no God but Nature, were ignorant of the use of fire, they shaved their heads with flints, their Children were given to Goats to suck, they cultivated the earth with horns of Goats and Oxen. In *Gomera*, they had their wives in common, they gave adoration to all Aetheriall Bodies. Their Dead they washed exceeding clean, then put the carcasse into a Cave, standing upright, with a staff in his hand, and a pale of Milk and Wine placed by him; good Coadjutors to his imaginarie Pilgrimage. They were conquer'd by *Don Henrico Infant of Spain*, Anno 1418. *De Fligne* saies long before, viz. in the year 1346. or thereabouts. But my purpose was onely to speak of that one of them, *Teneriffa* equall to the rest in circuit, or if not, exceeding them in height; allowing it's immediate ascent from the Ocean, the high peak is by most Geographers reputed 15. miles high, happily the highest in the world; by reason of its affinitie with the middle aerie Region, seldom without snow, it is seen by Seamen in a Serene skie, 120. English miles, and serves as an apt Sea-mark. In this Ile they had a Custome, and I think among the Natives continued, (which occasioned this note) to have ever two Kings, one dead, the other living, keeping him that died last unburied all the reign of his Successour, perhaps to be to him a memen of Mortality, and so a Monitor to rule well. *Herb. p. 3. &c.*

[(17) — *Swear by the Eight Refulgent Orbes*] This (though a ranting one) was one of King *Abba*'s usual oaths when he was serious. *Herbert* recounts more of this stein, as by his Crown, by the eleven hundred names of God, and the honour of his Prophet *Mahomet*, and by his Fathers soul, which last I made use of (170. lines) before. To sweat by the souls and ashes of the deceased was no lesse frequent among the Antients then Moderns: to instance but in one example: *Ovid* making *Brisitis* avouch to *Achilles* her own chastity, and *Agememnon* civility towards her, makes her take these imprecations;

Per tamen ossa viri subito mala tella sepulcro,
Semper judicis ossa verenda meis.
Perque trium fortis animas, mea numina, fratum,
Qui bene pro patria, cum patriaque jacent, Epist. 3.

For by my Fathers bones, too ill interr'd,
Bones by me ever to be honour'd;
By my three valiant Brothers souls, my Pride,
That bravely for, and wish, their Country dyd.

[(18) Sultan] in our language as much as an Earle.

Herb. p. 171.

[(19) My Country Phenix.] Mirza's wife, who speaks this, was (according to Master Herbert) an Arabian Princesse, of which Country Plinie (L. 6. c. 28.) with the consent of all or most Authors, makes the Phenix: nor could any land bring forth such a Princelle as we would have her seem, but that which produces the Phenix, a blud. Claudian calls *Per Superis*, equall to the Gods; but because his rare Epigram of this rare Bird is too long to be inserted here, I will shut up these Annotations upon our first A&, with what Ovid sings of this precious Fowl, in as precious numbers.

Una est, que reperet, seq; ipsa refeminet ales,
(Assyrii P henica vocant) nec fruge, nec herbis,
Sed thuris lacrymis, & succo viris amomi.
Hec ubi quinque sue complevit secula vite,
Ilicis in ramis, tremulæq; cæcumine palma,
Unguidusq; duranidum sibi constituit ore.
Quo sanguis casas, & nardi lenti crisas;
Quoq; cum fulva subfervit cinnama myrras;
Se super imponit; finitque in odo ribus evum.
Inde ferunt, totidem qui vivere debet annos;
Corpore de patrio parvum Phenica renosci.
Cum dedis buxe atque vipes; tauriq; ferendo est
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris alta:
Fertque pius, cunasque suas, patrumq; Sepulchrum.
Perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potinus.
Ante fates sacras Hyperionis ade teponit.

Ovid. Met. I. 14.

One Bird there is repairs and lowes agen
 Her self, call'd Phœnix by th' Assyrian.
 Frankincense tears her happy life (nor grain
 Or herbes) and juyce of Amomum sustain.
 On Oak or Palm, when the (*) fifth age
 is past { (*) Five hundred
 She with horn'd beak and tallons builds a } years.
 neat.

This strew'd with Cassia, bruized Cinnamon
 Delicious Nard, and yellow Myrrh; thercom
 She sitteth, and her age in odors ends.
 A little Phœnix thence, 'tis said, ascends,
 To live as long; Grown strong, and fit to bear
 So sweet a load, her Parents Sepulcher
 And her own Cradle loosing from the Tree,
 Upon her wings with devout Piety
 She to (*) the City of the Sun conveys, { (*) Heliopolis
 And it is Fane, before his Altar laies. in Egypt.

See the Tradition of the *Phœnix* excellently enquired into by Doctor Brown, in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*. I. b. 3. cap. 12.

ANNOTATIONS UPON THE SECOND ACT.

[(*) **N**or hope we better fruit since that the Persians
 Begun to follow the Lacedæmonians.]
 Bringing in a Persian, taxing the Lux-
 ury of his Countrymen, I make him bewail that
 the

that the *Perſians* followed the *Lacedemonians*, when indeed nothing is truer then the contrary; the *Grecians* being then (exemplarily) valiant and wise, Mariall and Learned; the *Perſians* (as *Plutarch* taxeth them) wholy bent upon ſoftneſſe and eaſe, riches, pomp and vanity, curioſity and fair women: Yet is the *Antiphraſis* antient, and recorded by *Plutarch*, the occaſion this: In the time of the reign of *Artaxerxes* over *Perſia*, the *Lacedemonians* ſeeing the *Perſians* loſt in riot, determined to deliver the *Grecians* that dwelt in *Asia* from the perſian bondaſe, and to that end perfwaded their King *Agis* to undertake the expedition. He invaded, and at his firſt conflict overthrew *Tisaphernes*, *Artaxerxes* his Lieutenant, and made moſt of the Cities held by *Grecians* rebell againſt him. *Artaxerxes* to divert the war, lent into *Greece* *Hermocrates*, a *Rhodian* (of great credit with him) with a marvellous ſumme of mony to beſtow in raiſing a faction in *Greece* to invade *Lacedemon*, now their powers were abroad; *Hermocrates* ſo wiſely execuſed his commission, as he raiſed the chief Cities of *Greece* againſt *Lacedemon*, ſo that all *Peloponnesus* being up in armeſ, the *Ephori* (or controllers of the Senate) at *Lacedemon* were forced to intreat *Ageſilaus* home again: ſo much ſharper, even in thoſe daies, was gold then ſteel, and that *Ageſilaus* ſorrowfully leaving *Asia*, ſaid to his friends moſt wittily: that the King of *Perſia* had driven him out of his Realme with 30000 Archers: (the *Perſian* Coin being then ſtamped with an Archer, having a bow in his hand) He gone, *Artaxerxes* takes armeſ, and by the revolt of *Conon*, Generall of the *Athenians*, won that memorabla Sea-fight near to the Ile of *Gnidus*, by which he drove the *Lacedemonians* from their whole jurisdiction by Sea, which made him formidaſle to all *Greece*. Then roſe up *Antalcidas* a corrupte *Grecian*, (being a Citizen of *Sparta*, the Son of one *Leon*) who being impowr'd by his Country, made between them that famous intamous league called *Antalcidas* peace; for he favouring *Artaxerxes* his affair, procured by this treaty, that the *Lacedemonians* left unto *Artaxerxes* all the Cities of *Greece* in *Asia* and all the Iles, to enjoy quietly, and tax at his Pleaſure; Peace thus concluded with the *Grecians*, (if ſo ſhameful a Treafon, reproach, and common Infamy to all *Greece* may be called a peace (ſaith *Plutarch*) as never war fell out more diſhonorable for the vanquished) *Artaxerxes*, that otherwiſe hated the *Lacedemonians* to the death, (as *Dinen* writes) did yet ſeem highly to favour *Antalcidas*, inſomuch as

so once he took a Garland of flowers, wet it with the most precious and sweet Oyle prepared for the feast, and sent it to *Antalcidas*, a person well deserving such a Garland, who was to hold to dance before the Persians, mocking and counterfeiting *Leontidas* and *Callicratidas*, two of the valiantest men of Greece, wherefore one said at that time, in the presence of King *Agesilaus*, *O how unhappy is poore Greece at this day, when the Lacedemonians come to follow the Persians!* But *Agesilaus* presently answered: *Not so, but rather the Persians follow the Lacedemonians;* so wisely sawing the levity of *Antalcidas*, whom (though the businesse of this Note is now over) I will trace to his end, being it cannot be far off, nor fair: shortly after the *Lacedemonians* lost the battle of *Leades*, and therewith the fugiatory they had kept so long over all Greece, though they had lost their reputation before, for consenting to so dishonorable a peace. Whilst *Sparta* flourished, *Artaxerxes* continued to make much of *Antalcidas*, and called him his friend, but after this losse, he being sent into *Perse*, to request aid for the *Lacedemonians*; the King so disdained him, denying him, and his request, that he returned back to *Sparta*, as a man knocked on the head; and there also, seeing that his enemies mocked him, and fearing that the *Ephori* would call him to account for abusing his Country, he starved himselfe: so just reward found his treachery from a Prince, wise enough to to flight the Traitor, when he had serv'd himself of the Treason. *Plus, in vte. Attax.*

[(2) The Turkish Moon] The balf moon, or *Crescent*, is the *Turkis Armer*, nor do they honour that Planet only in their Ensignes, but also in their devotions, superstitiously granulating the discovery of the new Moon, esteeming him happy that discovereth it first, and by the course thereof, do reckon their year. *Sandy's I. I. p. 56.*

The *Perfus* Emperours Coat Armour, is a Lion passant Gardens, the sun-orient upon his back. *Herbert. p. 151.*

[(3) Ottoman blood] *Ottoman* is the name of the family of the Grand Signior. The *Turkis* arriv'd to the dominion of the goodly & portion of the Earth, from so obscure an original as the same is rather conjectured at, then positively delivered by any. Some (as after the manner of most Nations) derive them from the *Turks*, led thenceunto by the affinity of the names *Turk* and *Tauri*. *Philip of Agassay*, the noble & learned *Perachemus*, (in his work of the trach of the Christian Religion) deduc them, and the *Tatars* from the *Tower*, vix. from the ten Tribes which

which were by *Salmanaser* King of *Affyria*, in the time of *Oseas* King of *Israel*, carried into captivity, and by him confined into *Media*, and the other unpeopled Countries of the North, (2 King. 17.) His reasons are probable, and worthy of consideration, but to long for this note. Indeed themselves boast, that they are of the seed of *Abraham*, & his servant *Hagar*, and call themselves *Ishmalites*; this is also assured by their *Alcoran*, which calls them *Hegarens*, but that is such a fardel of foggies, as it is no argument to beget credit, and themselves are so ignorant of their own antiquities, that their Histories are rather confused notes, then perfect Chronicles. Others will have them of the legitimate off-spring of *Abraham*, by his wife *Sarah*, and from her called *Saracens*. But the most probable opinion, grounded upon the Authority of the greatest Cosmographers, (as *Pomponius Mela* (1. 1. cap. iii.) *Plin. Secundus* (lib. 6. cap. 7.) and *Ptolomy* (in the description of *Sarmatia Asatica*) is that they were a people of *Scythia*, at what time, and for what causes they left their cold and barren seat, to seek a better more Southerly, is no lese controverted: *Blondus*, and *Platina*, will have them enforced with want to follow their better fortune, Anno Dom. 755. with whom *Segonius* agrees in the cause of their remove, but not in the time or place when, or whereby they departed: he will have the yeare 844. and that they issued by the streights of *Caucasus*, the others by the *Caspian* streights, which (saith *Sabellicus* (Emend 9. lib. 2.) some of themselves report. With *Segonius*, our most exact Mr. *Sandys* agrees in the time, with the others in the way they took for their remove. So that mingling the currents of Opinions and Authors, in the seventh or eighth Century of years after our Saviour, these people of *Scythia*, then called *Turca* or *Tisci*, expelled, or by force of ill neighbours, or famine, entring by the streights of the *Caspian* Mountaines, by strong hand possesse themselves of *Armenia* the greater, called thereupon *Turcomania*, as it is at this day, multiplying by the daily accession of their Countrymen, being in Religion Pagans, and living in wandring troops, like the people about *Teeche*, or *Dea-chew* (which signifieth the Towne under a hill) in the Kingdom of *Larr*, (of which see more in the 23⁴ Note upon the 3⁴ Act.) whom the *Perfians* call *Vlches*, or *Shepheards*, or as of old did the *Scyrian Nomades*, a people about *Aessis*, thus described.

*Nulla domus, plaustris habitant, migrare per arva,
mos, atq; errantes circumvedere penates.*

No house, but wains have they; their mode's to range
The fields, and oft their Gods new seats to change.

Now the Saracen Empire waining by the division of the Mahometan Princes, Mahomet Sultan of Persia, distressed by the Caliph of Babylon, and the Indians, intreated aid of the Turkes, who sent him 3000. soldiers under the conduct of Tangrolipiz, Prince of the Selzuccian family (for so the Greek call him, though others Togra Mucale, the Son of Mikeil, others Sidor, or Sadock names (its like) corrupted of his Famili) Mahomet by his aid vanquished Pysastris the Caliph, the Arabians not being able to endure the Turkes Archers. The Turk now desires to leave the Persian, and return over Araxis; but the Sultan, desiring to compell his farther service, denied it; whereupon Tangrolipiz not being able to keep the field against such numbers, betook himself to the Carmanian Deserts, spoiling the Persians Subjects; Against him Mahomet sent 20000. soldiers, who were soon defeated by stratagem; which victory so fliedt the Turk's as (being now increased by fugitive) hee fought Mahomet soon after with 60000. men: which battell Mahomet seeing lost, betook himielf to flight, intending for Spawhawn, but between it, and Rustans Tomb, fell and brake his neck; So by the consent of both Armies was Tangrolipiz elected Sultan, and founded the Scythique or Turkish Empire. To Persia he added the jurisdiction of Babylon (or Bagdad now) which continued in the Ottoman Tyranny till the year 1625. When ABBAS the victorious King of Persia, (or rather MIRZA his Son) beat them out of it, as also out of Tauris, Van, and the greater Asia (of which see more in the seventeenth note upon the fourth Act) yet continued Tangrolipiz the spirituall jurisdiction to the Caliphs successour, in honour of their false Prophet, the Turke having now embrased the Mahometan superstition, as the best means to establish his new Empire, begun about the year 1030. such time as Edward the Confessor ruled England, and about 200. years after the Turkes eruption out of Scybia. Axan succeeded his Father Tangrolipiz, after him the Empire fell into petty divisions, till Ottoman head of the Oguzian family no lesse by haud then force united it under himself, who taking advantage

age of the jarrings between the Christians, and some wrongs they did to him exasperating him, in those 27. years that he reigned, he annexed *Bybinia, Cappadocia*, and most of those strong holds that border on the *Euxine Sea* to his Empire, and left it intire to his Son *Orchanes*, who also much augmented it, and left it to his Son *Amurath*, &c. since which, with marvellous fortune it has grown to that stupendious bulk, that I hope will ruine it, for so long as the Christian armes are thus miserably employ'd against themselves, so glorious a work is more then we can hope from them. *Ottoman* achieved the Sultanship *Anno 1300.* in him began the race still continued, called in his honour the *Ottoman Race*, though they are indeed the *Oguzian* family; give me leave to shut up this long note with a short poetical summary of this *Ottoman*, a man vigilant and hardy, and happily the best, as well as the first, of the Turkish Emperors of that name.

*Multiplici lassata Asia res clade premuntur,
Hinc Sarracenus, Tartarus inde ruit.
Mutua Christicola gladios in vulnera stringunt:
Gracia funesta seditione perit.
Impiger interea nova concipit Ottomannus
Concilia, & valida surgit in arma manu.
Et vasta Turcis regno fundamina turba
Ponit: & in multo sanguine Sceptra levat.*

Phi: Lonicetus Hist. Turc. lib. 2.

On *Asia*, torn, and tir'd with endlesse war
Here rush'd the *Saracen*, the *Tartar* there.
In mutuall wounds the *christians* force is spent,
And poor *Greece* falls with civill discord rent.
Mean while quick *Ottoman* new Counsells takes,
And at the world his armed hand he shakes.
The basis of the *Turkes* vast sway did found,
And his new Scepter bath'd in many a wound.

*Philip du Mornay, Pliny, Blondius, Platina, Pomponius Mela,
Sabellicus, Segonius, Ptolomie, Sandys, Herbert, Turkish History,
D'Juigne.*

[(4) *Shiraz* wine] *Shiras* is the Metropolitan City of *Perse*, for *Spanbawn* is in *Parthia*) she arose out of the
ruines

ruines of *Persepolis* (of which read in the 12th. note upon the third Act) some confound the name , and think the Cities the same; others, that they once joyned, though they are now 30. *English* miles distant; which distance , and the high craggy Mountains interposing them , seem to confute that opinion. It's seated upon the River *Bindimire* , the Persians pronounce it *Sheiras*, some *Syras*, and such will have her built by *Cyrus*, and from him called *Cyropolis*: others from *Jamsher*, fifth King of *Perse*, and so from *Noah*. But its most probable, its derivation is from *Sheir* or Milk (being fruitfull in Pastorage) as *Aleppo* from *Halip*, which *Synonymies* are taken for plenty and pleasure ; many Towns in these parts are being so, as *Whormoor*, a Town of Dates, *D' Achow*, a Town upon a Hill, *De Gardow*, a Town of *Walnuts* , *Eri* the head City of *Pria*, so abounding with *Roses*, it may thence take the name. That *Shiras* arose of the ruines of *Persepolis* at least, most agree, though built in a distant place; as wee see *Tauris* from *Ecbatane*, *Bagdat* from old *Babel*, *Jerusalem* towards Mount *Calvary*, *Cairo* from *Memphis*, *Tunis* from *Carthage* , *Constantinople* from *Bizantium*, *Rome* now in *Campus Martius*, and many other Cities which altering their teate, though but a league, some have got other denominations , some to eternize their repairers, some from their scite. The compasse of *Shiras* is about nine miles, pleasantly seated , and well adorned with beautifull Mosques, and most delicious Gardens. It is a Proverb among the Persians , *Quando Suars erat Siras, tunc Caiarus erat ejus Fagus*. A twinkling Tradition , and implies much; For best fruits, gallant men, handsom women , and good wine *Shiras* bears the bell; especially for wine; for about it growes the best grape in *Asia*, so that the name of *Shiraz* wine is every where famous, being no lesse cry'd up in *Perse*, then the *Lesbian* or *Thracian* wines were in *Greece* , or then in *Italy* were the *Falerian* or *Maffican* , or now is that they call *Lachryme Christi* (which made the Dutch man with *Christ* had wept in his Country) or that of *Monte Fascone*, which made the *German* Bishop immortall , as the story goes, and as you may read it in Mr. *Raymonds Mercurio Italico*. pag. 62. The *Shiraz* wine is chiefly a *Meat wine* ; somewhat like the *French*, but better tasted , though more intoxicating. *Herbert, &c.*

[(5.) By the life of MORAT] The Turkes also swear by this life of their King, a Custome antient , in all places: *Joseph* in *Egypt* learnt to swear by the life of *Pharaoh*, or some

Shane render it, by the health of *Pbarsib*, so the *Remish*, Gen. 42.14. This *Morat* or *Amurath* the 4th of that name, and 11th Emperour of the *Turkes*, reigned when this Tragedy was really acted in *Persia*, from him our *Mirza* won *Babylon* or *Bagdat*, in the 3^d or (as some say) 4th year of his Raigne, (see the third Note upon this Act.) He was one of the Sons of the greet *Achmat*, and came to the Empire in the yeare 1623. (aged fifteen yeares) after the murder of his elder Brother *Osman*, and the short troublesome Raign of his Uncle *Mussapha*.

[(6) *Tulipons*.] *Tulipants*, *Turbants*, & *Shashes*, are the head Ornaments of the *Turks* and *Persians*. The *Turks* all of them wear white *Shashes* & *Turbants*, the badge of their Religion; as is the folding of the one, & size of the other of their Vocations and quality. *Shashes* are long Towels of *Calico* wound about their heads: *Turbants* are made like great Globes, of *Calico* too, & thwarted with rolles of the same, having little copped Caps on the top, of green or red velvet, being onely worn by persons of rank, and he is the greatest that wears the greatest, the *Musties* (or Prelates) excepted, which over-sizes the Emperours; yet is his bigge enough according to Mr. *Sandy*, who reports, that *Sultan Achmet*, wore a *Turbant*, in shape like to a pumpion, but thrice as great. And though many Orders have particular ornaments appoited for their heads, yet wear they these promiscuously. It is yet an especiall favour in the *Turk* to suffer the *Christian* tributary Princes, and their chiefeſt Nobles, to wear white heads in the City. The *Persians* also wind about their heads great rolles of *Calico*, but some of silk and gold, somewhat higher, but not so bulkie as the Turkish *Tulipants*; a little faſh of gold, or fringe, hangs down behind, as do our *skarfes*, which ornament they lately borrowed of the *Arabian*. In Triumphs they wreath about their *Turbants* long chaines of pearles, Rubies, *Turquoises*, and *Emeralds* of no small lustre and value. The King wears the contrary ſide of his *Tulipant* forwards, which is all the difference in habit twixt him and others. These *Turbants* they keep on continually, it being a shame with them, to be ſeen bare-headed: (perhaps because generally they wear no haire on the head or chin, (but on the upper lippe they have very long whiskers, and turned down-ward) ſome onely reſerve a lock of haire upon the top of the head, as a certaine note that *Mahomet* at Doomes-day, will diſtinguifh them from *Christians*, and by it lift them up to paradise) ſo that Mr

Herbert remembers as a singular favour, the civility of this King Abbas, to Sir Dodmore Cotton, Embassador from our late King Charles to him, Sc. When the King drank to the Embassador his royll Masters health, seeing the Embassador put off his Hat, the King put off his Turban, and bare-headed took off his cup, to the admiration of all the Court, to see so unusuall a Grace from so haughty a Prince, bestow'd upon a Christian Embassador: another of his favours to him was, that whereas he thinks it honour enough to let the great Turkes Embassador kiss the hem of his Garment onely, and perhaps by especiall Grace, his foot; he gave the English Embassador his hand, and with it, pull'd him downe, and seated him next to himselfe crosse-legged, after the Asian mode.

[*(7) MITHRA*] the same with the Suns, or rather the Idol of the Sun, anciently adored by the Persians, nor have *Mahometisme* yet justled out that old superstition, but only mixed with it, so that Mr. Herbert affirms, that in *Spanbawne* its selfe the Imperiall City (of which before in the tenth Note upon the first Act) at the appearing of every new Moon, they go out to worship it, and each day at Sun set in every ward of the City, they beat their Kettle Drums, till he arises with the *Antipodes*: at that time, and at his first looking into our Horizon, a well voyced Boy from the Tarras, or top of their Temples, sing Eulogies to *Mahomet* and *Ally*, and then each layick Pagan falls to his devotion, whatsoeuer hee is about. Their prayers are in the *Arabique*, their Negotiations in other Languages. Of old, in a Cave were the Rites of *Mithra* solemnized; from whence they drew an Ox by the hornes; which, after the singing of certaine Psans, was sacrificed to the Sun. *Zorastes* placeth him between *Oremazes* and *Arimanius*, the good and bad *Demon*, for which he took that denomination. His image had the countenance of a Lion, with a Tiara on his head, depressing an Ox by the hornes. I find him mentioned by *Grotius*, in his Tragedy of *Christ's* passion, but more to our purpose by *Statius*, *Theb. I. I.*

A N.

ANNOTATIONS UPON THE THIRD ACT.

[(1) **Caucasus**] This is the highest mountain in *Asia*, yet was it in the general Deluge fifteen Cubits under water, *Gen. 7. 20.* Its of long extent, and serves for limits to *Scythia*, to separate it from *India*, dilating it selfe almost through the whole North, but under divers names; that pass which stretches from *Meotis* in *Scythia*, towards the *Indian Sea* where it arises, *Pliny* will have called *Taurus*, (*lib. 5. cap. 27.*) Some parts of it, the *Indians* call *Imaus*, other *Paropamissus*, *Circius*, *Coatras*, *Niphates*, *Sarpedon*, *Coragus*, &c. These out-stretching branches of this Mountaine, encompass some whole Kingdoms, of some they :unne by the sides, to others are a defensive Rampire; sometimes they wholly shut up passages, sometimes make them inaccesible: Difficulties more injurious to the *Morgan*, then any other Prince, rendring his Horse, his chiefe strength, of small service, of this quality are the frontiers of *Perſia*, and the Kingdome of *Sabæſtan*, on every side hem'd in with that part which the *Grecians* call *Paropamis* (as I said before in the third Note upon the first Act. *Segeſtan* is likewise so invironed, that the River *Himento* (were it not for searching out infinite crooked windings through naturall vallies) could hardly find paſſage to pay his tribute to the famous *Ganges*. Notwithstanding all these excrescencies of this Mountaine, all agree that the highest part of it is *Caucasus*, so called *qua Cæpissus*, as being neer the *Caspian Sea*. By reason of the height, and so snow perpetually on it, it is uninhabited, producing little but salvage Trees, and poſſonous herbs, and is barren even to an expreſſion: so that *Virgil* making *Dido* exclaim against *Aeneas*, for his unkind attempt to leave her, could not put better words into her mouth, then

Nec tibi diva parens, generis, nec Dardanus auctor
 Perfidus; sed durus genuit te takibus vorrens
 Caucasus, Hyrcanique admorunt ubera Tigres.

Æneid. 4.

Thou art not *Venus* Son, nor *Dardans* seed,
 But faithlesse, thee *Taurans* did breed
 On churlish clifffes, and *Hyrcan* Tygers feed,

At the *Hyrcanian* Tygers I glance in the eighth Scene of the fourth Act.) *Caucasus* by reason of the stupendious height administers much easie and certainty to the observation of the stars, which have given so great a reputation to the *Syriacs* to bee good Astronomers; this according to *Lactantius* and *Cicero* (lib. 5. Tusc.) is the reason the Poet feigned *Prometheus* to be chained here, and to feed an Eagle with his breast, for stealing fire from Heaven (not here to dilate any further upon the Mythology of that Fable) meaning by him a studious man and Astrologer; his name imports wildome and fore-sight, (as *Epimetheus* the contrary) hee passes for Son of *Jupiter*, and Father of *Delusion*, though some will have him begotten by *Mercury*, or *Reason*, upon Mount *Gaurus*, because of the commodiousness of the place, for the aspection of Stars. But the occasion of this Note, was what I find noted by *Boetius* in his *Philosophicall comfort* (lib. 2.) Out of *Cicero* his *Scipio's Dream*, speaking of the narrowness of Fame, viz. that in his time the name of the Roman Commonwealth had not sworne over the River *Ganges*, (of which in the next note) nor reached over this hill *Caucasus*; and yet it was then in the most flourishing estate, fearfull even to the *Parthians*, and the rest of *Asia minor*. The same I find in *Plutarch*, who indeed makes *Pompey* (in his *Pompey*) in chace of *Mithridates* passe by those Nations that inhabit above *Caucasus*, and conquer the *Albanians* and *Georgians*; but they are still of this side of the hill, the *Iberians* (as himself say) stretch out unto Mount *Meschianum*, and to the Realm of *Persia*; the *Albanians* lie towards the East *Sarmatia* *Cappadocia*. So true is it that the greatest Empires have hidden fates allotted them, and certain periods both of time and place. Nor doth *Cicero* in his muster roll of *Pompey's* forces set down any from beyond the hill, nor over *Ganges*, though just up to them; in that agreeing with *Plutarch*, who also

also agrees with him, where he makes *Ganges* the utmost bounds of *Alexander's Conquests*; no small fame to this hill and river to bound the *Roman and Macedonian Empires*, to remember the Poets words is not superfluous, at least so much of them as concern *Ganges* the subject of the next note.

Moritq; Eos bellorum fama recessus,
Qua colitur Ganges, toto qui solus in orbe
Offia nascenti contraria salvare Phabo
Audet, q; adversum fluxus impellit in Extremum:
Hic ubi Pelleus post Tethyos aquora duxit.
Constitit, q; magno vincit se fatus ad oras eft. Phars. I. 3.

The farthest East range of these famous waters,
 Where *Ganges* flowes, the onely stream that dares
 Crosse rising *Phabus*, and with horrid might
 Force 'gainst the Eastern wind his rouling tide.
 Here the *Pellean*, stop'd, was forc'd confide
 His boundlesse mind then this one world was lesse.

[(2). From *Ganges* head to towering *Atlas* foot.] The strange and unusual course of this River *Ganges*, croise to the Sun, you have seen well described by *Lucan*. It takes its source in the Mountains of *Scythia*, as most believe, though some say in the Mountains of *Tartarie*, others, that it is uncertaine, as that of *Nile*. It traverseth the *East Indies*, giving a name to the Country. *Gangeticus, id est, Indicus*: So *Lucan* speaking of the arrivall of the spring, and of the Suns drying up of the winter fogs, saith,

Et quas sentit Arabs, q; quas Gangetica tellus
Exhalat nubulas. Phars. I. 4.

— He doth exhale
 The fogs that *India*, and *Arabia* feel.

It was (as many write) one of the four Rivers that bounded *Paradise*, and the first mention'd in holy writ, by the name of *Pishcon*, or *Phison*. (Gen. 2.) It was called *Ganges* from a King of *Ethiopia* of that name, so saies *Guidas*. It is very large in all its course; *Pliny* (lib. 6. cap. 18:) makes the narrowest part of it to be eight miles over, the broadest twenty, and the depth more then 100. foot.

Arrianus in his History of Alexander, assigneth the first place unto it, making it excell *Nilus*; which must be granted (according unto later relations) it doth, at least in depth and breadth, if not in length: For the Magnitude of *Nilus* consisteth in the dimension of Longitude, and is inconsiderable in the other; what stream it maintaineth beyond *Scyene* or *Asna*, and so forward unto its original relations are very imperfect, but below these places and farther removed from the head, the current is but narrow; and the History of the Turks relates, that the Tartar horsemen of *Selimus*, swam over the *Nile* from *Cairo*, to meet forces of *Tonombeius*, last *Sultan* of *Egypt*, more then the valiant *Macedonians* durst undertake to do at *Ganges* (though they had before done as much as the *Tartars* did at *Nile*, in wading through *Hydaspes*, up to their breasts with their harness on their backs, to meet King *Porus*) not so much deterred by the report of the Kings of the *Gangarides* and the *Pasians* on the other side ready to receive them (with 80000. horse, 200000. foot, 6000. Chariots, and 6000. Elephants) for numbers were not terrible to them, but gave hopes of the richer prey and brighter fame,) but they were disheartened to combate the waves, understanding by the Countrymen, that it was 32. furlongs over, and 100. fadom deep. So *Plutarch* (somewhat differing from *Pliny*, though their measure will admit an easie reconciliation.) With an impetuous tide it rages; for which I must quote *Lucan* again,) who speaking of *Cesars* going to assault *Corsinium* a Town of the *Peligni*, when *L. Domitius* the Governor had cut off the bridge of the River, three miles from the Town, makes him thus bravely encourage his *Cohorts* to passe it, despising the petty difficulty, and vaunting that hee would do, if need were, now he had begun the War, what *Alexander* could not,

— Non si tumido me gurgite *Ganges*
*Submoveat, stabit jam flamine *Cesar* in ulla,*
*Post *Rubiconis* aquas: equitum properate catervae,*
Ite simul pedites; ruiturum ascendite pontem.

Phars. 1. 2.

I'd ore; though *Ganges* here row'd all his might:
 New *Rubicon* is past; no rapid tide
 Shall *Cesar* stop; on wing'd Troops, like hail,
 Follow brave Foot, the sinking bridge assaile.

A speech worthy *Cesar*. This River is by the *Indians* held so sacred, as many of them drown themselves in it, esteeming it efficacious to wash away their sins; and the Princes whose dominions it washes, exact great Tributes of such as bathe in it; well therefore might *Lucan* in the fore-cited Verses, meaning *India*, say,

Qua colitur Ganges.

Where *Ganges* is ador'd —————

Atlas is a mountaine in *Mauritania* (now called *Barbaria*), or the Country of *Marisco*, towards the *Gaditan* streights, and the west Ocean. It was anciently called *Adirim*, according to *Martian*, *Durim* saith *Solinus*, as also *Anchisa*, and the *Pillar of heaven*, by the inhabitants, being so high, that a man cannot discern the top thereof. It was called *Atlas* from a King of *Mauritania* of that name, the Sonne of *Jupiter* and *Clymene*, or of the Nymph *Asie*, say the Poets; others, of *Jupiter*, and Brother to *Protheus*; He having been advertized by the Oracle of *Themis*, that the Sonne of *Jupiter* (prophesied by *Hercules*) should carry away golden Apples, which grew in his *Hesperian* Horyard, inclosed the same with a mighty wall, and committed it to the custody of a sleepless Serpent, admitting no Forrainer into his confines; and so being un hospitable unto *Perseus* (the Sonne of *Jupiter* and *Danae*) was at the sight of *Medusas* head, turned into that Mountaine which carries that name, on whose high shoulders the Starres are feigned to take their repose. So *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, upon the fourth Book of which *M. Sandys* in his Mythologicall commentary observes, that some alluding this to a History, will have those apples flocks of large and beautfull sheep belonging to *Atlas*, whose fleeces were of the colour of gold; as because a River invironed those pastures, they were said to be guarded by a Serpent, or in that they were kept by one *Eadon*, a churlish and inhumane shepheard, or feigned perhaps of the store of gold wherewith *Mauritania* abounds, digged up at the foot of that Mount; the wakefull Dragon, those restless cares which afflict the covetous in the tuition of their riches. Now *Atlas* flying thither, from the invasion of *Perseus* (figuring a Masculine and heroical virtue) and there lurking, was said to have been converted into that Mountaine, and in regard of the altitude thereof, to have sustained

sustained the heaven on his shoulders. But Astronomically those Apples are taken for stars, shining like gold, and in figure orbicular, said to grow in the West, in that they appear not before sun set; the Zodiack, or our Hemisphere, being the Serpent; all of them supported, in regard of his excellency in Astronomy, by Atlas. Some say, that ascending aloft the better to observe the course of the stars, he fell headlong into the Sea from this Mountaine, called for this by his name, as of that aspiring height, the celestiall Column: all agree that he is said to sustaine the Heaven with his shoulders, because he was the first Astronomer in thole quarters, and a famous Mathematician, who invented the spheare, (though others make that Archimedes his device) and held the first light to the discovery of the motions and qualities of the celestiall bodies. Homer makes Calypso, that deeyned Ulysses seven years in her Isle of Ogygia, Atlas, his daughter, and thus sings of him and her, whilst he makes Pallas at the councell of the Gods, call her

ΔΑΙΔΑΛΟΥ ΔΟΥΛΟΥ ΔΑΙΔΑΛΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΔΑΙΔΑΛΟΥ
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ΜΑΙΑΣ ΑΙ ΔΙΑ ΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΚΕΙΔΟΥ ΗΠΙΠΙΣ ΕΓΙΓΙΝΕΤΑ.

W. A.

Daughter of Atlas, that knew every where
The Oceans immot gulfes, be that doth beare
The two long poles that earth and heaven up rear.

I here put Ganges and Atlas, in opposition one to another, to express the divers ends of the world; to wit, East and West; though indeed to speak strictly, (as Dr. Brown observes in his *Rerum Epidemiarum* lib. 6. cap. 7.) There is no East and West in Nature; nor are those absolute and invariable, but respective and mutable points, according to different Longitudes, or distant parts of habitation, whereby they suffer many and considerable variations. For first, unto some, the same part will be East or West, in respect of one another; that is, unto such as inhabit the same parallel, or indifferently desirous East to West. Thus as unto Spain, Italy, lyeth East, unto Italy, Greece, unto Greece, Persia, and unto Persia, China, so again unto China, Persia lyeth West, unto Persia Greece, unto Greece Italy, and unto Italy, Spain: so that the same Country is sometimes East, and sometimes West; and

Per

India, though East unto Greece, yet is it West unto China. But laying the Scene in Persia, 'tis as proper to expell the East by Ganges, as China, or any flood in it, as well because of their affinity, China bordering upon the French mans that adore Ganges, as that Ganges is the most celebrated name. These places to express the same meaning, Da'Baras makes use of; in the first day of his first Week, he saith, That the Trump of the Angel in the last day, shall be heard from Atlas to Ganges, meaning from the West to the East.

[(3) Let the haughty Duke of Shiraz have a care, lest I adiove my self of my rash oath, &c.]

Emangoly Chawn, great Duke of Shiraz, and Persepolis, and Viceroy of them and Larr, got an oath from King Abbas, that he never should be beheaded, a recompence for small treason too usuall from that Emperour. (Herbert, p. 62.) Mahomet-beg had the like oath, as I hint towards the end of the Play. See more of the greatness and state of this Emangoly, in the 9th. Note upon this Act, of his martiall acquests in the 13th, and 19th. Notes upon the fourth Act. See Persepolis described in the 13th, and Larr in the 23^d. Note upon this third Act.

[(4) I'll withdraw him from the Government of Shiraz.]

This Duke Emangoly, was Gouvernour of Shiraz, where he kept his Court in a splendid manner, when he was out of Armies. Shiraz you have seen enough of, in the fourth Note upon the second Act. Herbert.

[(5) I'll turn his feast of Lillies into Cypress.]

Shushan, in the Province of Elam, or Persia, (according to Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel) was one of the three toyall Palaces of the Median Monarcis, one at Babylon, another at Ecbatani, now Tauris, the third at Susa, or Shushan. This Palace is mentioned in Plesser, Cap. 1. That Abasuerus, An. mardi 3500. ruling over the Medes and Persians, and over 127 Provinces, made a feast in Shushan to all his Nobles and Officers, lasting 180 days, which custome it seemes, is yet amongst them, for yearly to this day, the King of Persia celebrates a feast of Roses, and the Duke of Shiraz, or Persepolis, (who is Lord of Susiana, or Shushan) a feast of Lillies, or Daffadillies of like continuallace. Herbert, p. 140. Susa, signifying a Lillie, a Rose or Joy, and so called from the Kingdom of Susiana, in which it stands.

[(6)]

[(6) Hyrcania] Is a noble Kingdome of *Afra*, now called *Moxendram*, it was called *Corsa*, and *Girgis* (meaning perhaps *Georgia*, which is *Iberia*, 'twixt the two Seas) by some again *Caspia* (from its sea) and *Stana*, and *Myrach*, and by *Mercatur*. *Diargument*. *Tomasius* will have it bounded on the East with the *Caspian sea*, on the South with *Armenia*, on the North with *Albania*, on the West with *Iberia*. *M. Herbert*, and most of the moderns, limit it on the North, with the *Caspian sea*, on the South with Mount *Taurus*, on the East with *Zagethus* (which is part of *Scythia intra Imaum*) and on the West with *Media*, or rather some part of the lesser *Armenia*, upon whose tops the *Ark* rested. *Araxis* from the *Turifian Mountaines* (as *Platony* writes, from *Sagapene*, *Colthyan*, *Sedacene*) waters and fattens this peaceful Country ; to perfect which, she is divided, and subdivided so oft into so many rivolets, that from an ample River, ere she kisses the *Caspian*, she loses her pride, and gives one leave to wade through her deepest channel. The Country is full of Woods, so that the people of old, thinking to hinder *Alexanders* entrance, twisted one Tree to another, but he that had dislodged *Gordions* knot, though very mystical, with the same sword annihilated their policies, and subdued them ; yet with no small difficulty, not so much from the Woods, as their *Wolves*, *Lions*, *Bores*, *Panthers*, *Leopards*, *Tygers*, (so fam'd by the Poets, and remembred in the foretold *Veries* out of *Virgil*) and *Scorpions*, with which they are stord ; *Scorpions* especially, not more small in bulk, than fierce in their venomous disposition. He that is stung, if he escapes death, is frantique twenty hours at least, and no better remedy then (like *Achilles*'s Speare) to turn a *Scorpion* into *Oyl*, and apply it to the place offend. The *Hyrcanians* think to prevent their payson by charms, which they tie about their Armes, yet they sometimes fail them ; then to excuse their charms, they lay the cause on their that dayes sinne. Though their woods could not hold out the *Macedonians*, yet these noxious inhabitants of them, defended them from the *Roman*, in some sort recompencing to the Country, in general, the hurt they do to its particular inhabitants : for *Plutarch* reporteth (*In uit. Pomp.*) That *Pompey* going to invade *Hyrcania*, as far as *Mare Caspium*, he was compelled to turne back againe into *Armenia* the lesse, for the infinite numbers of deadly venomous Serpents which he met with, being come within three dayes Journey of it. These Woods yet befriend them against winter colds, and shade them from the parching sun, both which is their

their seasons are there extream; and besides hurtfull creatures
gaine they are plentifully stored with Apes for European Merchants
and Antilopes, and Red and fallow Deere for food. The
prime Cities of this Kingdom are *Farrabant*, *Asharaff*, *Peris*,
Omoall, *Barjsrubdea* and *Derbent*, most watered by the
rivers *Araxis*, *Connack*, *Osbel*, *Cyre*, *Rha*, and *Cheisell*, who from
the deserts of *Larr*, and together with the 70. mouthed *Volga*
from *Muscovia*, empty themselves into the *Caspian Sea*. These
rivers abound with fish, and are furnished with little *Canoes*
Boats made of one Tree, capable to receive eight men in
fair weather. In the River of *Farrabant* (which bears a stream
of 40. paces over) are some long deep prams, sowed toge-
ther with hemp and cord (but unpitche or calk't) in these
Muscovian Merchants sail down *Volga*, over the *Caspian*
sea, to *Farrabant*, to traffique for raw silkes, which they trans-
port to *Mosco*, and through *Russia*. These ships ordinarily
come thither in *March*, and return in *July*. This Country be-
ing both pleasant and rich, viz. a fine Plain abounding with
Corn (chiefly Rice, Barley and Rie) Wine, Honey, and
all sorts of fruits; and being an usefull passage into *Tartarie*
and *Turcomania*, allured *Abbas* of *Perse* to attempt it, who
had the fortune to win it. To hold it the better, he oft affor-
ded it his presence, residing much at *Farrabant*, (where hee
built a sumptuous Palace) and *Asharaff* (where Master
Herbert tells you he was when he received Sir *Dodmore Cotton*
Embassador from our King *Charles*) and in his absence
there resides the Vice-roy. The people speak the Language
of *Perse*; their apparell is like the *Irish* trooses; their heads
have a high woollen Cap, furred with their owne sheeps
skinns. They are affable, and delight in Noveltie, being
much civilized (as say the *Perians*) since they called
Abbas their Conqueror, and had the honour to afford him a
Mother and a Wife, which, though not the least, shall bee
the last praise of *Hyrcania* which I will here remember,
that it produced the Grandmother and Mother of
MIRZA.

[(7) The Grand Signior] The Great Turk, so called in
the same sense as we call the Great *Mogor*, the Great *Japan*,
the Great Duke of *Muscovie*, the Great *Cham*, the Great Duke
of *Tuscany*, &c.

[(8) The Gelden Duke] King *Abbas* his Vice-roy for
Hyrcania (whom I call *Elches*) liking a Boy, whose Father
was

was poor, and under his command ; against the boyes will, his Parents knowledge, and the Law of Nature, made him a Sodomite, which crying sin, though licenced by their Alcons, yet force is not to be used, and therefore are Ganymeds each great City tollerated. The Father of this wronge Child prostrates himself before the King, and acquaints him with that vallany: The King seeing sorrow and truth in the Peasants look, demanded of the Duke, who then was sitting there, how true it was; his countenance bewrayed him. The King having at that instant a knife in his hand, gave it to the poor Father, and bad him Eunuchize him: The Duke durst not stacle or intercede, the Law of the Persian never altert the poor man executed as was enjoyned him. The King continued to the Duke his jurisdiction. His Seraglio once lost most by it. *Herbert. p. 99.*

[(9) ————— There l'as disarm'd a Foe, and the most power in the whole Empire] This foe of Ally-Beg's was the abovementioned Duke *Emangaly*, the greatest subject in Persia; his Father and Grand-father were Dukes before him, a Genealogie of that Antiquity as many Sultans and Dukes in India and Persia cannot equal it, they know so little that way. He was one of the Kings four great Dukes, each of which had under him 12. Sultans, each Sultan 5000. Gouzal-Bashaw, no worse warriers then the Janizaries. His Titles without ostentation were these; *Emangaly Ghawn*, Lord of *Perse* (which they call *Fars*) Great Duke of *Shiraz*, Sultan of *Larr*, and the Mountains of *Jaeroon*, Lord of *Ormus*, Ruler of *Carmania*, *Menziana*, *Sofiana*, *Gedrozia*, *Aris*, and *Sigestu*, Prince of the *Gulph* of *Arabia*, Great Beglerbegge (or Lord of Lords) Commander of twelve Sultans. Floure of Courtie, second in Glory, Protector of *Musulmen*, Nutmeg of Comfort, and Rose of delight. He was very martiall and fortunate, he subdued all *Larr*, *Ormus*, and unto *Jasques* for his Sovereign, (of which in the 18. and 19. notes upon the 4th. Act) He got footing in *Arabia* for himself, in this manner. Two Arabian Princes contending for Sovereignty, he that was vanquished demanded succour from this Duke, who entertained him, and with 2000. Horse fought and kill'd his Adversary, and became Lord of both their Territories. The relieved Prince thanks him, and desires to return home. *Emangaly* refused, could he with any honesty levey him that had so succour'd him; The Prince was foyay, and in fine, he comes

comes his Son in Law and Father at once ; for he wedded the Dukes Daughter, and the Duke his Signiory, and kept him Prisoner ; the usuall fruit of Auxiliary or mercenary forces. When he hunts the Tygre, Lion, Bores and such like (which he did once in four years) hee set 20000. men to rouze them; and when they were herded together on some Mountain, he impaled it with a huge toil, of wire, cords, and wood; a toil and burden for 600. Cartels, and so commanded them. Answerable to his State was his Estate, his plate and Jewells were valued at 300000. pounds. He had 3000. women in his Seraglio (called there Harem) at Shira, His Revenues (according to the Merchants computation) were 400000. Tomynes a year, (a Toman is 3. l. 6. s.) 80 Hectars, which of our money comes to 1338000. l. a year, a Revenue equall to some Europeas Kings, not superfluous here to be remembred, because it shewes the greatnessse of Subjects in those parts.

[(10.) MORAT'S Horse-tail standard] The Turkes royll Standard (born by the Janizaries) is no other then a horse-tail tied to the end of the staff. So *Sandys* ; which though seeming rude, and answerable to their Originall, doth smell much of Antiquities; Coloured Horse-hairs being a most ancient Ornament for Crests; Homer sticketh the like in the Helmet of the gallanely armed (though not so spirited) *Paris* being to fight the great deciding Combate with *Menelaus* for *Helena*.

Եղուն ի թագաւորութեան մատուցութեան
"Ի առեց մասն չ ասք Ե ունի ու ուշ արձեւ

'ΙΔΙ.Γ.

Then on his head his well wrought Helm he set,
Plum'd with Horse-tail, that horribly did threat.

Hear how this passage sounds in French, rendered by the great Poetique and much admired Abbot of Saint Cheron, Salel.

— *Et puis courrit sa teste
D'un riche armet, ayant une grand' oreille
Faite du poil qu'on voit prendre en la queue
D'un grand cheval: tant horrible à la venue
Qu' aussi souuent que sa teste il hauoit.
On eust pense que cela menacoit.*

[(11) Seraglio] Those Palaces or Bawdy houses royal are called *Seraglio's*, in which the noble men and Princes in *Perſia*, *Turkie*, and indeed all over *Asia* keep their Concubines, every great Man has one, commonly plentifully stored; *Emangoly* (as I have said) had 300. women in his: But that belonging to the Great *Turk* in *Constantinople* excells all in the world, yet his Predecessours did not more exceed others, then of late years *Sultan Achmat* did them in this point, having his furnished with 1500. women, whereof more then 500. of the choicest were Virgins, all of them his slaves, either taken in the Warrs, or from their Parents, *Christian* or others, but the chosen Beauties of the Empire; onely a free woman is not to be made a Concubine unless she consents, and herein onely is the *Grand Signior* power limited. They were attended onely by women and Eunuchs, nor were they presented to the Emperor untill certain months after their Entrance, in which time they were purged and dieted according to the custom of the antient *Perſians*; when it was his pleasure to have one, they stood rankt in a Gallery, and he prepared for his bed to whom he gave his handkercher. This custom is still continued, and the *Grand Signior* sometimes bestowes some of his cast Concubines upon some of his *Bassis*, and principall Favourites, as rewards of prime services, which is taken for a transcendent favour; a certificate that they have pleased him, being accounted a noble Dowry. In so besotted a subjection are the minds as well as the bodies of thos people to the *Ottoman* Tyrants. For more of this subject, I referre you Mr. *Sandys* his Relation, and to a description of the *Grand Signior's Seraglio* in particular, lately published,

Gr.

[(12) Perſopolis was the head City of *Perſia* (according to *Pliny*) and of the whole Orient (according to *Curtius*) so called from *Perſeus* its founder (lay some) and father of the Nation. The *Perſians* say *Zamshet* was the founder, whose Image is frequently carved in most places; hee ruled over *Perſia* in nine descents from *Noe*, and is by Historiographers supposed

supposed son of *Ouchange*, fourth King of *Persia*. Others will have her built by *Sosarinus*, who lived in the *Median Dynasty*, and was the third Emperor from *Arbaces*, who gave end to *Sardanapalus* and the *Assyrian Monarchy*, which had continued from *Belus*, Father of *Ninus* 1480. years, in succession of 41, Monarchs: Howbeit she was most beautified by *Cambyses*. Son to *Cyrus*, and second K. of the second Monarchy; and continued the mightiest City in *Asia* from *Cambyses* to *Darius Codomanus* Son to *Arsamus*, in the line of 13. Monarchs, 230. years, at which time it fell under the *Macedonian* Victor; whose Historiographer *Q. Curtius* reports her built of Cedar Trees, but improbably; for the Country produces none; if hee meant Cyprettes, 'tis credible; for they every where crown the bankes of the River *Byndamir*, which waters this City: Adjoyning are whole Mountains of black Marble, of which the imperiall palace was extracted and cut out, in which the Kings Throne was Gold and Orientall Gemms; the Roof shined with Gold and Silver, Amber and Ivory, now a heap of ruines, by the Inhabitants called *Chil-manor*, or forty Towres; their Ancestors may have seen so many, ~~but~~ now there are but nineteen standing, and one below to the East, though the ruines of eighty more are yet extant. The Hall was cut out of black shining Marble, wherin were placed 100. white Marble Pillars, each Pillar fifteen foot high, and forty squares round, each square three inches: From hence is a Prospect of all the Plains thirty miles about. The ascent to it is hewn out of the Marble Rock, (as if the strutor prefigured fire and defied it) the stairs reserving their durance and beauty to this day are 95. So broad that 12. horsemen may ride up a breast. The immediate ascent is 12. foot high, at whieh is the Gate in breadth six paces, in height 30. foot very elegantly hewn out of the Marble, fixt, and durable for ever; engraven with a mighty Elephant on the one side, and a Rhynoceros on the other. A little further from the Entrance are two Towers or Pillars of like shape and bignesse to the former, near which is another part of the Gate, wherein is engraven a *Pegasus*; these are the Portalls to that *Apollo* supported by 100. white Marble Pillars. Adjoyning to this was another four-square Room, each square 90. paces, 360 round; it had eight doors, four of which are six paces broad, the other half so much, each door has still seven engraven Marble stones, fixt one upon another, each stone four yards long, and five quarters high, all which eight doors are exquisitely

quisitely carved with Lions, Tigers, Griffins, and Bulls of rare sculpture and proportion; on the top of each door is in stone the image of an Emperour in State, holding in his hands staff and Scepter, this was the Dyning room: The next was the Queens and her Ladies room, 'tis Quadrangular, but not equal in form, 2 sides being 60, the other 70. paces. The fourth Room not yet quite obscured, was the Nursery, two sides 20. the other 30. paces long; the black Marble wals are rarely wrotn with Images of huge stature, and have been illustrated with Gold, yet in some places visible: the stones so well polished they equal in lustre a steel mirror. At the highest of this Palace is cut, out of the perpendicular Mountain, the Image of a King (perhaps Cambyses) adoring three Deities, the Fire, the Sun, and a Serpent. So far Master Herber, of whose exact description I have used the more, because none have so well done it as he; as also for the worghiness of the subject, this having been saith Diidorus Siculus the richest (which you may guesse at anon, when you see what wealth Alexander found in it) and the most lovely City under the Sun; It had (saith the Historian) a high stately Tower, environed with a threefold wall; the first wall was sixteen Cubits high, beautified with battlements, the second was as high again, and the third as much exceeded that, to sixty Cubits, composed of hard Marble (polished like a looking-glaſie and as bright) fixt with brazen gates: To the East of which was a Hill of four Acres, wherein were Entombed the Monarchs of the world. Nor was the glorious Temple of Diana here of leſſe credit, being (as Josephus writes) covered with refined gold. Arist. lib. de mundo, averreth the admirable ingenuity of the Persian Magi such, combined with the immense cost of those Emperours, that by well disposing of pipes in a wall, reaching to this City, they could hear in one day of all affairs, though that bulkie Empire, even from the Helleſpan unto India. Magin in Geogr. makes this City still in circuit 18. miles, and to contain 60000 Families, notwithstanding all the injuries it hath suffered of war and fire, the one having so much wrong'd her beauty, the other diminished her Inhabitants and Treasure; for Alexander himself writeth (saith Phœarch) that he caused many of the Persians Prisoners and others to be put to the sword to secure himself against mutinies; and with the Kings wardrobe, and Treasure which he found here, he laded 10000. Moyles and 5000. Camels, of which the Citizens, after his ſoldiers had ſpoiled what they pleas'd

pleased in the sack, gave him in ready Gold 120000 Talents to spare the rest, yet felt it the flames of his wrath, or rather Luxury, he saying it was to revenge the injuries done by the Princes thereof to the Greeks, (so *Strabo. lib. 15.*) for meaning to refresh his Army, he stayed here, making it his winter Quarters, then preparing to go againe against *Darius*, he would needs revell and banquet at the Palace one day, where was the famous *Thais*, the *Athenian Curtezan*, his Concubine, (and after his death, King *Ptolomies* of *Egypt*) she flattering of *Alexander*, began to utter her affection to her Country, saying, that now she held her self fully recompenced for all the paines she had taken in following of his Army over all *Asia*, now that she had the fortune to be merry with him in the proud Palace of her *Persian* enemy ; but yet it would doe her much more good for a recreation, to burn *Xerxes* his house with the fire of joy, who had burnt the City of *Athens*, and her selfe to give fire to it, before so noble a Prince as *Alexander*, that it might ever be said, that the women following his Camp, had taken more dreadful revenge of the *Persians*, for the injuries they did to *Greece*, then all the stoutest Captaines of *Greece* could obtaine, or by Land or Sea. His Courtiers accorded, and perswaded him to it; so *Alexander* putting a Garland of flowers upon his head, led all his traine of Courtiers and Concubines, following and dancing about the Palace, whilst it burnt, his Souldiers thence taking hopes that he would return home, seeing he burnt the Kings Castle. Some Writers think, that it was not burnt with such spoile, but by determination of the Council ; however they all grant, that *Alexander* did presently repent him, and commanded the fire to be quenched. So *Plut. in vit. Alex.* such and no other is the bitter fruit of deboistnesse and Curtezans, repentence, oft too late.

[(13) Beds of Gold, &c:] The aforesaid Writers speaking of *Persepolis*, say, that in his Bed-chamber, in the Palace Royall, *Darius* had a golden Vine, so disposed, as it served for the Tester of his Bed, it was studded with Pearls, the artificall clusters were Pearls and precious Rubies; his Beds pillow was bolstered with 3000 Sallars of Gold, the feet, with 3000. Both Gold and Vine were given to *Darius* by *Pythius* of *Bythinia*: a Bed more for state then ease, and sure the richest in the world (the ready Gold exceeding a million sterlins, if (as *M. Peacham observes*) in all Authors, where a Talent is

put absolutely, and without any other circumstance; the lesser *Astique* Talent is meant, which was of 6000 drams, and so worth 187¹ 10 s.) The next Bed in worth that I find to this, (though infinitely behind it) is that in Prince Ludoviso's Palace neer Rome, mentioned by my friend Mr. *Raymond*, in his *Mercurio Italico*, built all of precious stones, to the value of 80000 Crowns; if this, (as his friend said) is fit to get none but an *Alexander* the great upon, the other was fit for none but an *Alexander* to enjoy.

[(14.) The *Muftie*] The high Priest or Patriark. The Dominion both spiritual and temporal, rested for a long time after their Prophet *Mahomet* death in the *Caliphs*, till they growing great, and intending only their temporall Signiories, and the difference arising between the *Turks* and *Perſians* about the succession, the first adhering to *Ebbubecher*, the last to *Haly*, (as hath been pointed at in the 12th Note upon the first Act) the Princes kept in themselves onely the lay greatness, and devolved the Ecclesiastical dignity (though with much abatement) upon the *Mufti*, or sacred messenger. Of these the *Turks* have one, and the *Perſians* another, but their power in both Empires being alike, I shall speak in the singular number. He is the sovereign of their Religion, and ever resideth in the City Royal, or followes the person of the Emperour, who still doth rise at his approach to salute him, and sets him by him, and undertakes no high designe without his approvement. He hath power to reverse both his sentence, and the sentence of the *Divan*, or great Councell, if they be not adjudged by him conformable to the *Alcoran*; but his own is irrevocable. In matters of difficulty they repaire to him, and his exposition standeth for a Law. He is supream Judge and Rectifier of all Actions, as well civill as Ecclesiastical, and an approver of the justice military. The choice of him is in the Emperour, whom to please and gratifie, he usually flatters by wresting all Expositions to his mind. He is very grave in look and carriage, seldom seen abroad, and never admitting of impertinent conversation; for when any come to him for judgement, they deliver him in writing the state of the Question, who in writing, briefly returns his oraculous answer. He has his Seminary of Boyes, whom he instructs in the mysteries of their Law; nor is he restrained, nor doth he restrain himself from plurality of women, and the delights of a *Seraglio*, a commendable recreation surely for so grave and infallible a Prelate. There are among the *Turks* and

and Persians, under the *Musti*, above 70 several sorts of Religious Orders. (The Persians led by *Gunets* Reformation, embracing the *Imamian* sect, which is their own from *Haly* ; the Turks, the *Melchian*, following *Abbubecher*) as *Morabits*, *Abdals*, *Dervisses*, *Papassi*, *Rafadi*, *Cebiini*, *Cadilescbiers* &c. But I shall only need to mention the *Abdals*, of whom next. *Sandys*, *Herbert*, &c.

[(15) The Abdals] Are an order of mendicant Monks among the Persians. They take their name from *Abdala* father of *Mahomet*. They have no abode, vow poverty, lodge in Churches, and have provision brought them by the charitable and superstitious, of whom they are reputed holy and venerable, but by the wiser wolves in sheeps skins, wherewith they are covered with the wool on : about their necks they wear cornes (like our *Bedlams*) which they use to blow in Markets and publick places, to assemble the people to hear them preach lying wonders, and expound the *Alcoran* according to their occasions or inventions, supposing their spiritual gitts superior to others in that exercise. They travell with dangerous barbed staves, with which they oft rob, and do other villanies. Mr. *Herbert* tells you a pretty pimping story of one of them. p. 196. and 197.

[(16) The Alcoran] The Book of the *Mahometan* Law. In Arabic the word imports, a gathering together of preceps : or *Alfurcan*, which is *Redemption*. It is divided into *Azoara*, or Chapters, which word signifies Faces, because as by the face you know the man ; so by these, as by Titles, you know the contents of that division. It was composed by *Mahomet* their Prophet, with the help of *Abdalla* a Jew, & *Sergius*, a Nestorian Monk, who for embracing the Heresies of *Arrius*, *Cedron*, *Sabellius*, and others, was banished from *Constantinople*, and comming into *Arabia*, fell acquainted with *Mahomet*, whom (though formerly circumcised) he baptized, and taught to misinterpret many places of the *Scriptures* ; out of which false glosses of theirs, they coined a new Religion, neither wholly *Jewish*, or wholly *Christian*, but rejecting in both what they disliked, and this newest Religion from him, was called *Mahometisme*. So *Romponius Letus*, *Joan. Baptista*, *Egnatius*, &c. But the Glosers of the *Alcoran*, and their Book *Azer* (which is a History of *Mahomet*, authentique among the Moors, as the *Gospel* among us Christians) say, that those that helped *Mahomet* in compiling his *Alcoran*, were two *Sword-Cutlers* (*Christian* slaves unto one of *Mecca*) who knew

knew much confusedly of the new Testament, and out of their imperfect informations, he gleaned what served his turn, not looking for antecedents, subsequents, or coherence anywhere. So observes *Joannes Andreas Maurus* (who was once an *Alfaqui* (or Bishop) among the *Moores*, of the City of *Sciatinia*, in the Kingdom of *Valentia*, and afterwards (Circ. An. 1487.) a Christian Priest) and probable it is, that the composers of that rhapsody of errors, were illiterate persons, because they contradict all philosophy, sciences, History and Reason ; the *Alcoran* being a Fardel of Blasphemies, Rabbinical Fables, Ridiculous Discourses, Impostures, Bestialities, Inconveniences, Impossibilities, and Contradictions. To speak a word of the chief Author *Mahomet*, his person ; he was born about the year 600 (not to mention any particular year, I find Authors so differ about it, and I want room here to reconcile them, or shew reason for adhering to any one) some say in *Itrarip*, a Village of Arabia ; others, in the City of *Mecca* ; others, in *Medina Alnabi*, of obscure parentage ; some, that name his Father, call him *Abdalla*, a Pagan, perhaps mistaken him for one of his Tutors, such make his Mother a Jewess, and of ill repute, whom they call *Emina*. So uncertain was the beginning of this Impostor. *Baudier* saith, that his Father dying, and his Mother being left very poor, she not able to keep him, committed him to an Uncle, but he casting him off, young *Mahomet* was a prey to Theives, who put him in chaines among other slaves, and in that quality being set to sale, a rich Merchant, named *Abdemonople*, bought him ; he dying, *Mahomet* by marriage of his mistress, (the Merchants wife, not effected, as was thought, without Witch-craft) attained to much riches ; whereupon, leaving the exercise of Merchandise, he became a Captain of certain voluntary Arabians, that followed the Emperour *Heraclius* in his *Persian Wars*, who falling into a mutiny, for that they were denied the military Garment, and incensing the rest of their Nation, with the reproachful answer given them by the Treasurer, which was, that they ought not to give that to Dogs, which was ordained for the *Roman Souldiers* ; a part of them chose *Mahomet* for their King-leader ; but being disdained by the better sort, for the baseness of his birth, to avoid ensuing contempt, he gave it out, that he attained not to that honour by military favour, but by divine appointment. That he was sent by God to give a new Law unto man, and by force of arms, to reduce the world to his obedience ; then wrested

wrested he everything to a divine honour, even his natural defects, calling those fits of the falling sicknesse wherewith he was troubled, holy trances; and that Pigeon which he had caught to feed out of his Ear on pease, the holy Ghost. So went he on, to feign his messages from heaven by the Angel Gabriel, and to composite his *Alcoran*. A man of a most infamous life he was; *Bonfinus* writes, that he permitted adultery and Sodomy, and lay himselfe with beasts; and M^r. Smith (in his Confutation of *Mahometism*) arraigns him of Blasphemy, Pride, Iyes, Sodomy, Blood, Fraud, Robbery, (for he was a common Thief, usually robbing the Caravans of Merchants as they travelled) as entitles him Heir apparent unto *Lucifer*; no leſſe then 12000. falſhoods being contained in his fabulous *Alcoran*.

To particularize a little: what higher blasphemy could he be guilty of, then to prefer himselfe as far before Christ, as he was above *Moses*? He also denies the divinity of our Saviour, and affirms, that the Holy Ghost is not distinct in person, but onely an operative virtue of the God-head that inspires good motions: Many other absurdities he is guilty of concerning the Trinity, as not comprehending that glorious mysterie. The *Alcoran* impugnes both the divine Law, and natural Reason at once, in that assertion, *lib*. 4. *Cap*. 2. *viz*. That at the end of the world a Trumpet shall blow, and the Angels in Heaven, and men on Earth shall fall downe dead, and at the ſecond sounding rise again. So it makes the Angels mortal, when who knows not that the Angels are Spirits, having no bodies, ſo cannot die, for death is nothing but the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body? *Adams* ſinne was the caufe of his death, and his posterity; whence it follows, had he not ſinn'd, neither he, nor we, had dyed. And ſurely the good Angels, being not guilty of the caufe of death, ſin must be exempt from the effect. *Lucifer*, and the evill Angels that ſinn'd with him, by their Pride, were deprived of the glory of heaven, and cast into the bottomleſſe pit for ever, but not condemned to die, becauſe they were ſpirits. And if the Devils that ſinned dyed not, how is it that the *Alcoran* ſaith, that the Angels that ſinned not, ſhall die? Another fable concerning Angels, is in the firſt Chapter, *lib*. 1. *Sc*. That God ſent two Angels, called *Harod* and *Marod*, as Judges to do justice in the City of *Babylon*, where in a Cave, for ſoliciting a Ladies chauſtity, they hang by the eye-lids, and muſt ſo hang till the day of judgement, and the wo-

man was transformed into the morning star. O divine Metamorphosis! It's like *Mahomet* might have heard somewhat of the story of *Susanna* and the Elders, and so ignorantly shuffled it into this. But to follow his Text; I would ask a Moorish Astrologer, whether the morning star be not more ancient then the City of *Babylon*; how then could an inhabitant of that City be turned into that star? And I would know of their Divines, why, if the Angels have bodies, the *Alcoran* in many places (contradicting it selfe) calls them *Rach*, Spirits? if they be spirits, and uncorporeal, how were they capable of knowing women, or hanging by the eye-lids? If they be Corporeal, where abouts in *Babylon* may one see them hanging? and why doth the *Alcoran* confess them to be Spirits?

Another ridiculous assertion of the *Alcoran*, concerning Angels, is l. 1. cap. 1. and l. 2. c. 1. &c. viz. That God made man of all sorts and colours of earth, and being formed, for some thousand of years laid him abaking in the Sun, untill he was pleased to breath life into him. Then commanded he all the Angels to fall down and worship *Adam*, which all did but *Sathan*, then an Angel of light, saying he was created of a more excellent nature, fire, and man of durt; then God cursed and cast out *Sathan*, who has ever since continued an Enemy to man. How did the Angels fall for not reverencing of man, when they were fallen before man was made, and envying his standing, tempted him to his fall? and how could man lay a baking some thousand of yeares in the Sun, when the Sun was made but two dayes before man? Gen. 1. The *Alcoran* failes in point of History and Time, l. 3. c. 1. where it mistakes *Mary* the Prophetesse, for the B. Virgin *Mary*, making *Mary* the sister of *Moses*, Mother of our Saviour, when there were above 1500. years between them. The reason of this mistake, might be *Mahomet*'s ignorance in Antiquities and Chronology, finding in Arabic, *Moses* his Father called *Hebram*, by which name *Joachim* our Ladies Father is also called. But by what infallible Spirit was this Scripturist led, that could admit so grosse a mistake?

Another error in Time and Reason, is l. 3. c. 3. Where he affirms, that God sent the *Alforan*, which is the same with the *Alcoran*, (as *Andreas Maurus* proves) unto *Moses* and *Aaron*, for a light and admonition to the just: and yet, l. 1. c. 2. He sayes, God inspired the *Thora*, the *Gospel*, and the *Alforan* (or *Alcoran*) unto *Mahomet*: how can this agree with

with the former? or with what followes in the Book called *Sune*, (or way of *Mahomet*) viz. That *David* read all the *Alcoran*, whilst they saddled his Mule, unless *Moses*, *David*, and *Mahomet*, had been contemporaries? and yet again in above 200. places in his *Alcoran*, he sayes, that God gave the *Alcoran* or five Books, to *Moses*, the *Gospel* to *Jesus Christ*, the *Azabor* or *Plalter* to *David*, and the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*. He also faulters in the time wherein he was composing of his *Alcoran*, in one place telling us he was twenty yeares about it; in another place he sayes, that it was revealed to him in one night, in the City of *Mecca*, by the Angel *Gabriel*: so frequent are contradictions with him, though neither of these assertions are absolutely true; for he was 23 yeares composing of it, ten years at the City of *Mecca*, eleven at *Almedina*, and two in the cave of *Mecca*. He dyed in the 63^d year of his age, and he began to call himself a Prophet, and to compile his *Alcoran* in his fourtith year. But how could *David*, if the *Alcoran* had been made in his time, have read it all over in the time that his Mule was saddled? when (as *Andreas Maurus* reports) when the *Caliph*, because of the multiplicity of papers that *Mahomet* left, summoned all the Doctors to *Damascus*, and out of them, chose six to Epitomize all his Books of the *Alcoran* and *Sune*; each of those six composed one Book and the rest of his writings were thrown into the River, even so many Books and bundles of Papers, as loaded 200 Camels? For *Mahomet*, because he was illiterate and could not write, kept a Secretary, who wrote the Chapters of the *Alcoran* for him, giving out that God sent them by the Angel, as occasion required. These he kept in a Chest, and that he might alter, expugne, or add at pleasure what served his turn, he would never have collected and reduced into Books, as they were by his Son in law *Hozman*, after his death King and *Caliph*, who made the foresaid Epitome: at which time, the Papers being sought for, many were found in his house, having lain behind Chests, so spoiled with damp, and eaten with Mice, as nothing could be made of them. A goodly Scripture! when the power that inspired it, could not preserve it from Mice! or if nothing Materiall was lost, the Author was guilty of superfluity, and so of vanity. The *Moores* took scandal, as well they might, at those revocations and alterations of above 150 Verses of the *Alcoran*, annulled by others, called revocatory Verses.

If they were inspired by God, it was unjust they should be abolished

abolished by a man. That *Mahomet* made his Religion servile to his occasion, appears by this: *Babeira* a King of the *Jacobins* presented unto *Mahomet* one *Marine*, a young beautiful *Jewesse*, with whom the old Leacher was taken in Adultery by two of his wives, whom *Andreas Maurus* calls *Axæ and Hæfæza*; they revok'd him, having done an Act unworthy of a Prophet, or holy man. He promised to abandon her, if they would passe by this one slip, and keep his credit; but being surprized the second time with her, they went from him to their Fathers houses as repudiated wives: upon the publishing of it the *Moors* murmured, the *Pagans* jeered, and *Mahomet* was disgraced and troubled, his wives Fathers being potent men, so he had no way but to have recourse to his old remedy for all sores, the *Alcoran*, wherein he razed out of the 6. Ch. of the light, in the 3d. Book that verse that command'd that married persons taken in Adultery should be stoned, called the ver. *Lapidation*, & composed a new Ch. the content wherof are; that it is lawful for all *Mussulmen* (or true believers) to lie with their slaves, & that their wives ought not to repine at it; and that *Mahomet* did not sin in his late Act, knowing this Law would come, but his wives sinned in publishing what he did in secret, and that God warned them to return to him. So he cleared himself, repaired his credit, pleased his self by this Licentious liberty, and got his wives again, who returned well satisfied and very penitent, and now might hee use his young slave by the Law. This Chapter is called the Chapter of Prohibition. I. 4. because his wives would have prohibited him his freedom. Most insatiable he was in this point, and made particular Laws for himself, as that he might repudiate any of his wives at pleasure, and none might marry them, which kept them in obedience: but he might take any one repudiated wife, or any that proffered her self, or admitted of his sollicitation; and whereas others might marry two, or three, or four at most, hee might have as many wives as hee pleased. The Book *Aßanîel* (or the Book of the good customs of *Mahomet*) praising him, and speaking of his virile strength, saith, that in one hour, he lay with all his wives, which were 11. The Book *Azar* saith he married fifteen wives, and had 11. together, besides four who proffered themselves by Vertue of the foresaid Law. *Celius* reports hee had forty wives, yet took he away his servant, *Zeideus* his wife, and whose else he pleased; saying it was fit he should do so, that the greater number of Prophets and holy men might issue from him. A life worthy of such a Prophet! and author of such

serve such a Religious & good Religion sure when hee affirms the
 Jacobins Divells were converted to it, l. 4. c. 8. and in the Chapter
 of Devils, he saith, that a company of Devils came one
 night to hear Mahomet read the Alcoran, and took such de-
 x a light in it, that they presently believed in him, and became
 thy mores, and shall go into Paradise, and return to their first
 f the stations, and in the mean time employ their powers to con-
 be in men to Mahometism; there onely he saith true; But since
 t from the Devils are Mahomets friends, why doth he in his Alcoran
 in the command his fel to apply themselves unto God for defence
 , and against evill and cursed Devils? and will them to say when
 being they begin to read it, *O abudu billehi mine Saytani ragini*, i. e.
 is old Preferre me O God from the wicked Devil! Repugnances
 of the all along! The Alcoran s. 2. c. 11. speaking of Mahomets
 wondrous journey to Heaven, saith that he passed through
 the eight Heavens, whereof the first is made of Silver, the
 second of Gold, the third of a Pearl, the fourth of an Em-
 erald, the fifth of a Diamond, the sixth of a Carbuncle, the
 seventh indeed of light. But if the six lower Heavens be
 Metalline, why doth the Alcoran say in another place, that
 they were made of smoak? It saith, that the starrs are bound
 to the first Heaven with Chains of gold, and that the greatest
 of them is as big as a Mountain, set there to stome the De-
 vills with fiery darts (perhaps meaning the gellies wee see
 fall sometimes) when they come to listen to hear Gods secrets.
 Mahomet might go in, but his friends and Disciples (or rather
 tutors) the Devils may not listen at the door. But I
 would hear any Moorish Astrologer that has read *prolomy*,
 and understands the Sphear and Astrolabe, deny that each
 star is as big as the earth; why saith Mahomet then as a
 Mountain onely? he was indeed a modest Person, and would
 not say more then he knew. What can any of his Disciples,
 seeing him tie all the starrs to the first Heaven, think of him,
 that knows the Planets are in seven Heavens, each having a
 particular orb? The Moon is the first and nearest to us,
 Mercury is in the second, Venus in the third, the Sun in the
 fourth, Mars in the fifth, Jupiter in the sixth, Saturn in the
 seventh, highest of all, and all the starrs in the eighth Hea-
 ven, in which are the twelve signes; which starrs how should
 we see if the Heavens under them were metalline and not
 diaphanous? When the moon manytimes interposing Eclipseth,
 and hideth the Sun from us, because the Moon is an obscure
 body, as the clouds sometimes hide her; much more would the
 first

first Heaven if it were of Silver, being not transparent, hide all the stars from us for ever. So that all that are not blind may here confute *Mahomet*, He saith in his *Sure* that the earth is fixed upon the top of an Oxes horn, and that this Ox stirring his head causes Earthquakes. But where then doth the Ox himself stand, or what eats he? or if the Prophet starves him he must die, and then the Earth must be destroyed. O brutish *Atlas*! I had almost said, more brutish Prophet! It had been kindly done of him to have given this laborious Ox Pastorage in Paradise, as he doth the sheep his Priests kill at their Pasleover, and as hee did the Ram that carried him on this strange Celestiall discovery, whom he names *Alborac*, and sometimes calls a white ram, sometimes a black, the small difference betwixt black and white breakes no squares with him; well, *Alborac* boggled, and would not let *Mahomet* bestride him, till he promised he should be the first beast that should enter into Paradise; and yet he saith the Ram that *Abraham* sacrificed was fed forty years there; how then could *Alborac* be the first? yes, otherwhere he makes him the same beast; how then did *Abraham* sacrifice him? or if hee was fed forty years in Paradise, *Andreas Maurus* would fain have him give him by the rule of Multiplication, an Arithmeticall account how many thousand Trickles hee cast in Paradise during those forty years; but the illiterate Impostor was not accountant good enough to tell him. Horrid and ridiculous are the Blasphemies and fooleries hee recounts of that his voyage to Heaven; as that he approached to God within little lessie then two shots of a Croslebow; and that God gave him many Lawes and Priviledges; as that he should be the most excellent, and select Creature that ever hee created in Heaven or Earth; and that he should be the generall Redeemer, so that he had the impudence to call himselfe *Almebi*. i. e. He that takes away sins. But leaving these, I had rather make my self sport with his sopperies; He saies he saw Angells in the first Heaven of all shapes, of Birds, Beasts, and what not, especially many Cocks; and there was one grand Cock whose feet stood upon the first Heaven, and his comb reached to the second Heaven. This Cock and the other Cocks in Heaven prayed for the Cocks on Earth (as the Oxen in Heaven for the Oxen, and Asses in Heaven for the Asses on Earth, &c.) and when this great Cock crowed all the Cocks in Heaven answered him, and all the Cocks on Earth crowed too. In the third Heaven he saw the *Atropos*

or

or fatall Angell, so big, that from one eye to the other was 70000 daies journeies. Such stuff is his whole web, tolerable for mirth, did not the consideration that he hath seduced so many Nations, and his Blasphemies, and abuses of the Patriarks and Prophets distast the *Christian Reader*. But of all Antients *Solomon* is least beholding to him: indeed hee makes him a wise man, but, (as ignorant people take the name,) a most notorious Conjuror, being carried up and down by Devilles frequently, and having them as familiar as himselfe had. This impostor ventured at miracles too, affirming divers of himself, but hath no witness for any one of them. To give a tast of them. *Alc. I. 4.* in the Chapter of the Moon, and in the Book *Agar* he saith that at his Uncle *Jugellins* request to confirm his Doctrine, he made the Moon come to the midst of Heaven and be at the full, (whereas she was then but 21. daies old) then she divided her self in the midst, and fell to the Earth, and one of the pieces went through the hole of one of his sleeves, the other piece through the hole of the other sleeve, and both pieces came out of the collar of his Coat; speaking and saying that he was the Prophet of God, then joyned, and returned to Heaven. Yet, as this divine Jugler confesses, could not all this convert his Uncle, nor doth he bring his Uncles testimony or any others for the truth of it. Some will have the *Turkes* give a Crescent from hence, in honour of their Prophet: many others of his lying wonders I might recite, as that of the Angels lancing of his brest, and pulling out of the black Coat out of his heart, That of the Trees bowing to him, and that of the other two Trees comming at his command to shade him, when in the fields, in a hot day, he had occasion to untruss; and infinite other of his contradictions and repugnances I might remember, as that of King *Alexanders* Journey from the *East* to the *West*, where he daily saw the Sun set in a hot Fountain; which oppugneth Philosophy, as the journey doth History, &c. But with these I have tired my self, and I am sure the Reader much more. Yet give me leave to remember one of his absurdities more, though none of the least. *wiz.* That at doomes-day he shall turn himself into a great Ram, and all *Musulmen* into Fleas, they shall hide themselves in his spacious fleeces, and thus burthened, shall he travell till hee comes where he can skip into Paradise; there he assumes his proper glory, and gives them new shapes, new strength, Wine, brave women, &c. as you may read at large in the eighth

eighth note upon the Fourth Act: and this absurd fooler is generally credited by his whole Sect; so just with God it to give them up to believe lies and Doctrine of Devills, so that they accounted *Christ* crucified to be but foolishnesse. The Legend of lies they say was written upon the skin of the Ram that *Abraham* sacrificed; an absurd Tradition; for neither could that skin hold it, nor was that Ram dead; or if he had, how could their Prophet so many years after have rode upon him to Heaven and Hell, &c. It is held by the *Mahometans* in no less veneration, then the old Testament by the *Jewes*, and the New by us *Christians*. They never touch it with unwash't hands, and a capitall crime it is, in the reading thereof to mistake a letter, or displace the accent. They loise it, Embrace it, and swear by it: calling it the book of Glory, and directos unto Paradise. It is written in Arabic Rhime, without due proportion of Numbers: and must neither be written nor read by them in any other Language. It containeth according to *Mornans* reformation four books: the first Book has five Chapters, the second twelve: the third 19, and the fourth 175, in all 211. *Mahomet* the second is also said to have altered it much; he and many others seeking to reconcile those repugnances wherewith it so abounds, even in the Positive Doctrine; which inclines me to *Andreas Mornanus* his opinion, that they were ignorant Persons that helped *Mahomet* to compose it; *Sergius* had more knowledge then we have e'er for granted, whether it was that *Sergius* that was Patriarch of Constantinople and author of the *Monothelites* Heretie of his time contained. I will determine not, or whether he was indeed a dianished Heretick Monk from thence. And yet the coherence both in *Mahomet* and the antient Heretiques, of all whose pudicke Dreams *Sergius* had drank deep, stand it: like the poor Cutlers were free. I leads me to think with his *Tome* 2: will only briefly give you a touch of the Harmony betwixt their Discords, and leave you to judge who composed the Lesson. *Mahomet* denies the Trinity with *Sabellius*: He said it was ridiculous to think that *Christ* was God, and therefore with *Arrius* and *Eunomius* he calls him a Creature, and with *Cypocrates* a holy Prophet. He maintain'd with *Cedron* that it was impossible that God should have a Son, because he had no wife. He denied with the *Manichians* that *Christ* was crucified, but saith he *Jone* was crucified in his place, who was very like him; with the *Origenists* he will have the Devills to be saved at the end of the world; with the

the *Anthropomorphites* he will have God to have the form and members of a man; with *Cerinthus* he places the chiefest felicity of man in carnall pleasures; with *Ebion* he doth admic of Circumcision. In imitation of *Menander* he calls himselfe the Saviour of the world; with *Nicolas of Antioch* he taught and practised Luxury; Yet with the *Eucratite* he forbids the use of wine, &c. yet like his predecessors he baited his hooks speciously enough in some places, commanding upright dealing, amity, Reverence to Parents, Charity, to hate contention and Murder, &c. and speaks reverently of our Saviour, and B. Lady, and indeed of all in some places; excluding no Religions out of his Paradise, hee is so kind; *Moses* he saies shall bring the *Jewes*, *Christ* the *Christians*, and he his *Mahometans*; but the chief place & glory must be theirs; theirs the best Gold, sweetest Rivers, and most beatfull Damozels; and good reason he should be master in his own house. But I have swell'd this note to a rambling Treatise; and have yet much adoe to take my pen off, yet I will force my selfe to it; and refer you that would know more of the *Alcoran* to Cardinall *Nicolas de Cusa*, his examination of the *Alcoran*. *Led-Vives*. l. 4. de veritat. *Relig. Christ. Ricoldus* in his computation of the Lawes of *Mahomet*. *Barthol. Hungarius*. *Johannes de terra Cremata*, and *Guil. Postells*, in their books against the *Mahometans*, *Saracens*, &c. *Sandys*, *Hether*, *D'Juigne*, *Johannes Andreas Maurus* his confutation of *Mahomet's* sect, and the *Alcoran* its self, translated out of the Arabic into *Latin* by *Theod. Bibliander*; for the late published *English* Translation I cannot commend its faithfulness. I had almost forgotten, (though quoted above) *Baudier* his *History de la Religion des Turcs*, &c.

[(17) To make all Lands and Goods hereditary, &c.] The *Turks* and *Persians* content themselves with very mean low buildings, few above two stories high, some of rough stone, some of timber, some of Sun-dryed brick, the *Marble* being used onely about the *Princes* Palaces and the *Mosques*, though the Countries in some places are plentifully stored with it, (especially about *Persepolis*,) the people rather choosing to hoard their wealth, then by making a magnificent shew to tempt their *Princes* to take it from them, or at best from their Children when they die; for no Possessions are hereditary, but all at the wil of the *Emperour*, so absolute is his *Tyranny* and the peoples slavery. *Sandys*, &c.

[(18) To-

[(18) Tomaynes] A *Toman* is a *Perſian* coine, worth 3 l. 6 s. *sterl. Herbert.*

[(19) Balsora] A Town where *Tygris* and *Euphrates* empty themselves into the gulph of *Perſia*. This Town is famous for the birth of *Elheſin-ibnu-Abilbasen*, the greatest Doctor of Antiquity, he taught the *Perſians* and *Arabs* 80 years after *Mahmets* death. *Herbert.*

[(20) Bizantium] A Maritime City of *Thrace*, the seat of the *Turkish Empire*. *Eusebius* saith, it was built by *Pausanias* King of *Sparta*, 663 years before the incarnation of our Saviour: others will have *Pausanias* onely to re.edifie this City, then called *Bizantium* of *Biza* the founder, and taken by assault but a little before from the *Perſians*, since which it still increased in fame, but by nothing more then by the two famous sieges she endured, both times holding out three years, once taken, once not; the last was in the time of her 31 Emperour, *Leo Isauricus*, about the year of our Lord, 718, when *Caliph Zulciman* besieged her, and after three years space, and the losſe of 300000 men defiſted. At this ſiege was that fire invented, which we for the violence of it, call wild fire; and the Latines, becauſe the Greeks were the Authors of it. *Grecus ignis*, by which the *Saracen* ſhips were no leſſe moleſted, then the *Romans* were at the ſiege of *Syracusa* by *Archimedes* his engines, or military burning-glaſes, the like ſtratagem was uſed at this Town of *Constantinopole*, about the the year 500. in the reign of the 14th Emperour *Anastatius*, in whose time the City ſuffered much by the *Scythians*, till *Proclus*, a famous *Mathematition*, with artificial Glasseſ, fired 3000 of their Gallies.

The firſt ſiege was long before, when ſhe ſided with *Pescennius Niger*, againſt the Emperour *Severus*, and held out three yeares againſt him, and almost all the forces of the world. During this time, ſhe endured ſuch a famine, that men meeting in the ſtreets would (as it were) with joyn't conſent, draw & fight, the victor ſtil eating the vanquished. For want of Artillery to discharge on'the affaillants, the Citizens flung at them whole ſtatues of bracie, and the like curiouſ Imagery. Houses they plucked downe to get Timber for ſhipping, the women cut off their hair to inch out their rackinges: and having thus patched up a Navy of 500 ſayle, they lost it all in one Tempeſt. When (starved out) they had yeſted, the Conqueror (having put to the ſword the chiefe of the Nobles, and given the reſt as a ſpoile to the Souldiers) diſmantled

uled the Towne, and left it almost in Rubbish : yet there appeared such signs of beauty and strength in the very ruines, *Ut misteris, (saith Herodian) an eorum qui primi extruxerunt, vel horum qui deinceps sunt demiliti, vires sint praestantiores.* About 106 years after this, she was rebeautified by the Christian Emperour Constantine the Great, who called it after his own name *Constantinople*, and removed the seat of his Empire hither. He called it also *New Rome*, enduing it with the priviledges of *Rome*, the Citizens of one being free of the other, and capable of the dignities of either. But the chief cause of his remove was, that by being near, and drawing into those parts his principal forces, the Empire towards the East might be the better defended, then greatly annoyed by the *Perisan*. He intended first to have built at *Chalcedon*, on the other side of the *Thracian Bosphorus* ; in view of this, and a little below it, whereof the *Megarians* were the builders, called blind by the Oracle, for that first arriving at that place, they made choice of the worse, and lesse profitable site. It is reported, that when the workmen began to lay the platform at *Chalcedon*, certain Eagles conveyed their lines to the other side of the streight, and let them fall right over the old *Bizantium*, whereupon Constantine altered his determination, and re-edified that City, as if appointed so to do by the Deity ; finished it was on the 11th of May, Anno 331. and consecrated to the blessed Virgin. *Rome* he bereft of her Ornaments, to adorne it, fetching from thence in one yeare more Antiquities, then twenty Emperours had brought thither before in 100. among others the *Placation*, that huge obelisk of *Theban* marble ; the brazen statue of *Dedalian* work, supposed the image of *Apollo*, translated from *Hium* ; the *Trojan Palladium*, &c. according to the Omen of the Eagles, this City was by destiny appointed, and by nature seated for soveraignty ; it was first the seat of the Roman Emperours, then of the Greek, now of the *Turkish*. Built by *Constantine* the Sonne of *Helena* also, (a *Gregorie* then Bishop, whose first Bishop was a *Gregory*) to *Mahomet* the second, Anno 1453. 1121 years after *Constantine* the great had finished it, and the succession of eighty Emperours, and they have a Prophecie, that a *Mahomet* shall lose it ; such fatal contracieties in one and the same name may be observed. So a *Baldwin* (Anno 1200.) was the first of the *Latines* Emperours in her, and a *Baldwin* (Anno 1260) the last. So *Philip* the Father of *Alexander*, laid the first foundation of the *Macedonian*

nian Menarchy; and *Philip*, the Father of *Perseus*, ruined it. So *Augustus* was the first established Emperour of *Rome*, and *Augustulus* the last. *Darius* the Son of *Histaspes* the restorer, and *Darius*, the Son of *Arsamis* the overthower of the *Persian* Monarchy. *Warner* in his *Albions England*, l. 8. cap. 44. observes the Letter *H.* to be ominous to this *Land*, producing much good or ill, too long here to remeniber; but to return to *Constantinople*: Saint *Andrew* first preached here the *christian* faith, to whom succeeded 23. Bishops, untill Saint *Alexander*, who was her first Patriarch or Metropolitan; for hee alone presided over all the *Greek* Churches dispersed through the *Orient*; his Diocese grew ample enough to inable his successor *John* to contend for the Primacie with the Pope of *Rome*, about the year 608. in the time of *Boniface* the third, but by the Judgement of *Phocas* the Emperour, the Church of *Rome* carried the Supremacie. *Blond.* l. 9. decas. 1. *Plat. Onuphr.* In the time of *Nicolas* the first, about the year 860. *Photius* the Patriarch separated himself from the *Roman* Church, withali denying that the *Holy Ghost* proceeded from the Son at all, but onely from God the Father, drawing to his errour the whole *Greek* Church, in which it still persevereth. *Zonar. Tom. 3.* But since the invasion of the *Turke* his Patriarckship is much lessened by three Patriarchs more set up, though under him, one at *Jerusa'lem*, one at *Alexandria*, and one at *Antioch*. Here have been held many of the General Councells, as the second, by Pope *Damasus*, against *Macedonius*, for the Divinity of the *Holy Ghost*. An. 381. The fith by *Vigilius*, against the *Origenists* and *Theodore*, An. 553. The sixth, by *Agathon* against the *Monothelites*, An. 680. The eighth, by *Adrian* the second, against *Photius*, the iconiclast. Many brave spirits has this City produced, as *Gennadius*, *Cassian*, and that Golden Mine of Eloquence, Saint *John Chrysostom*, her Archbishop. It stands on a Cape of Land near the Entrance of the *Bosphorus*. In form triangular on the East side washed with the same, on the North with the Haven, adjoyning on the West to the Continent, walled with brick and stone, intermixed orderly, having four and twenty Gates and Posterns; wherof five do regard the Land, and nineteen the water, being about thirteen miles in circumference. The noblest structure was Saint *Sophias* Church, once a *christian* Temple, twics burnt, but happily (in that so sumptuously) reedified by the Emperour *Justinian*, exceeding not onely the pattern, but all other fabricks in the world; one of the Gates thereto

thereof is by the superstitious people thought to be made of the planks of Noah's Ark: It is now a *Mahometan Mosque*. It fronteth the Sultan's *Seraglio*, where formerly stood the ancient *Bizantium*, divided from the rest of the City by a lofty Wall, three miles in circuit. That Palace, (not to describe it, but say only it wants nothing for Luxuriousness or State) however enlarged by the Ottomans, was first erected by *Justinus*, and called *Sophia* of his Empress, so *Agathius*. Next, the Ottoman *Mausoleas* require regard, built of white Marble. The seven Towers, called antiquitely *Fanacula*, now the *Arsenal*. The *Seraglio*, The *Hippodrom* for exhibiting of Horse-races are remarkable; of the antiquities, the chief are the Emperour *Valentinianus* Aqueduct, The Column of wreathed Brass. The ruined *Colosse*, The Historicall Pillar in the *Aurathafir*, (or market of women,) far surpassing both *Titians*, and that of *Antoninus* at *Rome*; the workman having so proportioned the figure, that the highest and lowest appear of one bigness. *Constantine's* Pillar, and the reliques of his Palace, now made a stable of wild beasts. The many others are perished, so little regard the Greeks their own Antiquities, y^evr can they sacrifice the inquirer of the History of their own calamities: So supinely negligent are they, or perhaps so wise, as of passed evils to endeavour a forgetfulness.

The *Turkes* now call this City *Stambus*. The ordinary houses are low and mean, of Sun-dried brick, (as has been said;) the possessions being not hereditary, they care not for sumptuousness; as also being oft subject to fires, whereof a most horrible one befell in the daies of *Leo*; and another not long after, in the reign of *Basilicus*; when amongst other infinite losses, that famous Library perished containing 120000 volumnes; where in the inward skin of a Dragon, *Homers Iliads* and *Odysses* were written; a losse beyond that of *Pallas's* Statute. Another hapned on *October*. 14. An. 1607. in which 3000 houses were consumed. Nor is it a wonder, the Citizens not daring to quench the fire that burneth their own houses; or pull down some to prelere the remainder: an office that belongs to the *Age* and his *Janizaries*: who nothing quick in their assistance, do often for spite or pillage beat down such houses as are farthest from danger. So that the mischief is not only wished for the booty, but prolonged; and not seldom they themselves begin it, by setting the Jewes houses on fire. So that the Citizens made wearis by the example, build rather under then above ground, for the safeguard

•f their goods, furnishing themselves with arched Vaults, wh ich are not to be violated by the flame. A great part of the City is taken up in Gardens and Orchards (as Gaunts in Flanders) so that it shews from the Sea or adjoyning Mountains like a City in a wood. The streets are for the most part exceeding narrow, and filled with dead walls belonging to great mens Seraglios. It hath been much infested with Earthquakes; and though the air is pretty serene, yet that boisterous Tramontan from the black Sea most violently rages here, bringing often with it such stormes of snow, that in September, the Trees then flourishing, are so overcharged therewith, that their branches break, accompanied with bitter frosts. The plague for the most part miserably infecteth this City, brought more by the concourse of strangers then the badnesse of the clime, and increased by the negligence of the Mahometans, who slight and shun it not, but putting their fingers to their foreheads, say, their destiny is written there, so they boldly frequent infected Persons, and converse with them promiscuously. The populousnesse of this City we may guesse at by what *Lippsius* relates out of *Benjamin a Jew* his discourse of Europe. viz. That the customes due to the Emperor, out of the victualls and Merchandise sold at Constantinople onely, did amount to 20000. Crowns a day; this argues them either great eaters, (though I know it being a maritime Town, much is exported) or their number must be more then *Botero* accounts, sr. 70000. soules. Which though a multitude, yet is no whit admirable considering its compasse; when we know there are far more in *Paris*, though that beautifull City is three miles lesse in circumference then Constantinople. There were counted in *Paris* long since 500000. Citizens besides stranges and soldiers (and those were no few that could maintain it against 100000. men led by the Dukes of *Berry*, *Burgundy* and *Bretagne*;) but since the number is much increased; so that the Commentator upon *Du Bartas* will have the inhabitants to be divers millions. Yet enjoyeth she health with her pleasure and prosperity, seldom feeling pestilence, never sarcity, so that in the better part of a years residence there, I never heard of one person dead or sick of the plague, a bosome that sweeps Constantinople, of her people; To these adde a Scepter of a Mahometan Tyrant, with the insolencie of slaves; and then O new *Rome* how are thy thus balanced profits and delights to be valued! saith our excellent *Sandys*; to whose exquisite Relation I refer you for a more exact and ample

ample description of Constantinople or *Bizantium*. And though after him (he is so copious, authentique and transcendent in all he did) I need name none other, you may also see others that helped me in this, and do faithfully describe Constantinople: as Sir Walter Rawleigh, Heylin, D' Iuigne, Eusthius, Boterus, Merc. Bellon. Onuper. Causin. &c.

[(21) Has cut an Afinego asunder, &c. This is the usuall triall of the *Perſian* Shamſheers or Cemiters, which are crooked like a crescent: of ſo good metall, that they prefer them before any other, and ſo ſharp as any Rafe. The hilts are without ward, moft have them of ſteel, ſome of Gold, the poor of wood. The Scabbards in ſolemnities they beſet with ſtones of value. *Herbert*.]

[(22) Some Magus] The *Magi* among the *Perſians*, were thole Philosophers that held the place of Priests and Sacrificers, reputed ſo cunning as they attributed more then naturall knowledge unto them, in expounding of dreams, and preſaging of good or evill events. There were ſome of this order in all nations; The *Greeks* called them onely Philosophers; The *Indians*, *Brachmanes*, and *Gymnosophifts*; the *Gauls* and *Britons* (amongſt whom they had their chief ſeats in Angleſy in *Wales*) *Drauids*, *Bardes*, and *Semnotheans*; The *Ægyptian*, Priests; The *Italians*, *Augurs*, and *Aruſpices*; The *Jews*, *Prophets*, and *Cabalifts*, from their *Caballa* or book of Doctrine and Traditions, which the *Rabbines* ſay was together with the Law of *Moses*, delivered to the *Hebreus*; The *Babylonians* and *Asyrians* called their *Southſayers*, *Chaldeans* (as our vulgar do all they account cunning women, *Gypſies* or *Ægyptians*) not that they all were of that Country, but because *Beloſhus Briftc.* 5. Monarch of *Chaldea* was the Author of divination by the flying of birds, called *Auſpiciuſ*; to these I might adde the *Scottiſh* *weirds* and many more. But to leave the names of the Profeffors, and ſay ſomthing of the art itſelf; of *Southſaying* there were four kinds among the *Romans*, *Ovid* alludes to them in this Diftic.

*Hoc mihi non ovium fibra, tonitruſe finiftri,
Linguave ſervata, pennave dixit avis.*

Trif. l. 1. Eleg. 8.

Nor

Nor left hand thunder taught me this, nor sight
Of a sheeps Entrails, nor Birds noise, or flight.

1. Auspiciūm the Auspices, quasi Avispices ab aves aspiciendo, fore-
told things by observing the flight of Birds, either on the right
or left; hence is *avis sinistra* interpreted, good luck; because
the givers right hand, in bestowing a benefit, is opposite to
the receivers left hand. So that in that place of Virgil

Sape sinistra cava pradixit ab ilice cornix Ecleg. 1.

Th' ill boading Crow croak'd this from th' hollow Elm

the Epithet *Sinistra* is not to be applyed to the Crow as flying
on the left hand (for that had been lucky) but as the word
is in other things received; so it presages evill; for *vice versa*
to the common acceptation, in these preposterous rites of south-
laying, the left hand is taken for the best: So *Intonuit larum*
is rendred, it hath thundred luckily: So Ovid speaking of
Romulus his prayer for successe in building of *Rome*, makes
him receive this prosperous answer.

Ille precabatur: tonitru dedit omnia Lævo
Jupiter: Et lævo fulmina missa polo.
Augurio lati jacient fundamina cives,
Et novus, exiguo tempore, murus erat.

Faſt. lib. 4.

So pray'd he: Jove with left hand Thunder sign'd
And lightning flash'd from th' left of Heaven, his mind.
All, at the Omen joy'd, foundations laid,
And the new wall, in a short time, was made.

Perhaps *Sinistra avis* is accounted lucky à *sinendo*, because
the gods thereby did suffer them to proceed in their purposes.
Therefore Tully saith, lib. 1. *de divinatione*, *A sinistrâ cornice*
ratum ex firmum augurium fieri: and in the Law of the twelve
Tables it is said, *Ave sinistrâ populi magister esto*. The Grecians
from hence in the judgement of *Lipſius* called the left hand
aceps, from *deser*, signifying, the best. They also made
great

great Judgement from the number of birds that appeared in the time of divination; hence *Romulus* was promised the Empire before his brother *Remus*, because hez had seen the double number. Of this *Ovid*, speaking of the contest between them, which should build the City,

Nil opus est, dixit, certamine Romulus, ullo.
Magna fides avium est, experiamur aves.
Res placet, alter init nemorosi saxa Palati:
Alter Aventinum mane cacumen init.
Sex Remus, hic volucres bis sex videt ordine, pacto
Statur: & arbitrium Romulus urbis habet.

Faſt. l. 4.

There needs, quoth *Romulus* no strife at all,
 Great faith to Birds is given; on Birds lets call,
 Of Grovy *Palatine* this climbs the height,
 And that of *Aventine*, with springing light.
Remus saw six birds, th'other twelve, good stil,
 The compact holds, and *Romulus* builds at will.

Much was guessed from the nature of the birds that appeared, whence the same *Romulus*, seeing the Vultures, was, *in faith* *Florus*; (cap. 1.) *plenus spei urbem bellatricem fore: ita illi assue- & fanguini & predae aves pollicebantur*; of which *Stadius*, *Florus* his commentator; *Vultures ideo potissimum in auguriis obseruatos testatur Plutarchus, quod rarissime & nisi fortuito conspiciantur; quod innoxij sint, nec xerapo vivant, & sui generis cadavera non devorent*. Hence comes the Phrases, *bonis avibus & auspiciis*, with good luck, *maliis avibus*, with ill luck; and because they would begin nothing *inauspicio*, *id est*, without the counsell of the *Augures*, hence *auspicari* rem hath been translated, to begin a matter. *Fr. Sylvius in orat. pro Cletio*.

2. *Aruspicio*. The *Aruspices* did divine by beholding the Entrails of beasts sacrificed, and were so called *ab aras. aspi- ciendo*, as also *Extispices*, *ab exta inspiciendo*; the Entrails of a beast being in old *Latine* called *Exta*. They obſerved whether the beast to be ſacrificed came unto the Altar willingly, without plucking and haling; whether he died without much ſtrugling, and loud bellowing; at one blow, or many; whether any unlucky object was ſeen or heard by them, whilst they were ſacrificing. When the beast was ſlain, they obſerved whether the bowels were of an unnatural colour, whe-

ther they were not ulcerous, exsiccate, or impostumated; or whether there was any part wanting or superfluous; as at *Julius Cesars* last sacrifice the beast wanted a heart, the worst of signes, and was followed with as ill luck. *Augustus* found two galls in his sacrifice, whereupon the credulity of the City concluded a hope of peace with *Antonius*; and the conjunction of persons in choler with each other. (Not that the one beast did live without a heart, or that the other had two galls; but the Devill to keep up this *Tuscan* superstition, foreseeing, or at least guessing at the fate of the Emperours, stole away the heart from *Julius Cesars* breast, and convey'd another gall into *Augustus's*) Moreover they would divide the bowells into two parts, *in partem familiarem*, whence they foretold what should fall to themselves and their friends, and *in partem hostilem*, whence they gathered predictions touching their enemies. Hence *Manto* in *Seneca* describing the entralls of the sacrifice, saith,

Hosstile valido robore insurgit latus.

Oedip. AE. 2. Scen. 7.

The enemies side with swelling tumours rise,

meaning by *Hosstile latus Partem hostilem*. As the sacrifice was burning, they considered whether the flame of the fire was smoake, whether the smoak rolled and tumbled in the air; whether it were of any continuance or no: these were unfortunate tokens. Those last which observed the fire and smoak, were called by a more peculiar name, *Copnomantes*, Smoak-Augurers, from *agnum funus*, and *partis Vates*. The *Romans* were taught this art by the *Hetruci*, *Hetrurians* or *Tuscans*; They learnt it of one *Tages* a little Devill, (boy I should say) who arising to certain Plowmen out of a furrow, taught them this skill, and vanished. So *Cicero*, *de divinat.* and *Ovid Met. I. l. 11.*

3. *Triplidium*. This kind of conjecturing is called *Auspicium caelatum*, quoniam necesse erat offa objecta cadere frustum expulli ore, cum pascitur. *Cic. de divinat. I. 1.* The word *Triplidium* is used by a Syncopation for *Terriplidium*, as much as *Terriprium*, i. e. rebounding of any thing cast on the ground: for *pavire* is the same with *ferire*: Others say, *Triplidium* quasi *tritio pedum*. So *Hubert. in lib. 60. Ep. fam. Cic.* It was a Divining

Divining by the rebounding of crummes cast to Chickins in a Coop, by the *Fularius* or Bird-Prophet, in the morning: If the Chickens came slowly to them, or not at all, but walked up and down, or set sullen, neglecting the bread; the enterprise inquired of was displeasing to the Gods: but if they came hastily, and eat greedily of the crummes, so that some fell out of their mouths again, the design should bee prosperous; and this was called *Tripidum Solistinum*. The Chickens were sullen the same day that *Tiberius Gracchus* was slain, and again they hed the pip, in the first *Punick* war, when *Publius Claudius* underwent the same fate; who, as *Valerius Maximus* records, so contemned the *Tripidary Auguratus*, as he commanded the holy Poultry to be cast into the Sea, saying, *Quia esse nolunt, bibant*, seeing they will not eat, they shall drink. These men died, not because the Pullers would not seed; but because the Devil foresaw their death, he contrived that abstinence in them. So was there no naturall dependence of the evnent upon the sign, but an artificiall contrivance of the sign unto the Event. An unexpected way of delusion, and whereby he more easily led away the incircumspection of their belief. And perhaps their own despair enervated them and rendred them the more easily their enemies prey; as *Machbed* the usurper of the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and murderer of his Master King *Duncan*, about the year of our Lord 1040, being told by some witches, that he should never be slain by any man born of a woman, was regardlesse of dangers, till comming to charge *Mackdusse*, (Governour of *Fife*, fighting for the right heir, *Malcolm Connor*) understanding that he was cut out of his mothers womb, she dying before her delivery, and so not naturally born, he was so daunted therewith, as, though otherwise a man of good performance, he was easily slain by *Mackdusse*. So strongly do the Devills amphibolous oracles or riddles work with them, in whom they gain credit, commonly to their overthrow. This *Tripidary Soothsaying* seems to have its originall from the *Lycians*, who to know future Events went to the Fountain sacred to *Apollo*, into which they cast baits, of which the fishes neglect was a sign of ill luck, as the contrary of good.

4. *Augurium*. This kind of soothsaying was said to be invented by *Carus King of Caria* a Province in Anatolia, west of *Lycia*. It was called *Augurium ab avium garru*, from the chirping and chattering of birds. The Colledge of the Augures at *Rome* was

was first appointed by Romulus himself, being very expert in South-saying. There were at first but three Augures, of each Tribe one. So *Pomp. Lætus*. The word *Augure* by the Trope *Synecdoche*, signifying all sorts of divining; *Servius Tullius*, the sixth Roman King when he divided Rome into four Tribes or Wards, added the fourth Augure, all elected out of the *Patritij* or Nobility. *Quintus* by *Cneius Ogulinus*, being *Tribunes* got five others to be chosen out of the Commonalty, at wth the Senate decreed, that the number should never exceed nine, notwithstanding *Sylla* being *Dictator*, added six more; the eldest was called *Magister Colegij*, or Rector of the College. The custome was, that if any other Priest was convicted of any notorious offence, he should be discharged of his Office, and another constituted; but the *Augures* for no crime could be dismissed. When he divined, he sat upon a Tower, in a clear day (holding in his hand a crooked staffe, called *Linus*) in his South-saying Robe, called *Læna*, and in Greek *χλαῖνα*, *περὶ τὸ χλαῖνον*, à calefaciendo, from heating, becaule it was well lined within, being garded on the out-side with purple and crimson gards; his head was covered, and face towards the East, so his back was West, his right hand South, and his left Northward. He quartered out the Heaven with his staffe into certain *Templa*, or Regions, observing in which the Birds did appear; then killing his sacrifice, and muttering certain prayers called *Effata*, he pronounced sentence. Nothing was confirmed without two lucky tokens, one after another; nor was any thing gain-sayed by the appearance of one onely evil token. Although *Plutarch* tells us (in *vit. Pyrr.*) that when *Antipater*, *Lysimachus*, and *Pyrrhus*, met to be lward upon the sacrifices, to articles of peace betweene them; there were three beasts brought to be sacrificed, a Goat, a Bull, and a Ram, of which, the Ram fell down dead of himself before he was touched, whereat the standers by derided, but the South-sayer *Theodotus*, perswaded *Pyrrhus* not to swear, saying that this Omen did threaten one of the three Kings with suddain death, for which cause *Pyrrhus* concluded no peace. The distinctions of south-sayings have been taken some from the event, thence called *Prospera*, or *Adversa*; some from the manner of their appearing, and that was either wished, called *Impetrativa*, or unwished, or *Oblitus*; some from the diversity of things that offered themselves in time of divining, and so there were five distinct sorts. Observations first, Of Thunder; Second, Of flying, or chattering of Birds; third

of Crummies cast to Pullets ; Fourth, Of Quadrupeds, which either should croste the way, or appear in some unaccustomed place ; Fifth, Of those casualties whereby the Gods testifie their anger to us, called *Dira*, because thereby, *Dei ira nobis innescit*, as falling of salt towards us at the Table, shedding of wine upon our Cleathes, bleeding so many drops, &c. as also voyces heard none know whence, or unnatural to the to the speakeis, as the Bulls crying in the second *Punick War*, *Cave tibi Roma*, and such voices as *Cadmus* heard when he overcame the *Serpent*; *Val. Maximus* gives you many of those Prodigies, and *Josephus* among the signs of the destruction of *Jerusalem*, and *Lucan* recounting the Omens that threatened Rome with civil wars. So *Julius Cæsar's* death was divined by the clattering of the Armour in his house, and the poysoning of *Germanicus*, by the sounding of a Trumpet of its own accord, an Owl schreeching in the Senate houle, was deemed eminious to *Augustus*, and a company of Crows accompanying home *Sejanus* with great clamours, unlucky to that high Favourite ; so was the shole of Ravens that hovered over the French Host at *Cressy*, (a little before our King *Edward 3^d* and his brave Sonne the black Prince engaged and routed it) too much observed by some there present. So, as *Homer* sings, (*Iliad. 1. 12.*) The *Trojans* storming the wall, or *Ramippo* which the *Greeks* had cast up to secure their Ships, saw an Eagle trusse a *Serpent*, but the *Serpent* so stung her, that she let her fall among them ; which Omen daunted most of them, especially *Folydimus* ; but how causelessly appeared by *Heftors* slighting the Augury, and his successe that day, though afterwards in the grosse, the Omen proved true. They also obserued what Objects they met fasting, and stumbling at the Threshold at going forth, and a thousand such fooleries ; so because *Brutus* and *Cassius* met a Blackmore, and *Pompey* had a dark or sad coloured Robe on at *Pharsalia*, these must needs be presages of their overthrow, which are scarce Rhetorical sequels, concluding metaphors from realities, and from conceptions metaphorical, inferring realities again. But I am too tedious, for more of this, I refer you to *Cicerio de divinatione*. *Penestella. Pomponius Letus. L. Florus. L. Ampleius. Godwin. D'Jaigne, &c.*

Of the Indian Sooth-sayers, or *Gymnosophiste*, *Plutarch* tells us *Alexander* took ten, whose discreet answers to his hard Questions, argued their wit no less then their judgement. The British Bards were accounted very cunning, and the *Egyptian*

Ægyptian Barchmans most famous, so that *Pythagoras* left his Country to converse with them; nay, his thirst and passion after this excellent commerce was so admirable, that he made nothing of circumcising himself, that he might with the more freedom and less suspition, pry into their profoundest mysteries. The same design led *Thales*, *Eudoxus*, *Apollonius*, nay *Plato* himself into Ægypt, and *Democritus*, *Empedocles*, and the same *Pythagoras* and *Plato* into *Perſia*, to comprehend (saith *Plutarch*) the *Arcane* of Philosophy and Divinity. For *Magic* in those dayes, was nothing else but that perspective science by which the hidden works of Nature were brought to light, and things natural distinguished from miraculous, good from bad, which made the worthiest Princes, especially those of *Perſia* studious in it; nor were they permitted to govern that had not some light therein; But as it is the course for all things to degenerate, so was this divine and excellent science corrupted. It was, say they, taught by *Adam* to his Sonne *Seth*, it was polluted and depraved by *Cham*, and his posterity, led by an impious curiosity to patch out Philosophy with Necromancy, and by charms and spells, to inquire that of evill Spirits, that by study they could not obtaine by nature. The *Hebreweſ* according to *S. Clement* (l. 4. Recog.) attribute the invention of evill Magick to *Mizraim* the Son of *Cham*, others to *Cham* himſelfe, who reigned in *Babria*, called by prophanē Authors *Zoroaſtres*. He wrote divers Books of Enchantment, containing 200000 Verses, burnt by *Ninus* King of *Aſſyria* after his Conquest. *Pliny*, l. 30. cap. 1. It took its source from three principal Arts, Physick, judicial Astrology, and Religion. Some divide it into infinite sorts, but as the Mountaine *Caucasus* running through many Countries, takes of every one a name, yet is still the same mountaine: So is this the same ſcience, however called by its ſeveral profeſſors. But the chiefe were three ſorts.

1. The *Perſian*, invented by *Zoroaſtres*, *Zorades*, or *Cham*.
2. The *Judaic* introduced as they ſay by *Moses*, but more probably by *Jannes* and *Jambæ* or, *Mambres* (*Syrus* calls them *Jannis* and *Jambaris*) who were with reaſon thought to be the Inchanter of *Pharaoh*, we finding in 2 *Tim.* 3. mention made of *Jannes* and *Jam'res* (or as ſome render it, *Jamnes* and *Mambres*) that withſtood *Moses*. The third was the *Grecian* Magick, mentioned by *Homer* in his deſcriptions of *Proteus*, *Circe*, and the *Syrenes*. It was brought into *Greece* by *Hofthanes* a

Perſian

Persian, that accompanied Xerxes, and afterwards published by another Hesbanes, at the suit of Alexander the Great. But of all, the Persian Magi were most renowned, no less for their stanch Religion and lives, than curious search into the secrets of Nature; they assisted at the service of the Gods, made prayers and sacrifices, believed the Resurrection and Immortality of the scule; they thought the world subsisted by their prayers, rejected Idols, busied themselves in presaging events, believing the Gods obeyed them, and that the aire was filled with Spirits, with the Manichees, making two principal, the one good, whom they call Jupiter and Hesmedes, the other bad, named Pluto and Arimanis. They held promiscuous Copulation lawfull, otherwise lived in great austerity, rejecting exterior ornaments, and the use of Gold. They ever held a wand in their hands, and went cloathed in white, as a mark of the candor and simplicity of their lives, they lay hard, eat ill, drank worse; bread, herbs, and cheeze, being their food, and their drink water, as having a touch of the Pythagorian sect, they abstained from all food that had life, or rather Pythagoras learnt that of them. Diog. Laert. l. 1. de vit. Philos.)

This Science once of such esteem for its sublimity, and being so farre elevate from the common, and by the exercise of personages of greatest honour and antiquity, is now by superstition joyned with the invocation of infernall spirits rendered odious. Some make two sorts of *Magick*, *Naturall* and *Divine*, one lawful, the other unlawful; the natural consists in the searching of the causes of all things, which is no more then the consummation of Philosophy. The Divine part is diabolical, being the abuse of natural things, joyned with the familiarity of wicked Spirits, so *Iamblique* (*Livre des mysteries des Egyptiens*) with whom agree *Froches & Porphyrius*, *lib. de Sacrif.*) he calls the first *Theurgie*, which is good and approuable, and may be termed the white or natural; the other *Georie*, or *Necromancie*, which is evil and damnable, vulgarly termed *The black Art*, and is divided into divers Classes, comprehended in these five, by *Hugues de Saint Victor*, (*Lin. 6. chap. 5. De Son Erudition Didascalque*.) The first he calls *La mantique*, or *Divination*, which is thus subdivided.

1. When it is applyed to the dead, it is called *Necromancie*.
2. When to the Earth, *Geomancie*.
3. When to the Water, *Hydromancie*.
4. When to the Air, *Aeromancie*.

S. When

5. When to the Fire, Pyromantie: It is practised with divers ridiculous Utensils, as Basins, Looking-glasses, Hatchets, &c.

The second sort he calls *Mathematique Magic*, comprehending three Species. 1. *Arsipicum*. 2. *Auspicium* / of both which before 1 and 3, L'Horoscope, when by the Constellation or Ascendent of any one, and Calculating his Nativity, we make judgements of his Fortune; this is judicial Astrology. The third he calls *Sorilegia*, or a Lot, when people cast Dice for their fortune, as in the Shepheards Calender, or any other way. The fourth *Witchcraft*, when by Ligatures, Charmes, Spells, ungrounded Amulets, Philters, or compacts people make use of evil Spirits to serve them: and the fifth, *Les Prestiges*, which we may render Legerdemain, or *Deceptionis visu*, Phantasies and illusions, when by the artifice of the Devil, things seem as they are not, as Witches to be turned into Cats, Wolves, to which to give credit, is perhaps as great an error, as to affirm there are no Witches at all. One Ingredient in their Rites, is the blood of Infans, which to obtain, Ovid seems to believe, that they turn themselves into the shapes of such familiar and household creatures as Cats, Owls, &c by a certain Oynment; and this themselves have confessed upon examination at Pampelona, Anno 1583. yet surely but illuded by the Devil, and their melancholy to their own destruction; for if the Devil cannot annihilate or destroy, how can he contract a body? therefore wise Judges have admonished, that men shold not give too ready a beliefe to the confessions of Witches, nor yet to the evidence which is brought against them, because Witches themselves are imaginative, belieyng oft times, that they do what indeed they do not. It was reported of the *Nevri*, a Nation of Scythia, that they could turn themselves into Wolves, and again assume their true shapes when they pleased. And *Sabinus* reports, how one accustoming to change himself into a Wolf, and again into a man, was taken and brought before the Duke of *Prusse*, accused by the Peasants for worrying their Cattel: a deformed fellow, and not much unlike a beast. He had a Soar on his face, the mark of a wound which was given him by a Dog, when he was a Wolf, as himself reported. He confessed, that twice every year he was converted into that shape, first about *Christmas*, and again at *Midsummer*; at which times he grew savage, and was carried with a certain natural desire to converse with Wolves in the woods, afflicted with pain and horror, while the hair was breaking out of his skin,

skin, and before he was thoroughly changed. For a tryall, he was shut up in prison, & carefully guarded, but continued unaltered; by which it appeared that this, as the like, proceeded from a kind of distraction, and strength of the abused imagination; the Devil doubly deluding both themselves and such as behold them, with phantasick resemblances, although Bodin affirms and strives to maintain the contrary. For the other ingredients of witchcraft, as the Spume of the Moon, (their fauress) or the dew of the Night, lopewerous herbes, pollutions of holy thing, &c. I refer you to Guids Met. 1.7: treating of Medeas bath for Aeson, and Master Sandys his learned Comment thereon: To Father Lewis Rocheome, his Pilgrim of Loretto, cap. 21. of the Pilgrims return, &c. To Deltrius disquis. Magic. and to our elaborate Poet Laureat Johnson, his Masque of Queens, in which infinite Poem he has treasured up all the knowledge of the Antients, of this Theam, of which all or most of the Antient Poets wrote something, bringing in some Witch; Homer Circe in the Odysse; Theocritus, Simaitha in Pharnaceutria; Virgil Alpheus; Ovid, Dipsas, in amor. Medea and Circe in Met. Titus; Saga; Horace, Candida, Organa, Veia, Folia; Seneca, Medea and the Nurse, in Herc. Oete; Petr. Aubin, Sagd in frag; Lucan, Eribo; and Claudian Megara. lib. 1. in Rufinum; still attributing to them such diabolickall and odious qualities as are sufficient to render them detested, and deter others from their wretched society, were it but for the penury, blutish nastiness, and deformity in which the Devil commonly keeps these his servants.

That grand enemy of man not being able to draw many to this grossenesse of evill, willing rather to play at small game then to stand out, have won them to a conceit of his smaller wares, though they will not seem to drive a solemn bargaine with the Merchant, such are Philtres, Charmes, Ligatures, Characters, and other superstitions waies in the cure of common diseases; what naturall effects can reasonably be expected, when to prevent the Ephialtes or Night-mare we hang upon hollow stome in stables? when for warts we rub our hands before the Moon, or commit any maculated part unto the touch of the dead? when for Amuletts against Agues we use the chips of Gallows and places of Execution? which kind are most frequent in Germany and Flanders, where when one is sick, all his acquaintance bring him their medicinall charms, so usuall there, as I was therre credibly informed, that a Preacher

cher setting himself powerfully to inveigh against Witchcraft, about the beginning of Lent, found so good successe, as that before Easter, more then 500. persons brought him their charmes and renounced them, Of this sort (no lesse then the Familiars, in some of those parts sold in shops) is the custom among some of their soldiers to be made Hard, Spit-free or Shot-free, &c. the Devill seconding hereby the expectations of men with Events of his own contriving, to obtain a bloody advantage, for he begets not onely a false opinion that his deceits are naturall causes, but such as leadeth the open way of destruction. Of this sort the Sympathetick, Powder and Weapons Salve seem to me, unlesse I could salve that Action in Philosophy, Non duru^{et} ~~et~~ indistans. Though they be sometimes successfull, tis not to be imputed to the belief of the Patient, or efficacy of the ingredients, which can have none at distance, but rather to some previous compact with the Devil; to whom rather then to be beholding for my life, I would choose to die; and however it be approved by many, yet not being plain to me; I should rather trust my body, if wounded, to the care of an ordinary Chirurgion, knowing, what ~~part~~ of Faith is Sin; and might expect more comfort of my health procured by a known lawfull, then if it had been obtained by a doubtfull means. Under this head may I put Palmistry and Judiciale Astrologie, which not seldom fail: but if they be grounded onely upon naturall Causes and people that have the same Ascendent and Lines must have the same fate, how came Jacob and Esau to have so different Fortunes, when their Births were so connexed, as the one had hold of the others heel? if in that short time the whole revolution of the Heaven changed, what certain Judgment can be made? And in Palmistry, why should it be continuall unto man, when the rules of it are common to beasts? as in the forefoot of the Moll, especially of the Monkey, there is the Table Line, that of Life, and of the Liver? This prying into the Arcana Dei let the wile counsell of Cato the prud ent Heathen dissuade.

*Quid Deus intendat, noli perquirere sorte.
Quid statuat de te, sine te deliberat ipse.*

lib. 2. de Morib.

Seck

Seek by no Divination Gods intents;
He without thee has fixt all thy events.

To say something of the *Sortilegium* or Divination by Lots, To determine doubfull matters by the opening of a book, and letting fall a staff, are ancient fragments of Pagan superstition. The first an imitation of *Sortes Homericae* or *Virgiliana*, drawing determinations from Verses casually occurring. The same was practised by *Severus*, who entertained ominous hopes of the Empire, from that Verse in *Virgil*, *Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento*; and *Gordianus* who reigned but few daies was discouraged by those words, *Ostendunt terris hunc ianum fata nec ultra esse sinunt*. Nor was this onely performed in Heathen Authors, but upon the sacred Text of scripture, as *Gregorius Turonensis* hath left some account; and as the practise of the Emperor *Heraclius*, before his expedition into *Asia minor*, is delivered by *Cedrenus*. The decision from the staff is an *Augurial Relique*, and the practise thereof is accused by God himself; *Hosea 4. 12.* *My people ask counsel at their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them.* Of this kind of Rhabdomancy was that practised by *Nabuchadonosor* in that *Caldean Miscellany*, delivered by *Ezekiel. cap. 21.* *The King of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two waies, to use divination: he made his arrows bright, he consulted with Images, he looked in the liver. At his right hand was the divination for Jerusalem; That is, and *Esius* expoundeth it; the left way leading unto *Rabbah* the chief City of the *Ammonites*, and the right unto *Jerusalem*; he consulted Idols and Entrails, he threw up a bundle of arrowes, to see which way they would light, and falling on the right hand, he marched towards *Jerusalem*. A like way of Belomancy or Divination by Arrows hath been in request with the *Scythians*, *Alanes*, *Germans*, *Africans*, and *Turks* of *Algier*. And (though by a more obvious witchcraft) *Cingis* the first great *Cham* of *Tartary*, about the year of grace, 1162. b.f.o.c he joyned battell with *Uncham*, one of the Kings *Tenduch*, consulted with his Diviners of the successe; they taking a green reed, cleft it asunder, and wrot on the one part the name of *Cingis*, and *Uncham* on the other, and placed them not farre asunder. Then fell they to muttering their Charms, and the two reeds a fighting in the sight of the whole Army, *Cingis* reed overcame the other, whereby they foretold the joyfull newes of*

Q

Victory

Victory to the *Tartar*, which accordingly happened. So *Theodatus the Gothe* (about the year 534.) being in warrs with the *Romans*, and willing beforehand to know his success; was advised by a *Jew* to shut up a number of swine, and to give some of them *Roman names*, the others *Gothish*. Not long after, the King and the *Jew* going to the sties, found the *Gothish Hogs* all slain, and the *Roman* half unbristled: whereupon the *Jew* foretold that the *Gothes* should be discomfited, and the *Romans* much weakened, and so it fell out. This kind of Divination some call *Oeguaria*, and hath been prohibited by a generall Councell, and is with its other kinds often condemn'd and threatened with punishments by God himself, by the mouths of his holy Prophets, especially *Ezekiel*. If any think that *Elishe* practised *Eleomancy* when by an arrow shot from an Eastern window, he presignified the destruction of *Syria*, and when according unto the three stroaks of *Isaiah*, with an arrow upon the ground, he foretold the number of his victories, 2 Kings 13. they may know that that was done by the spirit of God, who particular'd the same, and determined the stroaks of the King unto three, which the hopes of the Prophet expected in twice that number. From the same spirit proceeded those cures in Scripture, by means not to us effective. The Divine power either proceeding by visible means, or not, unto visible effects, is able to conyjoyn them by his cooperation. And therefore those sensible waies which seem of indifferent Natures, are not idle ceremonies, but may be causes by his command, and arise unto productions beyond their regular activities. If *Nahaman the Syrian* had washed in *Jordan* without the command of the Prophet, its like he had been cleansed by them no more then by the waters of *Damascus*. There is no cause to doubt if any besides *Elishe* had cast in salt, the waters of *Jericho* had not been made wholesome. There was some naturall vertue in the plaster of figs applyed to *Ezechias*, and gall is very mundificative, and was a proper medicine to clear the eye of *Tobit*; which carrying in themselves some action of their own, they were additionally promoted by that power, which can extend their natures unto the production of effects beyond their created efficiencies. And thus may he operate also from causes of no power unto their visible effects; for he that hath determined their actions unto certain effects, hath not so emptied his own, but that he can make them effectuall unto any other. So cannot the Devil, having no power of his own, as a creature

ted essence, but that onely that is permitted to him, all which he stretches to make himselfe seeme equall with God; so that we may call him Gods Ape, assuming the annexes of divinity, and the prerogatives of the Creator, drawing into delusive practise the operation of miracles, and the prescience of things to come. See more of this in Doctor Browns *Pseu. Epid.* l. 1. cap. 10. & 11. lib. 5. cap. 21. & 22. The Devill hath also made men believe that he can raise the dead, that he hath the key of life and death, and this leads me to *Necromancie*, which is divination by the dead; when to foretell some event, some dead body is called up: as *Lucan. lib. 6.* makes *Pompeyes* Son *Sextus* go to the witch *Erictho*, to enquire the issue of the war, she quickens a dead carkasse that informes him, then by a spell laies it again. The like was acted in the body of *Samuel* by the Witch of *Endor*, when King *Saul* went to Iearn of her what event his war with the *Philistines* should have; although whether done by divine permission, or diabolical illusion, is as yet in controversie. But more probable it seems, since the Devill can transform himself into an Angell of light, that he assumed the shape of *Samuel*. Insomuch that the apparitions of Saints and Angells (of no small danger to the credulous and unstable) are not secure from deception. For to me it seems hard, that the Devill should have power of the body of a Saint, and holding that the dead do rest in the Lord, that we should yet believe they are at the lure of Devill: that he who is in bonds himself, commandeth the feters of the dead; and dwelling in the bottomleane Lake, the blessed from *Abrahams* bosom. The opinion of the reall Resurrection of *Samuel* is chiefly grounded upon that in *Ecclesiasticus* (praising *Samuel*) cap. 46. v 2. After his death he prophesied, and shewed the King his end, and lift up his voice from the Earth in Prophecie. Such expound those words in the story. 1 Sam. 28. 19. *To morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me*, in the Grave, onely, in the state of the dead: farther they cannot go; for if it were the Prophet, had he spokon of the particular place wherein he was, he would not have spokon so generally, take the place either for Heaven, or *Limbus patrum*. for the *ce* we may fear *Saul* and his two Sons *Abiathar* and *Malchishus* never came: If it were the Devill, and meant local Hell; to have spoken plain, he should have laid *thou and thy two sons*; for *Jonathan* the Eldest and friend of *David*, was slain too, but left us pious hopes of his better

Victory to the *Tartar*, which accordingly happened. So *Theodatus the Gothe* (about the year 534.) being in warrs with the *Romans*, and willing beforehand to know his success; was advised by a *Jew* to shut up a number of swine, and to give some of them *Roman names*, the others *Gotthisb.* Not long after, the King and the *Jew* going to the sties, found the *Gotthisb. Hogs* all slain, and the *Roman* half unbristled: whereupon the *Jew* foretold that the *Gothes* should be discomfited, and the *Romans* much weakened, and so it fell out. This kind of Divination some call *Oeguariia*, and hath been prohibited by a generall Councell, and is with its other kinds often condemn'd and threatened with punishments by God himself, by the mouths of his holy Prophets, especially *Ezekiel*. If any think that *Elisha* practised *Belomancy* when by an arrow shot from an Eastern window, he presignified the destruction of *Syria*, and when according unto the three stroaks of *Isaiah*, with an arrow upon the ground, he foretold the number of his victories, 2 Kings 13. they may know that that was done by the spirit of God, who particular'd the same, and determined the stroaks of the King unto three, which the hopes of the Prophet expected in twice that number. From the same spirit proceeded those cures in Scripture, by means not to us effective. The Divine power either proceeding by visible means, or not, unto visible effects, is able to conyjoyn them by his cooperation. And therefore those sensible waies which seem of indifferent Natures, are not idle ceremonies, but may be causes by his command, and arise unto productions beyond their regular activities. If *Nahaman the Syrian* had wash'd in *Jordan* without the command of the Prophet, its like he had been cleansed by them no more then by the waters of *Damascus*. There is no cause to doubt if any besides *Elisha* had cast in salt, the waters of *Jericho* had not been made wholesome. There was some naturall vertue in the plaster of figs applied to *Ezechias*, and gall is very mundificative, and was a proper medicine to clear the eye of *Tobit*; which carrying in themselves some action of their own, they were additionally promoted by that power, which can extend their natures unto the production of effects beyond their created efficiencies. And thus may he operate also from causes of no power unto their visible effects; for he that hath determined their actions unto certain effects, hath not so emptied his own, but that he can make them effectuall unto any other. So cannot the Devil, having no power of his own, as a creature

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condition: but that plainnesse of speech he might wave to keep up the controversie, making it his work to sow dissencion; as also to speak here like himself, elsewhere, all whose answers and Oracles were amphibolous and misticall: But for more of this I refer you to Saint Augustine, lib. 2. q. ad Simplician: where he proposeth both the opinions as probable.

But to reassume the busynesse of note, the *Magi*: *Magus* signifies as much as ΣιρΩ, *Sapiens*, a wise man: so were the Philosophers in *Persia* and the East named, though now by the corruption of the Science, its an odious name, *Magician* alias *Conjurer*, though we might as well deprave the name of *Divine*, it certainly comming à *Divinando*, from those antient Diviners or Sooth-sayers. So *Tyrannus* at first did onely signifie a *Monarch* and absolute King, but came afterwards by the abuse of Royall Authority to be taken for a cruell and evill Prince; In like manner the word *Lacrones* signified of old such as were the guards of Princes; but grew in time by their disloyalty to be understood of Robbers and Thieves. Out of the *Magi* the antients chose them Kings, and chief officers; *Cambyses* second Monarch of the *Medes* and *Persians*, at his expedition into *Egypt*, constituted *Patizithes*, one of the *Magi*, Vice-Roy in his absence. And the *Magi* or wisemen led by the star to *Bethleem* to adore our Saviour were Kings, as say Saint *Hierome*, Saint *Augustine*, Saint *Chrysostom*, Saint *Anastasius*, Saint *Isidorus*, *Tertullian*, and *Remigius*: perhaps Kings of Cities or some narrow Territories or *Topacks*, such as the Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, the Kings of *Ierico* and *Ai*, the 31 Kings that *Joshua* subdued, and such as the friends of *Iob* are thought to have been; but their number is not expressed, much lesse their names, in Scripture; Saint *Augustin* saith they were three, perhaps led thereunto by the number of their gifts. For their names *Franciscus* *Maurelicus* hath them in his *Martyrologe*, agreeing with the written Tables annexed to their reputed Tombes in *Collein* in *Germany*, viz. The first was called *Melchior*, an old grave Person, who offered Gold as unto a King. The second *Gasper*, a young man, who presented Frankincense as unto God. The third *Belibazar*, a Blackmore, who offered Mirr, as unto a Man ready for his Sepulchre. That they were Kings of *Collein* is the vulgar opinion; but though *Collein* was the chiet City of the *Ubii*, then called *Ubiopolis*, and afterwards *Agrippina*, in honour

honour of *Agrippa*, *Nero's Mother*, and lastly *Collein* by the by *French*, who there planted a Colonie, yet do no story say there were three Kings thereof. Besides, then they after their return would probably have converted their Subjects, it being their proper vocation, they being (saith *Chrysostom*) baptised and made Bishops by *Saint Thomas the Apostle*; but according unto *Munster* their Conversion was not wrought untill seventy years after, by *Maternus* a Disciple of *Saint Peters*. Lastly, the wise men came from the East; but but *Collein* is seated West from *Ierusalem*; for *Collein* hath of Longitude 34. degrees, but *Ierusalem* 72. A more probable opinion it is, that they were of *Arabia*, descended from *Abraham* by his second wife *Keturah*, and this the aforesaid Table allowes; First, because they came from the East, and so is *Arabia* in respect of *Ierusalem*; as also, because in them was fulfilled the Prediction of the royal Prophet, *Psalm. 72.* The Kings of *Arabia* shall bring gifts. Their bodies are said by *Eckius* and others to have been translated by *Saint Helena*, the mother of *Constantine*, unto *Constantinople*: From thence by *Eustorphius* Bishop of *Millain* unto *Millain*; and finally brought unto *Collein* by *Rainoldus* Bishop thereof, *An. 1164.* of which place they may be called Kings rather from their Sepulchre then Territory.

The *British Magi* also, or *Draides* were their Magistrates, they took their name and beginning (as some will) from *Druis*, fourth King of *Britain*, great Grandchild to *Samothes*. (supposed to be *Mesech* Son of *Iaphet*, who some make the first King here, saying he here first of any arrived and peopled this Isle, *An. Mundi 1787.* after the *Flood 131.* years, and before the Incarnation of our Saviour 2158. He came into *Europe* together with *Gomer* and *Fuisco* or *Aschenas* founders of the *Western* and *Southern Gauls* and *Germans*. He inhabited the *North* and *East* parts of *Gaul* and *Germany*, from the *Alpes* to the *Rhene*, from the *Pyrene* Hills to the *River Seine*, and so to the *British* shore, and the *land* it selfe) such will have Poets called antiently *Bardes* (and among the *Welsh Bardes* to this day) from *Bardus* the royal *Orpheus* of this Isle, fifth King thereof, and Son to *Druis*.

They also will have the *Magi* of all Nations of *British* extraction, taking the science of divine Philosophy, and the Name too, from *Magus* Sonne of *Samothes*, and second King of *Brittaine*, the same man that to perpetuate his name, built

among the *Gauls*, *Neomagus*, *Sitomagus*, *Rhotomagus*, *Novimagus*, &c. though his Science shall outlast his Towns. These *Brittish Magi*, might as well send their Name as Learning, to the East, their King *Sarron* (say they) Sonne to *Magus*, and third King of *Brittaine* (to whom they impute the first foundation of Schools and Universities in this Isle, and elsewhere) by them perswaded, sent by *Timagen*, and others of them, the first knowledge of Literature, to *Athens* and *Egypt*. But it seems the *Brittish* learning, like their wool, thriveth better in a hotter Climate then their own; for they tell us, that *Bladud* (8th King of *England*, then called *Leugria* of *Loctrine*, Son of *Brute*, first King of that Division) studied at *Athens*, and brought thence four Philosophers, who professed the Sciences at *Stamford*, where he founded an University which flourished till *S. Augustines* time, when the Pope did interdict it for Heresies (perhaps that of *Relagius*) that then sprung amongst the *Saxons* and *Brittaines*. So *Mr Harding, Slatyer, Pale-Albion*, &c. (though in our more authentique records, I find not any thing like an University at *Stamford*, till in the Raign of King *Edward 3^d* upon some contention between the Southern and Northern men in *Oxford*; many of the Scholars removed thither, and there held publique Schools of all sorts of learning, but left it again, and returned, being commanded so to do by the Kings Proclamation, & thereupon it was ordained in the University, that the Scholars in taking of their degrees, should make oath, not to read publickly at *Stamford* to the prejudice of *Oxford*.) This King *Bladud*, was held so great a *Magician*, as that he founded *Bath*, and the three hot medicinable springs there by his Art, then called *Caer Badon*, by the old Brittons, from *Badon* or *Mons Badonicus* not far off, *Velasla Sigura* Hot waters, by *Ptolemy*, and by *Antoninus*, *Aqua Solis*, respecting their nature. Here *Bladud* one day practising *Necromancy*, decked himself with feathers, and presuming (*Icarus* like) to fly, fell, and brake his neck upon the Temple he had there built to *Apollo*, He raigned 863 years before the incarnation of our Saviour; from this *Bladud*, many will have *Magic* (his great Masterpiece) called the *Black Art*, a far fetch'd Etymology, but perhaps as well *Black Art* from *Bladud*, as *Magick* from *Magus* King of *Brittaine*. These relations are not altogether to be derided, though they seem to have been composed by some more affectionate to the honour of their Country, then

then the purity of story ; they are arrested by learned and worthy Pens, and (though none need to feign any thing to honour Great Brittaine (as she lately stood) it's iust such should find more credit, then that impudent Detractor Polydore Virgil, that maliciously compiled her story to abuse her, by leaving out, nay burning and embezling her best and most ancient Records, Monuments, and Legier Books, that his own might not be contradicted, (having a large Commission under the Great Seal, to make search for all Antiquities that might make for his purpose ;) yet for all this, he hath ill luck to write nothing well, save the life of King Henry the seventh, wherein he had reason to take a little more paines then ordinary, the Book being Dedicated to Henry the eight his Sonne, though even in that piece he is so far excelled by our eloquent Lord Verulam, as I must either retract that Polydore wrote well, or allow it but to make him the better foyle to Bacon, who shews there was no need of Italian help to the Brittish History.

One great Art of the *Magi*, was the Exposition of *Dreams* among st them, believed of grand importance, holding, that though sleep be the Image of death, Dreams are the portraiture of life ; though *Cassius* reasoning with *Brutus* about the apparition to him in *Sardis*, laboured according to his *Epicurean* *seft*, to Father all upon deception, and the strength of imagination ; (*Plut. in vit. Brut.*) And though Dreams are more often Histories then presages, grounded upon things that are in being, and which we have seen ; for the imagination which is the Couch and Nursery of Dreams, representeth commonly what she hath received ; yet Dreams are not alwayes of nature, but also of the inspiration of God, as *Jacobi*'s Ladder, *Joseph*'s Sun and Moon, and 11 Stars, *Pharoahs* fat and leane Kine, &c. So *Richeome Pilg. Loret.* and as *D^r Brown* observes, *Rel. Med.* There is surely a neerer apprehension of any thing that delights each of us in our *Dreames*, then in our naked *senses*, & *Paulo* post, *The slumber of the body*, seems to be but the *waking* of our *soules* : It is the ligation of our *sense*, but the liberty of *Reason*. With him, seem to agree *Galen* and *Aristotle*, in their singular Tracts of *Sleep*. And *M. Sandys*, in his Commentary upon *Ovids Met. l. 11.* Defines Dreams, those Images which are formed in our *Sleeps* by the various discursion of the *spirits* in the *brain* (the *spirits* being the *Chariot* of the *soul*) which follow concoction, when the *blood* is least troubled,

troubled, and the phantasie uninterrupted by ascending vapours. These the Poet divides into three kinds, the one imitating the Rational, the other the Animal, and the third the Inanimate : the first called *Morpheus*, which signifies Form; the second *Icelos* by the Gods, which is similitude; but *Phobetor* or fear, by Mortals, in regard of the terrors apprehended by beasts and Monsters; and the last *Phantasus*, of the Imagination. And as the Cogitations of Princes, far differ from those of the vulgar, so their Dreams are unvulgar and different: to this purpose M. Howel in his vocal Forrest, *Oftentimes the conceptions of Kings, are as farre above the Vulgar, as their condition is, for being higher elevated, and walking upon the battlements of sovereignty, they sooner receive the inspirations of heaven.*

As sleep was created to recreate the body, and free the mind from care for a season; so, Dreams are sometimes sent to terrifie the guilty (as those that the Usurper Richard the third is reported to have had, the night before the great deciding battel at Bosworth field). Sometimes they are to confirm the good (as those that the Earl of Richmond (afterwards King Henry the leuenth) had on the aforesaid night) and they are not seldom propheticall (as they proved to those two Princes.) So *Ovid* (it being the busynesse of Poets, in the contemplation of Nature, to represent things that are not as if they were) makes *Morpheus* present her diowned Husband *Ceyx*, to *Alcyone* in a Dream, and *Caesars* wife *Calphurnia*, foresaw her Husband's Tragedy in her sleep, but examples are innumerable; yet such divine Revelations were often imitated by Spirits of darknesse, to beget a superstition, which in the end so increased, that *Aristides* compiled an *Ephemerides* of his own Dreams; and *Mithridates* of those of his Concubines. But the Romans finding the inconveniences thereof (because all Dreames without distinction of Causes, were drawn to Divination) forbade the same by a publique decree, though they, more politiquely then wisely, made their Religion and Auguries ever serve their occasions, as *Machiavel* observes at large in his discourses upon *Livie*. Much ado I have to take off my hand from describing their method in expounding of Dreams, as to dream of the dead, signified receiving of Money, to dream of waters and green fields, the death of friends, &c. As also their manner in procuring of Dreams, as wrapping themselves up in beasts skins, and lying on their backs before the

the Temples, with a branch of Mistletoe in their hands, or laying of an odd number of Bay-leaves under their pillows, which they held efficacious to produce true Dreams, &c. But such superstitions I had rather omit, seeing I need not tell them to the learned; nor am I willing to teach them to the ignorant, whom I refer to the Text, where they shall see (borrowed of the incomparable Sir Philip Sidney) that

— Wisdom and virtue be,
The only Desirius set for man to follow, &c.

[(23.) Larr] Larr is a sandy Kingdom, adjoyning upon *Susiana*, almost wholly a Desert, being for 400. miles together sterile, full of loose sand and danger, having high hills on each side without Grasse, River, or Herbage. It hath for the seat of justice, a City of the same name, seated under the Latitude of 27 degrees and forty minutes North, fourteen dayes journey distant from *Shiras*. This City is ancient, and had about fifty years since 5000 houses in her, of which 3000 were overturned by an Earth quake. 'Tis now famous onely for a strong Castle, and handsome *Buzzar*; the Castle is built at the North end, upon an high aspiring Mountaine, well stored with Ordnance brought from *Ormus*: the order and Scituacion of this Fort and Fabrick, equalizing, if not preceding any other in *Perfia*. Here is a *Mosque* or Temple, framed in some part with *Mosaique* woorke, and round in figure; at the entrance hangs a Mirror or Looking glasse, wherein *Mahometans* behold their deformities. This Church lodges the great long named, long buried Prophet *Emyr-ally-saddey-a-meer*, whose sleep (they say) has been 1500 years long in that Sepulcher; they expect his Resurrection shortly to wait upon *Mahomet*, of whom he prophesied 500 years before his birth.

This Town affords Dates, Orentes, Aqua-vitz, or Arack, &c, but is very ill watered; some Maps place it by a great River, wherein they mistake so exceedingly, that there is not any River within 100 miles of it: Rain is also a great stranger here, not a shower somtimes in five years, when it falls, it brings incredible joy and profit to the people, and sun-burnt Country, though sometimtimes no leesse detriment; for not long since, such a violent storm of Rain unburthened it self near to *Tecboe*, that caused such a suddain deluge and Cata-ract, as a Catavan of 2000 Camels perished by it. The people are black and needy, amongst whom many miserable

Jewes

Jews inhabit, and have their Synagogues. This City and Province, were under the great Duke of *Shiras*, of whose reducing of it to the *Persian Crown*, see the 19th Note upon the Fourth Act. *Herbert, &c.*

[(24) B A I A Z E T S Cage] see the 10th Note upon the Fourth Act.



ANNOTATIONS UPON THE FOURTH ACT.

[(1) B *izantiums walls of fire*] The ancient walls of *Bizantium*, or *Constantinople*, were said to be of a just even height, every stone so cemented together with brass Couplets, that the whole wall seemed to be but one entire stone. Some affirm the same of the outmost wall of *Jerusalem*. The *Epithet Fiery*, I ascribe to *Bizantiums* wall, it being built of brick and stone intermixed orderly. So was *Thebes* said to be walled with fire, being walled with flint-stone, in which that fierce element is most predominant.

[(2) Good *Gelden*] meaning *Elchee*. See the 8th Note upon the third Act.

[(3) *Hircania*] See the sixth Note upon the third Act.

[(4) *The valiant Amazones*] In *Cappadocia*, about the River *Thermodon*, which runs through *Anatolia*, into the *Euxine Sea*, the *Amazones* were said to inhabit, so called, either *quasi aquilas*, because they used to sear, or cut off their right paps, that they might be no impediment to their shooting, or throwing of their lavelins; or from *άρμα*, *fine pane*, because they used not bread: or from *άμαζης*, because they used to live together, or from a Queen of *Ephesus*, Priestesse to *Diana*, called *Amazone*.

They were, according to *Pliny*, *Justin*, &c. a people of *Scythia*, that valiant Nation, which at several eruptions, dilated its self over the whole world, (therefore stiled by divers Authors,

Authors, the Mother of all inundations, *Vagina Gentium, & Officina generis humani*) famous it was in both Sexes, the men being founders of the *Parthian* and *Bardian*, and the women of the *Amazonian* Empire, about the year of the world, 2100. the occasion this, in the time of *Sebastis* King of *Egypt*, the *Scythians* broke into *Asia*, bringing with them their wives, and household Gods; but there happening a quarrell between the rest of the Nobility, and *Plinios* and *Scolpythus* the Generals, those two separated themselves, and their faction from the rest, and staled between the Rivers *Manais*, and *Thermelon* in *Cappadocia*, a long time they cembated, and oft defeated the *Themiscyrii*, who were the inhabitants of that Region, but at last, by a stratagem of theirs, lost their Army. Their wives now doubly vexed, (both with exile and widowhood, and the extremity of gusef,) and fear, producing the usuall effect, desperatenesse, they not only defended their borders against but set upon the Conquerors (weal ned before by their Husbands) and not onely overcame them, but infinitely enlarged their Dominions, under the conduct of *Marpesia* and *Lampedo*, their two Queens, late wives to the two forenamed Captaines; then finding the sweetnesse of Rule, they not only resolved to continue Widdows, but made so such as yet were not, by murdering all the men in the Country, permitting none either to stay therein, or to enter in, but some few for drudges. They proclaimed themselves Daughters of Mars, and defied the world, of which they conquered a good part, according to *Justin*, lib. 2. Their two Queens, *Marpesia* and *Lampedo*, made war by turns, they subdued the better parts of the continent of *Europe*, and many Cities in *Asia*, where they built *Ephesus*, (though it was perfected by *Andronicus* the Sonne of *Codrus*) and many other Cities.

Part of the Army they sent home with a noble booty, the rest that stayed to defend *Asia*, was overpowred by concourse of the barbarous Nations, and put to the sword, together with their Queen *Marpesia*, in whose place succeeded her Daughter *Orithya* in the Throne, famous no less for her martial achievements, then her inviolate chastity. At length having by War obtained peace, for successions sake, they used during two months in the Spring to accompany with their Neighbours, especially with the *Sarmates*, saith *Pliny*, (lib. 6. cap. 7.) who were their subjects, with the *Gele* and *Leleges*, saith *Plutarch* (in vit. *Pomp.*) The female issue they trained up

to war, searing the left breasts of the noble women, lest they might hinder their wearing of shields; and the right breast of the common women, that they might not impede the drawing of Bows. The Male issue (say some) they killed, others say they sent them to their Fathers when they were weaned, breaking the legs and arms of those few whom they reserved for drudgery, that they might be useless for war, and fit only for procreation and husbandry. Grown thus famous, it was fit they should be honour'd with the contention of *Hercules*, which happened thus: The King for whom that stout *Hero* performed his twelve Labours commanded him, as a thing impossible to fetch him the Armour of the *Amazonian Queen*; He with *Theseus*, and the choice youth of *Greece*, shipt in nine Gallies, and assaileld their Country, at such time as their valiant *Queen Orithya* was making war abroad, so that he found the lesse trouble in over-coming the other *Queen Antiope*: *Theseus* took *Hippolyta Antiope* sister prisoner, married her, and of her begat *Hippolitus*. *Hercules* took the other sister *Manalippe*, and for her Ransom, took the Queens Armour, and returned to the King that sent him. *Orithya* to revenge it upon the *Greekes*, demanded aid of *Sagillus*, King of the *Scythians*, who sent her a Noble Army of Horse, led by his Son *Panaxagoras*, but then the Athenians vanquished. To *Orithya* succeeded *Penthesilea*, who got fame before *Troy*: She being slain, her people continued their feminine Empire till *Alexanders* time, their *Queen Mintbia*, alias *Thalestris*, after she had obtained 14 days company with him to have issue by him, dyed, and with her, the name of the *Amazones*: so *Justin*. *Plutarch in vit. Thes.* (agreeing with *Seneca*) calls the *Amazon* that *Theseus* took *Antiope*, and alledgedeth the authorities of *Hellacanus*, *Menecrates*, *Pheracydes*, and *Herodotus* for it, that he made that voyage alone, after *Hercules's*. *Dion* saith, he brought her away by stealth, not force, invited her to his Ship, then hoisted sayl. *Clidemus* the Historiographer, agrees with *Justin*; but which sister soever it was, either *Antiope*, or *Hippolyta*, (though *Theseus* his naming his Son by the *Amazon* *Hippolitus*, as most say (though *Pindarus* saith he called him *Demophon*) rather inclines me to believe it was *Hippolyta*) it's certain the *Amazones* invaded *Greece* to revenge it; to do which, that they passed over the arm of the sea called *Bosporus Cimmericus*, being frozen, as *Hellacanus* reports, is scarce credible, more like it is that they came by Land; for in *Thessaly*, (through which they could not passe without fighting) there

are seen some of their Tombs, about the City of *Scosse*, hard by the Rocks called *the Dogs head*: that they subdued the Country about *Athens*, and much of the City too, is evident in that they pitched their Camp in the very City, and fought *Theseus* in the place (called *Prifice*) adjoyning to the Temple of the Muses; This also the Graves of the women that dyed there do testifie. *Theseus* having sacrificed unto the Goddesses *Feeare* (according to the advice of the Prophesie he had received) gave them battel in the month of *August*, on the same day on which the *Athenians* do solemnize the feast *Boetromia*. *Clidemus* writes the circumstances of the fight, which was fierce and hot, in which the *Athenians* were repulsed severall times, and at last it proved little more then a drawn Battel. After four months, peace was made, by the meanes of *Hippolyta*, (though some say she was slain fighting on *Theseus*'s side with a Dart, by *Motpadia*) in memory whereof, the Pillar which is joyned to the Temple of the *Olympian* ground, was set up in her honour. However it's certain, the war was ended by agreement; for a place adjoyning to the Temple of *Theseus* bears record of it, being called *Orcomofum*, because the peace was there by solemn Oath concluded; and the sacrifice also doth truly verifie it, which they made to the *Amazons* before the feast of *Theseus*, time out of mind. That of the Poets, that the *Amazones* made war with *Theseus*, to revenge the injury he did to their Queen *Antiope* in refusing her, to marry *Phedra*, seems but fiction, though indeed after the death of his *Amazonian* Queen he married *Phedra*, whose violent lust was the ruine of his noble Sonne by his Heroine Lady, to wonder expressed by *Seneca* in his excellent Tragedy, Entituled *Hippolitus*. What ever was the cause of the War; it was so well managed, as it seemed not the enterprise of a Woman; so *Plutarch*. Others Epitomizing the story of the *Amazones*, say, they were a Race of warlike women in *Cappadocia*, managing courageous Horses, expert themselves, and instructing their Daughters in military exercises, and became so famous and formidable, that in the end it drew on the courage of *Hercules*, together with the desire of *Hippolita*'s rich Belt to assail them; and that *Hippolita* and *Menalippe*, sisters to the Queen *Antiope*, challenged *Hercules* and *Theseus* to single Combat, and were at last (to their eternall credits) hardly vanquished. *Hercules* (say they) slew *Antiope*, and took *Hippolyte* prisoner, whom he gave to *Theseus* his companion, as the reward of his merit in that service. In this War he so weakned

weakened their forces as they became a prey to their Neighbours; who after a while extinguished in those parts both their name and Nation. *Penthesilea* with the remainder flying her Country, assisted *Priamus* in the wars of *Troy* (for the innate hatred which her nation bore to the *Greeks*) of which *Virgil*:

*Duois Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis
Penthesilea furens: mediisq; in milibus ardet,
Aurea subnecvens exerte cingula mammæ
Bellatrix, audetq; viris concurrere Virgo.*

Aeneid. 1.

Penthesilea on the numerous Bands
Rush'd with her Crescent-shielded *Amazons*,
A golden Bend swathing her scared Breast.
Bold maid! that durst with armed men contest

She was there slain by *Achilles* or by *Pyrrhus* his son. *Pliny* reports that she was the first that invented the Battellaxe. *Plutarch* saies part of the *Amazones* did inhabit on the side of th: Mountain *Caucasus* that looketh towards the *Hyrcanian Sea*. And *Plato* affirms that there was a Nation of *Amazones* in his time in *Sarmatia Asiarica*, at the foot of *Caucasus*: from whence it should seem their Queen *Ithalestria* came into *Hircania* unto *Alexander*, that she might have a Daughter by him, who participating of both their spirits might conquer and deserv the world. But *Strab* doubts by the uncertainty of Authors (though in the story of no Nation do Historians punctually agree) and the unlikeliness thereof, that there ever were any such women. And *Palephates* writes, that the *Amazones* were a People courageous and hardy, who wore liamen shashes on their heads, and gowns to their heelcs (as now the *Turkes* do) suffering no hair to grow on their faces; and therefore in contumely were by their Enemies called women. This opinion may be made yet more probable by that of *Plutarch*, in *vit. Pomp.* viz. that in the battell that *Pompey* fought with the *Albanians* by the River *Abas*, there were certain *Amazones*, on the barbarous Generall *Cos* his side, who came from the Mountains that run along the River *Thermos*; for after the Victory, the *Romans* spoiling the dead, found Targets

Targets and Buskins of the Amazons, but not one woman's body. *Georopius* a late Author conceives them to be the wives and sons of the *Sarmatians*, who invaded *Asia*, together with their Husbands, and after planted in *Cimbria*; which he endeavours to prove by certain *Dutch* *Etymologies*: This conceit some will have arise from what others write, *viz.* that they were called *Sauromatides*, from their feeding much upon Lizards, in Greek *σαυρα*. *Francis Lopez* and *Ulrichus Schimdel* find them in the River *Orellana* in *America*: called thereof the River of *Amazones*: and *Edward Lopez* affirms, that there are of these in *Monomotapa* in *Africa*, nineteen degrees Southward of the line; the strongest guard of that Emperour as the *East Indian Portugalls* acknowledge. Some of the antients place *Amazones* in *Lybia*, among whom were the *Gorgons* under their Queen *Medusa*, subdued by *Perses*, *Cal.* l. 6. cap. 12. *Silius Ital.* l. 2. The Moderns send us to the Islands of *Japan*; next to the *Taupinamboas* to find women that burn their right breasts not to hinder their combating. *Possidonius* agrees with *Strabo* l. 4. *Geogra.* in making mention of a certain Island of the Ocean near to the River *Loir* (which some think to be *Noirmouster* near *Poitou*) where were women that permitted no men amongst them, but went by Troopes to accompany with the *Samnite Gauls*, and after conception returned to their Isle. So *D' Juigne*.

[(5.) *Phineus Harpies*] *Phineus* the son of *Agenor*, some make King of *Phoenicia*, some of *Thrace*, some of *Paphlagonia*, but most of *Arcadia*; he having pulled out the eyes of *Crambus* and *Orythus* his Sons by *Cleopatra* (otherwise called *Harpalyce*) his first wife, daughter to *Boreas* and *Orybia*, at the instigation of their Step-mother *Idea*, the daughter of *Dardanus* King of *Scythia*, was himself struck blind by the divine Vengeance for his unnaturall cruelty, the ravenous *Harpies* being sent to devour his food, and contaminate his Table: but the *Argonauts* in their Journey to *Colchos* being curiously entertained by *Phineus* (a Prince of their blood and alliance, he having likewise informed them concerning their voyage, and given them a Pilot,) sent the *Boreades*, *Calais* and *Zetes* the winged Issue of *Boreas* (now reconciled for the injury done to his innocent Nephewes,) to chase them away, who pursuing them as far as the *Strophades* (two small Islands in the *Ionian Sea*, now called *Strivalii*) were there commanded by *Iris* to doe no further violence to the *Doggs of Jupiter*, whereupon they desisted, and the Islands of their return

turn were named *Strophades* (a *Στροφαίον Κονυματίον*) being before called *Plotes*. So the Fable, of which *Virgil*.

— *Strophades Graio stant nomine diffe
Insulae Ionio in magno; quas dira Celano,
Harpieq; colunt alia: Phineia postquam
Clusa domus: mensasq; metu liquere priores.
Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec sevior illa
Pestis, q; ira Deūm Stygiis sece extulit undis.
Virginei volucrum vultus fedissima ventris
Proluvies, uncaq; manus, q; pallida semper
Ora fame.* — *Aeneid. l. 3.*

— Isles I'th' Ionian Sea, in Greek
Call'd *Strophades*, did dire *Celano* seek,
And th' other *Harpies* when they'd (frighted) flown
Phineus bart'd gates, and Table once well known.
No Monster's worse then they, a fierer Plague
The wrath of Gods ne'r rous'd from *Stygian* Lake.
They're Foul with Virgin faces, purging ere
Their Pauches, arm'd with talons bent to tear,
And still with famine pin'd. —

The *Harpies* are feigned to be the daughters of *Neptune* and *Tellus*, of old esteemed the Parents of Monsters, some lay them to *Neptune* alone, the Sea (for the most part) being Father of Prodigies; and not without cause, for according to *Thales Milesius*, all things are engendred of Humour, whence it commeth that the Ocean is called Father. Some will have them take their name of *Harpalyce Phineas* his wife, being sent to revenge the wrongs done to her Sonns; but it seems more probable that they were so called of *Ἄργος Rapi*, being the Emblemes of Rapine and wrong. They are said to be Virgins, in that barren; because goods so gotten descend but seldom to posterity. To fly, in that they are swift in extorting; to be covered with plumes, for cloaking their prey; and to have talons of vultures, for griping and fast holding of their ill gotten riches. These qualities are also charactered in their names, *Aello*, *Ocyptetes* and *Celano*, signifying a taking away that which is another's, celeritic in the Act, and subtiley in concealing: those three *Virgil* mentions, *Hesiod* names but the two first; *Homer* calls the last *Podarge*, and saith that of her the wind *Zephyrus* engendred the Chariot Horses of *Achilles*.

ebilles, named *Balius* and *Ximphus*. The *Harpyes* are said to have the faces of women, in that Avarice, of which they are the Hieroglyphicks, allures with a beauteous pretence, but ends in a Serpent; to this allusion some Mythologists, and among them our excellent *Sandys*, restrain the whole Fable, making *Phineus* said to have put out his sonnes eyes, in having abandoned wisdom and Liberality; to have lost his sight, and to suffer perpetuall Famine, in that so blinded with avarice, that he could not see into himself, nor afford himself the necessaries of life. The *Harpyes* (called elsewhere his Daughters) are his covetous desires, not suffering him to eat of the meat that was set before him, himselfe polluting it with his sordid disposition, being infected with *Solomons* evill, to have riches, and not a heart to use them; therefore tormented with furies, those being said (as *Servius* observes) to be afflicted with Furies, who covetously abstained from the use of their own, excellently exprested by *Virgil* in the punishment of *Tantalus* *Aen.* 1. 8. *Calais* and *Zetes* import a calling of himself to account, and a diligent inquiry into his own condition, by a speedy Reformation, expelling those ravenous *Harpyes*, though forbidden utterly to destroy them, in that they are the Dogs of *Jupiter*, the Ministers of his wrath upon the covetous, who are ever their own Tormentors. Neither is this Fable of the *Harpyes* unnaturally wrested to Flatterers, Delators, prodigal Sycophantes and greedy Officers, who devour the Treasure, and pollute the fame of Princes, abused in their trust, and blinded in their understandings: *Calais* and *Zetes* are no other then timely advice and swift execution (they are therefore winged) in freeing Courts of such Monsters. *Natales Comes* makes a somewhat different Mythologie, understanding by the *Harpyes*, the winds, *l. 7. Myt. Du Bartas* (in his third day) called the petty fogging Lawyers *Harpyes*; it being a common Metaphor to exprefie any by, that are rapacious, injurious, or blood-suckers of poor people. The misery *Phineus* sustain'd by them, and his happy deliverance from them, are wittily described by *Ronsard* in his Hymn of *Calais* and *Zethes*.

[(6) *My all the Scorpions of Cushan sting thee.*] *Cushan* (or for the better sound, *Cushan*) is a famous City in *Parthia*; some six miles distant from *Spawhawn* the Metropolis. The people are orderly, and more given to trade then in the neighbour Cities, *Silkes*, *Sattens*, and cloath of Gold are her

ordinary Commodities, plentifull, and at a reasonable rate. She is well seated, well peopled, and well built. Here is a *Caravanstraw* or common *Inne*, which exceeds all in *Persia*, and is fit to entertain the greatest Prince in *Asia*, yet built by King *Abbas* onely for Travellers to lodge in, upon free cost. 'Tis two large stories high, the material Brick, varnished and coloured with knots and *Arabian Letters*, Posies of *Azure*, red, and white. From the Basis 'tis built six foot high of good stone. The Fabrick is *Quadrangular*, and each proportionable Angle 200. paces. In the middle is a fair large Court, whereof in the midst is a foursquare *Tanck*, or *Pond* of pure Water, about it are spacious and fragrant Gardens. This civility of the King to strangers is seconded (as they say there) even by the stinging Scorpions and Serpents that infest this City and the neighbour Country in great abundance, whose Love and understanding the inhabitants report to be such to Travellers, as that they never hurt them. These Scorpions so numerous here, as it is a frequent curse throughout all the *Persian Empire*, *May a Scorpion of Cushan sting thee. Herbert.*

[(7.) *My Uncle and my Grandire*] meaning *Emir-hamze-Mirza* and *Mahomet Cadoband*. See the first and second notes upon the first Act.

[(8.) *Paradise*] The *Paradise* which *Mahomet* promises to his sect exceeds the vanity of a Dream, and all old wives Fables; though it is to be more then conjectured that he took his Pattern from the Poets *Elyzium*, but hath so far mistook his copy, as of an ingenious Fancy, to present an absurd extravagancy. Thus *Tibullus* describes *Elyzium*.

*Sed me, qui facilis tenero sum semper amori,
Ipsa Venus campos ducet in Elysios.
Hic chorea, cantusq; vigent, passimq; vagantes,
Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves.
Fert cassiam non culta seges, totosq; per agros,
Floret odoratis terra benigna rosis.
Ac juvenum series teneris immista puellis
Lucit, & assidue praelia miscet amor.
Hic est quicunq; rapax mois venit amanti,
Et gerit insigni myrtlea ferta coma.
Eleg. l. 1. Eleg. 3.*

But me, whose heart to soft Love easily yields,
 Venus shall lead to the Elyzians fields.
 Here Song and dance abound; Their slender throats
 The tripping Birds still strain for pleasing notes.
 The wildest shrub doth odorous Casia yeeld,
 And Roses each where paint the beautious field.
 Youths mixt with tender Virgins there dilport,
 And still encounter in an amorous sort.
 What Lover e're untimely dies is there,
 A Myrtle wreath crowning his glorious hair.

And thus Virgil, speaking of *Aeneas* his going thither to
 visit his Father Anchises:

*Devenere locos latos, & amena vireta,
 Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesq; beatas.*
Largior hic campos aether, & lumine vestit
Purpureo : Solemq; suum, sua sidera norunt.
Pars in gramineis exercent membra palafritis ;
Contendunt ludo : & fulva luctantur arena.
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos,
Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum.
Jamq; eadem digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno.
Hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles ;
Magnanimi heros, nati melioribus annis.
Ilusque, Assaracuq; & Troia Dardanus author.
Arma procul, currusq; virum miratur inanes.
Stans terra defixa hastae : passimq; soluta
Per campos pascuntur equi, que gratia currunt,
Armorumq; fuit vivis, que cura nitentes
Pascere equos eadem sequitur tellure repositos :
Conspicit ecce alios dextra, laevaq; per herbam
Vescentes, latumq; choro paana casentes,
Inter odoratum lauri nemus ; unde superne
Plurimus Eridani per sylvam volvitur annis ;
Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi :
Quiq; sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Quiq; pij vates, & Phœbo digna locuti :
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes ;
Quiq; sui memores alios fecerit merendo :
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vista;

A E N. I. 6.

Fair Greens they reacht, places of joyfull rest,
 Sweet Groves, and happy Mansions of the blest,
 Here larger air with purple rayes the fields
 Of their own Sun and stars possest, guilds.
 In flowry meads some strive with foot and hand,
 Some try their strength upon the golden Sand.
 Some dance, and chear their measure with a song.
 The *Thracian* Poet, in robes grave and long,
 Renowns on seven sweet strings his sacred skill,
 Now stopps his hand, now strikes his Ivory quill.
 Teucers old Stock, a noble race, here stood,
 Magnanimous Hero's, born when times were good.
Ilus, Asaracus, and who *Troy* did found,
 Their empty Chariots he admires: ith' ground
 Their spears stuck fast, their bruised Arms laid by
 And charging Horses grazing carelessly.
 Look what delight steeds Arms or Chariots were
 To them alive, they still the same were here.
 Others he saw on either side advance
 Themselves, and sing glad *Peans* in a dance,
 Shaded with odorous Laurel Groves, whose sides
 Silver *Eridanus* wash with frequent tides.
 Here triumph those did for their Country die,
 And Priests that kept their vow of Chastitie.
 Poets that sung layes worthy of their God,
 Such as invented Arts for humane good,
 And those whose merits have their names renouwd,
 All their blest heads with snowie Garlands bound.

And again, in the person of *Museus*,

Nulli certa domus: Lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumq; toros, & prata recentia rivis
Incolimus. ————— *ibid.*

No certain seats have we: curld shadie woods
 Cool Banks, and meads stil fresh with Chrystral floods
 We do enjoy. —————

Mahomet's Paradise, according to the *Alchoran*, lib. 1. cap. 2. is as big as Heaven and Earth, which is all the world: but where is it then? or else we must say, that God hath created another world besides this; but it were endless as bootleſſe, to question *Mahomet* for absurdities: The *Alchoran* in another place, saith, that God created seven *Paradises*, or seven Mansions, each of which is called a *Paradise*; these are all wrought with Gold and Silver, Pearls and precious stones, and have divers Palaces Halls, Chambers, and Gardens, stored with fruit Trees, two of each sort; under which Palaces runne Fountains and Rivers of water, milk, honey, & most sweet wine. In the midst of *Paradise* (as the *Alcoran* affirms, and the *Sunē* describes) is a Tree called *Tuba*, as big as all *Paradise*, whereof some leaves are of Gold, others of Silver, and the branches thereof cover the walls of *Paradise*. The *Sunē* layes, that in every leaf of it, the name of *Mahomet* is written, joynly with the name of God, running thus, *Le ilche ille allab Mahumed razolloa*, (i.e.) There is no other God but the Lord, and *Mahomet* is his Messenger. The *Alchoran* (l. 3. c. 19. in the Chapters of *Sacrifices*, of *Mount Sinai*, of the *Glorious*, of the *Falls*, and of *Man*, l. 4.) describes how these *Paradises* are furnished, and adorned with Tapestries and Beds, with Curtains and Vallens of Cloath of Gold, of Purple, of silk, not forgetting the Quilts, Chairs of Gold, and precious stones, &c. Together, after what manner the *Moors* shall sit and lie on these Beds and Couches, ever jocund and merry, not knowing Care or Grief. The said Chapters describe a Fountain in *Paradise*, called *Celzebile*; and another called *Zengebila*, the waters whereof are whiter then snow, and sweeter then honey; but more especially, there is the rare fountain called *Alcazar*, (by a singular Chapter Al. l. 4.) reserved for *Mahomet* alone, though a strange ingrossement; for he saith it is 70000 days journeys in length and breadth (70000 is a frequent number with him) and the water hereof purer and sweeter then of the rest. In this Fount are many Bowls, Glasses, and drinking Vessels, as there are stars in the firmament. The said Chapters mention and describe the Pages which are alwaies in *Paradise*, called in *Arabick*, *Guildemin Mohalledun*, (i.e.) eternal Pages, not of the race of men; they are as beautiful as precious stones set in Gold, and are cloathed in silk, green, purple, and *Zunduz*, (i.e.) Tissue upon Tissue. These wait continually with

full Cups, Flaggons and Beakers of Gold and Silver. The said Chapters treat of the chaste Virgins which God hath created for *Paradise*, called *Horbim*, and in the singular number *Hora*; they are reclused, well watched, and guarded in their Palaces; their Garments are wonderfull, and their beauty is as the light: Nay, *Mahomet* in the *Suné* saith, that if any one of these Virgins should appear at Midnight, she would enlighten all the world like noon-day: and if she should spit in the Sea, all the water in the Sea would become as sweet as honey.

Furthermore, the said Chapters mention their Carkaners, Rings, Jewels, Coronets, and Trinkets of all sorts, whick are prepared in *Paradise* for them, and that these Virgins are not of humane race, but are continually created for the *Musselman*, they dayly have their lost Virginities restored, continue ever young, (there, as here at 15. and the men as at 30.) and are ever free from natural pollutions. The *Suné* mentions a feast, which God will make to men and women in *Paradise*, which it calls *Hadrat Alcoduz*, God makes this feast in the *Paradise*, called *Genetu Alcoduz*, (i. e. *The Paradise of the Holy*, and is the sixth in order among the seven hinted at before. *Mahomet* layes also, that after a time, he will by visiul of his generall Redemption release the *Moores* who have deserved Hell fire; they shal come out of Hell black & burnt, and he will bring them to his fountain *Alcauzar*, wherein they shall wash and become white as snow; being so purified, he will lead them to the other *Moores* that never deserved Hell. After this he saith, that God shall command the Angel *Gabriel* to take the keyes of the *Paradise of the Holy*, for to make his feast there, which keyes are kept by another Angel, of whom when *Gabriel* demands them, the said Angel shall put his hand to his mouth, and shall draw forth thence 70000 keyes, each of which is 70000 leagues in length: and when the Angel *Gabriel* shall assay to take up the keyes, he shall not be able to lift them, because of their great weight, hereupon he shall return to God, and say, Lord, I cannot lift the keyes from the ground because of their great weight, and God shall say unto him, go again, and call upon my holy name, and the name of my friend *Mahomet*, and then take the keyes and bring them hither: then shall *Gabriel* call upon those names, and take up the keyes and bring them unto God, with which keyes he shall open the said *Paradise of Alcoduz*, where they shall

shall find a Table made ready, of a Diamond 7000000 dayes journeys in length and breadth, with leats of Gold and Silver about it, and on it spread Napkins and Table-cloaths richly wrought and woven. Then shall God command all the *Moores* to sit down at the Table, and the forelaid Pages shall attend them with their golden Bowls, and set before them most delicious Cates and Fruits of all sorts, and skenk unto them the Wine and Water of *Paradise*. They having eaten and drunk, the Pages shall come with rich apparel for every *Moore*, wherewith they shall deck themselves, and put their Jewels and Bracelets on their Arms, Legs, and Hands, and Rings into their ears; then the immortall Pages shall enter again, every one with a dish in his hand, and in the dish a Citron, and shall present to every Male of the *Moores*; as soon as they shall smell every one to his Citron, one of the aforesaid Virgins shall issue out of it most gallantly attired, and perfumed as the spring, and beautifull as the morning; she shall imbrace her *Moore*, and he her, and so shall they continue in that sweet Act, embracing each other the space of fifty years together, without rising or separating from each others body, all the while rioting in the sweets of youth and beauty. After they shall have thus taken their pleasure (saith *Mahomet*) God shall say, O my servants, now ye have eaten and drank, and are cloathed, and adorned with jewels, and have taken your pleasure in my *Paradise* and glory, I will now shew you my glorious face; he sayes, that God shall remove the vails which he hath on his face, and shall shew his glorious visage to all the *Moores*, and they shall all fall to the ground, through the brightnesse which shall proceed from the face of God, and then God shall say, O my servants, arise, and rejoice in my glory, without fear of ever dying, much lesse of being sad or discontented to eternity; Then (sayes he) they shall lift up their heads, and behold God face to face, in which vision they shall take unspeakable solace. Then shall they all go from this to the other *Paradises*, to wit, every one accompanied with his Virgin, shall go into his own Palace or Mansion, there eternally eating, drinking, and taking his pleasure, joyful, and void of fear, of death, or hurt.

Lastly, *Mahomet* promises, that he himself, at his own cost and charges, will make another feast to all *Musselmen*, at his sweet fountain *Alcangar*, with his own hand, giving to every one of them to drink of the water thereof, whereof who so

drinks (he saith) shall never thirst ; the greatest truth among so many Gulleries, wherein *Andreas Maurus* makes himself sport with these two defects. The first is, that whereas *Mahomet* holds forth so magnificent Palaces, and is so careful of contriving and furnishing of them with all sorts of conveniences, he makes no mention of Easements ; especially having spoken of so much eating and drinking, and of such laxative things too as Hony and sweet Wine. The second defect is, that he that loved Women so well, doth not make their glory & pleasure equal to the mens ; he gives the men fine easie Wenchs, and why should not the women in like manner, have their eternal servants ? They must needs take it discourteously ; nay instead of Glory and Pleasure, he gives them anger and sorrow, which they must necessarily feel when they see their Husbands which they had in this world, embracing other women fifty years together, and they left comfortless like Widows. Such is the absurd glory of *Mahomet* delusive Paradise ; yet with these fooleries is half the world bewitched, the impostor cunningly debelling and forbidding all learning, lest the light thereof should dilcover the grosseness of his absurdities. as it surely doth in those few that can attain it, under so strict a restraint : as *Avicen* that great Philosopher and Physitian, who flourished about 500 years since, when *Mahometisme* had not yet utterly extingushed all good literature, who was by lineage an Arabian of a Royal house, in Religion a *Mahometan*, but by Country and Habitation a Spaniard, and Prince (as some write) of *Corduba*, he (forced by the strength of his Reason) in his Books *De Anima*, & *De Almabad*, strives to vindicate the most intelligent of his Sect, from the literal belief of this *Elyzium*, and excuses his Prophet for proposing it so fraught with sensual delights, as meerly allegorical, and necessarily fitted to rude and vulgar Capacities ; for (saith he) if the points of Religion were taught in their true form to the ignorant dull Jews, or to the wild *Arabians*, employed together about their Camels, they would utterly fall off from all belief in God. But its like he here makes his Prophet (as some Commentators do their Authors) speak more then he ever meant, being ashamed of him in grosse, as appears *Tract. 9. cap. 7. &c seq.* where laying down for a while his outward person of a *Mahometan*, and putting the habit of a Philosopher ; in his Metaphysicks seemeth to make a flat opposition between the truth of their faith received from their Prophet, and the truth

truth of understanding by demonstrative Argument. But however *Avicen* and the Learned may see into the folly of their Doctrine (to which they are yet held by Interest, and that strong charm, *Reason of State*) the vulgar and illiterate look no further then the Letter, swallowing all with an implicit faith, so strong in them, as that the poor *Azapi* or foot soldiers being covetous of these delights in *Paradise* (promised (by an high policie) most eminently to such as die for their Country) make nothing to precipitate themselves into the most horrid gulphes of eminent danger, nay, even to fill up ditches with their bodies for the *Janizaries* to march over, and mount the walls of assaulted fortresses. See the *Alcoran*, *Johannes Andreas Maurus* his confutation thereof. *Sandys*. *Herbert*. &c.

[(9) Cowes eyes] *Mahomet* promises that the Virgins in his imaginary *Paradise* shall have great Cow eyes (as big as eggs) which they have in principall repute; affected both by the *Perians*, *Turks* and *Grecians*, as it should seem from the beginning. *Homer* attributes it, as an especiall excellency unto *Juno*;

Tρῶν οὐραῖς εὐτελα' βοῦτις μότυα Ἡρώ

'ΑΙΓΑ'Δ α'.

Then *Juno* with the Cowes fair eyes replied.

So Master *Sandys*, (the exactest of all Translators) and Mr. *Chapman* render it, and the Latin Heroic Translation reads, *Juno oculis veneranda bovinis* : though in the vulgar version it is but *magnis oculis predita Juno*. We meet with the same verse again in *Homer*, *ll. 4.* as if the best of Poets knew not a more honourable attribute then this to ascribe to the Queen of Gods; the Cow of all beasts having the fairest eye, fullest of spirits, and of their true colour too, black, which hue they ever preferr'd in womens eyes and hair. *Anacoron* bids the Painter draw his Mistresse so, *Ode 38. & 39.* with hair black and shining; dark arched, eye-browes, circular and almost meeting; and Eyes black and sprightly. And *Ovid* Loves chief Priest, his judgement is

Eff etiam in fusco grata colore Venus.

Amor. l. 2. Eleg. 4.

The

The Nut-brown beauties ever taking were.

And again,

Leda fuit nigra conspicienda coma. ibid.

Leda was lovely shaddow'd with black hair.

The *Turkish* and *Persian* Ladies dresse themselves still as after these patterns: they put between the eye-lids and the Eye a certain black Powder with a fine long pensil, made of a mineral brought from the Kingdom of *Fez*, and called *Alcoshole*; which by the not disgracefully staining of the lids, doth better let forth the whitenesse of the eye: and though it troubles for a time, yet it comforteth the sight, and repelleth ill humours. Into the same hue (but likely they naturally are so) do they die their eybreis and eyebrows: (the latter by Art made high, half circular, and to meet, if naturally they do not) so do they the hair of their heads as a foyl that maketh the white seem whiter, and more becoming their other perfections. So *Mr. Sandys*, *Tr. l. 1.*

[(10) An Iron Cage &c.] *Bajazer* fourth King of the *Turkes* (having possessed himself of the greatest part of *Thrace*, subdued much of *Greece*, with the Country of *Phocis*; and twice, though in vain, besieged *Constantinople*) *An. Dom. 1397.* (having an Army of 50000. men) encountered with *Tamberlane* (whose force consisted of 80000. *Tartarians*, or, as some write, more, viz. 40000. horse, and 60000. foot) near unto Mount *Stella* in *Bythinia*, a place destined for Conquest to strangers, *Pompey* having there vanquished *Mithridates*: *Bajazer* (with the loss of 20000. of his People) was overthrown, and being brought before *Tamberlane*, was by him asked, what he would have done with him if it had been his fortune to have fallen into his hands? He answered, he would have inclosed him in a Cage of Iron, and so in Triumph have carried him up and down his Kingdom: *Tamberlane* commanded the same to be done to him; professing that he used not that rigour against him as a Prince, but rather to punish him as a proud ambitious Tyrant, polluted with the blood of his own Brother *Jasup*. *Bajazer* (late one of the greatest of Princes, now the scorn of Fortune, and a by-word to the world, shackled in fetter and chains of gold, and

and as some dangerous wild beast) coop'd up in an Iron Cage, made open like a grate, that he might be seen on every side, and so carried up and down through Asia, to be of his own Subjects scorned and derided; and, to his further disgrace, being upon festivall daies used by his greatest enemy as a footstool to tread upon when he mounted his Horse; and at other times scornfully fed, like a dog, with ewans fallen from his Table;) having for two years, with great impatience, lingred out this most miserable thraldom, finding no better means to end his loathed life, he did violently beat out his brains against the bars of the Grate wherein he was inclosed. An. 1399. Yet of his death are divers other reports; some say that he dyed of an ague, proceeding of sorrow and grief; others, that he poisoned himself. The Turks affirme, that he was set at Liberty by Tamberlane, being by him beforehand poysoned, whereof he dyed three daies after his inlagement; but the first is the most generally received opinion concerning his death. His dead body, at the request of his Son Mahomet, was by Tamberlane sent to Asprapolis, from whence it was afterwards conveyed to Prusa, and there lieth buried in a Chappell near unto the great Mahometan Temple, without the City, Eastward, by his beloved wife Despina, and his eldest Son Erbogrol; and hard by in a little Chappell lieth his crine, his brother Jacup, whom he in the beginning of his reign murdered. *Turc. Hist. &c.*

[(11) My treachery to the English it alledges; That hept me to take Ormus &c.]

Ormus is an Ile within the Gulf of Persia, about twelve miles from the Continent, in old times known by the name of Geru, before that Ogoris, some say from the famous Theban of that name. Its circuit is but small, about fifteen miles; neither doth it proeinate any thing note-worthy, salt excepted, of which the Rocks are participant, and the silver shining sands promise sulphur; but however barren, its much famed for a safe harbour, and for that it standeth conveniently for the traffick of India, Persia, and Arabia; so that the customes onely afford the King thereof (who is a Mahometan) no lesse then 140000 Xeraffes yearly (a Xeraffis is as much as a French Crown, or £. l. sterl.) Some will have appertaining to the Crown of it, a part of Arabia felix, and all that part of Persia that is environed with the Rivers of Tabo, Tiffindo, and Druto, together with the Iland of Bassaria, not far from it, and divers other Iles in the Gulf. An. 1506.

it

it became tributary to the Portugals (still permitting the King, but as their Liege-man) who first fortified it, and built a City of the name of the Island, about the bignesse of Exeter, with some Monasteries and a fair Market-place, though now little; but the Castle retains that former beauty which gave occasion to that universall laying of the Arabians.

*Si terrarum orbis, quaqua patet annulus eſſet;
Illiſus Ormuſum gemma decuſq; forer.*

If quaint Art could into a Ring compile
The world, the Diamond should be Ormus Ile.

Abbas King of Persia finding himself bearded by the Portugall commaunded *Emangoly Duke of Shiras* to assault the Ile, who with 15000. men wan it, sackt and depopulated the City, but not without the help of some English Merchants ships, commanded by the Captains serving the *East India* company, Captain *Weddal, Blyth, and Woodcock*. Their Articles with the *Persian Duke* were to have the lives of the Christians therein at their dispole, some Cannons, and half the spoil: and accordingly when the City was enter'd, after a brave and tedious resistance (forced to yield by Plague, Fluxes, and Famine) every house of quality, Magazen, and Monastery was sealed up with the signers of the Duke and Merchants; By which good order the Company might have been enrich'd with 2000000. l. *Sterling*) though but their share) had it not been prevented by a base *Saylers covetousneſſe*, who, regardless of the danger of his life, or the Christians credit, stole into a sealed Monastery, committed sacrilidge upon the Silver Lampus, Chalices, Church-stuffe, Crucifixes, &c. and came forth laden with so big a pack as discovered his theft, whch, being led to the Duke, he confes'd, and was right handsonly corrected; but the greatest redounded hereby to the English; for hereby the *Persians* took advantage to repine before the Duke, that they far idle whilst the *English* purloined away their hopes; The Duke (glad of the occasion) bad them be their own carvers, which they soon were so liberally, as they left nothing for the second commer, the confidenc *English* all this while carrouſing a-board their ships, and bragging of their Victories and hopes; Only Captain *Woodcock* had good luck and bad, lighting upon a Frigot laden with Treasure, which he mad: his owne prize.

prize, worth 1000000. of Rials, but soon after, hard by the Swally Road without the Barr, he lost the *Whale*, his own ship (swallowed by the sands) and then his life by sorrow. The poor City is now disrobed of all her bravery, the *Perſians* each moneth conveighing her ribbs of wood and stone to aggrandize *Gombroon*, not three leagues distant, out of whose ruines she begins to triumph. *Ormus* has no fresh water, but what the clouds weep over her in compassion of her desolation, that is preserved in uines, or earthen Jars for drink, and to cool sleeping places. The priviledges which the *Engliſh* enjoy for their service at *Ormus* are, they have a Staple at the new Port Town *Gombroon* or *Bander*, (as the Natives call it) their houses, and the Dutch Merchants being apparent from the rest, by their Ensignes flying a top their Tarrasses. In January here yearly arrive *Engliſh* and *Dutch* ships from *India*, and here the *Engliſh* are not onely Custome free themselves, but their Agents receive Custom of all strangers, in recompence of their service at *Ormus*. *D'Juigne*, *Heylen*. *Herbert*.

[12) The Costermonger *ALLT-BEG*] The birth-place of this great *Persian* Favourite *Mabomet Ally-beg*, was *Ranbie*, (called so from *Parab*, to fructifie) and near *Spawbawn*; his parentage so worshipfull, that he knew no farther then his Father, a man both mean and poor, *Mabomet* had no stomach for the warts, and having a large bulk to maintain, and no *Camelion*, his education being simple, he became Coster-monger, and by that made an hard shift for a poor living; till in a happy hour the King (then in the *Hippodrom* in *Spawbawn*) in a good humour, took notice of him, viewed him, lik't him, and preferr'd him, so as in a short time he became sole Favourite, and was feared, and for that honoured every where among the *Perſians*; for so shall it still be done to him whom King honours: Nor was their Prince, Duke, Sultan, or other, but in an awfull complement sent him yearly some wealthy present to cherish his favour, to the great increase of his possessions, though in their hearts they despised him, and undervalued the King for preferring him; as ever in such cases it happened unto Princes, but most eminently unto *Lewis the 11.* the *French* King, who advanced *Cottier* from a mender of stockings to be Lord Chancellor of *France*. *Herbert*. *Peacham*. &c.

[(13) The Caspian Sea] This Sea is so called from the *Caspis* a people of *Scythia*, whose Southern Coast it washes,

its also called the *Hircanian Sea*, of bounding *Hircania*, and *Maridi Baccu*, of the *City Baccu*; *Therbestan* and *Mari di Sala*, and many other names it takes of the places it washes. It hath on the North *Media*; on the West and South the *Turks Empire*, and the *Moscovites*; on the East *Perſia*; the *Moors* and *Arabians* therefore call it *Bobar Corſum*, i. e. the inclosed Sea. It is absolutely the biggest of all them which have no commerce with the Ocean, being near 3000. miles in compass, from North to South 700. from East to West 600: the form ovall. Some say it hath a subterranean Commerce with the *Euxine Sea*, as the flood *Zioberis* was by *Alexander* found to have with *Rhodago*: At this *Caspian Sea* *Plutarch* makes *Alexander* astonished, deeming it not lesse then the *Sea of Pontus*, though much calmer (it alwaies keeping at one height without Ebbe or reflux) yet could he not imagine whence it had it sourfe, but thought it some eruptive Torrent from the lake of *Meditis*. Over this Sea did Prince *MIRZA* oft make navall expeditions, into his Enemies Countries, ever returning with wealthy booties, and not seldom leaving Garrisons behind him: *D' Juigne*, *Heylen*, *Herberi*, &c.

[(14) Driven the Mogul into his Candahor] *Candabor* and much of *Arachosia*, now *Cabull* (once *Alexandria*, for distinc-
tions sake, *Arachosie*) belonged to the *Mogul*, till *MIRZA* first distresed him in them, then drove him out, *Herbert*, &c.

[(15) Made Balsora, &c.] See the 19. Note upon the Third A. *t.*

[(16) And bounded th' Tartar with the *Hircanian Ocean*] By regaining what ever he had gotten upon the continent of *Perſia*, even to the *Hircanian Sea*, which is the same with the *Caspian Sea*, of which before.

[(17) I that check't Cycala's insulting Progrefſe, &c.] *Cycala Boffa* was a renegado *Christian*, son of a *Christian* Gentleman of *Messina* in *Sicily*, and his wife *Lucretia*, both perfect enemies to *Mahometism*. In the *Christian* quarrell the Father sacrificed his life, but the Son through an unhappy ambition became *Turk*, and was circumcised by the perivalion of *Ozmen Boffa*, Great Generall against the *Perſian* for *Amurath* the third; *Cycala's* aim was to succeed his Patron *Ozmen* in that charge; however al *Amurath's* reign hee never was put upon any valuable employment. *Mahomet* the third put him in the head of a Regiment at *Karesia* in *Bulgaria*, after the famous siege of *Buda* in *Hungary*. After this he insinuates far into

into the favour of Achmat son and successor to Mahomet, presumptuously promising to ruine, and utterly swallow up the *Perſian*; being constituted Generall, he made many unfortunate attempts against King *ABBAS* and his Son; but I over-paſe as many of his defeats by them given, to come to that most memorable in or about the year 1604. when he like a violent Torrent with 80000 men, resolved to overwhelm *Perſia*, first powred himself upon the *Georgians*, (a Christian People, so called (say ſome) of their Patron and firſt Converte Saint *George*, Bishop of *Cappadocia* and Patron of *England*; others will have their Province (which is a part of the greater *Armenia*) named *Georgia* from the *Georgi* its antient inhabitants; The people (say they) received the Gospell in the time of *Constantine the great*; conſenting in moſt Doctrinall Points with the *Grecians*, but not acknowledging the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, having a Patriarch of their own, who is for the moſt part resident in his Monaſtery on Mount *Sinai* in *Paleſtine*, and hath under his jurisdiction 18. Bishops. Their Religion was ſince much reformed by *Lodovic Gangier* of the Society of *Jesus*, and ſome others, who in charity departed from *Pera* near *Constantinople*, croſt the black Sea, and landed in *Mengrellia*, with intent to reſtice what was erroneous in their Religion; and were to that end curteouſly entertained by *Threbiſ Prince of Georgia*; for though the Province be under the *Perſian*, it enjoys its Prince of the antient race, and he his Nobility, but tributary to King *Abbas*.) *Cycala* found a stout opposition from the *Georgians* alone, to whose aid our *MIRZA* the admired Prince of *Perſia*, by his Fathers command joyned himſelf with 12000 Horſe, and proſecuted *Cycala* as in the Text. Firſt chased him to the utmoſt conſines of *Armenia*, and there in a bloody battel ſlew 30000 of his *Turks*, with the loſe of 9000 *Perſians* and *Georgians*; and though *Cycala* himſelf hardly eſcapeth by flight, the *Perſian* recompenced miſſing of him with the maſlares of the Turkish Garrilons, regaining all that in the ſad year 1537 King *Tamas* of *Perſia* lost to *Solyman the Magnificent* 4th Emperour of the *Turks*; *Cycala* to redeeme his honour if poſſible (after his Apolo-*gic* to the *grand Signior*) the very next year invades the *Perſian* again; but the Prince, hearing that the *Baffa* of *Caramania* had expreſſe Command to joyn with him, to prevent their conjuſtion, fell upon *Cycala* firſt, with 30000. men. His ſudden charge and unexpected coming, routed the whole body of the *Turks*, of whom he ſlew 15000. and took

all

all their great Ordnance and Baggage. *Cycala* himself with but 300 Souldiers, with much ado escaped to *Adena*, to which City the brave *Perſian* pursued him, and sat down before it. This news distressed *Sultan Achmat* beyond measure, who vowed to *Cycala* his reward, but first sent command to the *Baſſa* of *Trebizond*, with all speed to succour him: The *Baſſa* resolved to try all wayes of recovery, with a vast but hastily gathered Army, put himself upon his march towards the City. *Cycala* having got notice of his approach, the better to direct him, caused himself with 10 of his Souldiers, whom he best trusted, secretly by night to be let down over the wall of the City; having given order to the *Governour*, that as soon as he perceived the battel to be joyned, he should falley out upon the rear of the *Perſians*, so by holding them in a doubtful battel to further the Victory; all which the valiant *Perſian* doubting, he divided his Army, and leaving one body to maintain the siege, led the other against the Succours, wherein he used so incredible expedition, as falling upon them before they could rank their battel; he made of the *Turks* (now confusedly and without all order, fighting more for the safeguard of their lives, then for any hope they had of victory) such an exceeding great slaughter, that few of them escaped his sword. *Cycala* himself, with only 2 or 3 more, made hard shift by getting into a little Boat, to change the danger of the Land, for that of the Water. The *Perſian* returned to the Town, which (after many a sharp assault) he had cast in to augment his honour. Others write, that this was not a surprise, but a well fought Battel for 7 hours together, victory doubtfully hovering between either Champion, till (by an ambush of the *Georgians*) towards night she rested upon *M I R Z A*'s head. However, all agree, that the *Turks* that survived this day, bound themselves by oath, never to follow more so unfortunate a Leader as *Cycala*, and upon the rehearsal of his overthrow, the great *Turk* was so transported with rage, as he gave *Cycala*'s Treasure to be rifled by the *Janizaries* & *Spahis*, and to extirpate his memory, had them pull down his Palaces; though, to have been just, he should have punished his *Fortune*, for upon her lay the blame of his defeat, and not upon the mans ill conduct or cowardize. *Turk. Hist. Herbert, &c.*

[§ 18.] that gave *Ormus* Scepter to his hand, and brought her captive King, &c. The description of the Isle of *Ormus*, with the taking thereof by *Emangoly*, you have in the 11th Note upon this Act. It rests only to tell that he brought thence captive

captive, the King thereof (then Tributary to the Portugize) and the two Princes his Sons, to all whom King *Abbas* allowed only 5 Marks sterl by the day for their maintenanc. *Herb.*

[(19) *I that subdu'd Larr's Sandy Kingdom for him, smaug her wall of Rock, am now accus'd, &c.*] As to the description of the Kingdom of *Larr*, enough hath been said in the 23. Note upon the 3^d Act. It remains only, to say that she was confined by a huge wall, cut by incredible labour out of the solid Rock; as a secure defence against the invading *Persian*, notwithstanding *Abbas* (to whose fortune all things were possible) commanded *Emangoly* to subdue it, which he did, after all the sufferings and toyls imaginable in so difficult an enterprise. He ruined one Castle, and built another, slew many of the Citizens; Ransackt the Town, and sent home to *Shires*, as much Treasure as burthened 700 Camels. As for the poor King thereof, though his life was granted him, when he was forging of others matters, an unexpected Scimiter (to end his stratagems) took off his head, and by the extirpation of his progeny, established the sovereignty unto the conquering *Abbas*. *Herb.*

[(20) -- *I that won the Realm of Larr's Jon, &c.*] See the 6 Note upon the first Act.

[(21) *What signified his wrong to the poor Christians?*] About the year 1609. Some envious person, in spight to the *Armenian* and *Georgian Christians*, feigned Letters as from their Patriarch to the Pope (knowing well the hatred that King *Abbas* bore to the Sea of *Rome*,) that they were willing to become obedient to the Church of *Rome*, and to acknowledge him head of the Catholic Church: entreating him to write to the King of *Persia* in their behalf, that they might freely enjoy their Conscience under him: These Letters their Authors intercepted, and presented to King *Abbas*, who (saying, that if they would be obedient to the Pope, he could expect no further service or obedience from them,) grew therat so enraged, that no less then the lives of 1000 (some say 1200) of those innocent Christians could slack his fury, threatening to take further revenge if he could prove the Letters authentick, as some still affirm they were, but most believe them suppositions. *Turk. Hist. Herb. &c.*

[(22) *His murdering of his Embassadour to the Turk.* &c. — About the year 1613. after many conflicts between the *Turke* and *Persian*, they were both so prest by neighbour Countries, as they propounded Articles for peace; to w^{ch} King *Abbas* sends his Embassadour to *Constantinople*, who returning but with mean conditions, his Master denied the *Turk* Agent to confirm them; and in a rage struck off the head of his ill-advised Embassadour for consistant to them. *Herb.*

[(23) His treachery to the Magicians, &c.] Betwixt *Gbilmanor* and *Mogown* in *Perſia*, is a high inacceſſible Mountaio, on whose top stood a Castle, ſo fortified by nature and industry, as it was held impregnable; a Rebellious *Sultan* weary of slavery, man'd it againſt his Prince, the victorious *Abbas*, who in perlon came to reduce him, but after ſix months fruitleſly ſpent, could per-ceive no ſign of Victory, whereat enraged, he propoſed a con-ſiderable Reward to him that could by any means enter it; an old covetous Magician undertakes it, and wrought ſo by his Spels, that the *Sultan* came down, forced by the Devil, who af-fur'd his pardon; but for all that, the block rewarded him for his Rebelliōn; and the old wizard (ignorant of his end) demanded his Reward, which the King grudgingly gave him; but then (with a forfeit of his estate) put him to death for conjuring; a quality he allowed of to compaſſ his ends by, but condemned to recover his beloved Gold again. *Herbert*.

[(24) His murder of the ſleeping Traveller, &c.] A peasant having travelled from *India* into *Hircanis*, affecting the coolneſſ of the graſſe, fell there aſleep, but by ill fortune near the path by which King *Abbas* rode a hunting; the King ſaw him not, but his Horse ſtartled at him, whereat in his anger, he imme-diately ſent a broad arrow into the poor man's heart, and ere all his train was paſt, the wretch was killed a hundred times over, if he could forfeit a life to every shaft, all ſtriving to imitate the King, as if the deed were good and laudable, in shooting neareſt his heart, which many hit; ſo dexterous at archery are the *Perſians*, well deserving of *Virgil* the Epithet of *Quiver'd*. *Her-bert*.

— *Pharetrate vicinia Perfidis.* —

Virg. Geor. I. 4.

— *Near quiver'd Perſia.* —

[(25) His coupling of a Souldiers luſtful wife to an Afnego.] A Souldiers wife making complaint to King *Abbas*, of her Hus-bands inſuſiciency, he made her be coupled to an Afnego, whose brutiſh luſt ſoon took away her life. *Herbert*.

[(26) — His cutting his clarks band off, but for not writing fair.] A Souldier preſented a Petition to King *Abbas*, whereot, only because the writing did not please him, he ſent for the Clark, cut off his hand, and made the Petitioner be almost drubb'd to leath, for daring to preſent foul writing to his eye. *Herbert*:

[(27) — His wrath to th'two Pilſering Souldiers, more in heir rags then theſt.] See that preſented, as it happened in the iſt Act, and (among theſe other cruelties) aſserted by *M. Her-bert*. p. 98.

[(28)]

[(28) — His ore ambitious murder of his brave Father, and far braver Brother.] See the 1 & 2 Notes upon the first Act, &c.

[(29) Men eating Dogs,] As the old Romans made it their pastime to behold condemned persons combat with wild beasts in their Amphitheaters, and then be devoured by them: so did King Abbas keep fierce Mastiffe Dogs, which he bought of the English Seamen for that purpose; for the same end also had he men from their infancy educated to Canibalism. Herbert.

[(30) What better promises his irreligion, in taking needless journeys still in Lent, to avoid fasting, under pretence of Travel.] The fift among Mahomes 9 Commandements is, See that thou obseruest yearly a moneth Lent, and a Byram: in obedience whereunto the Mahometans fast one month in the year, which they call Ramazan, wherein they say, the Alcoran was delivered unto Mahomet by the Angel Gabriel: But very wilily they observe their Lent, for though during the day time they abstain from all kind of sustenance, yet as soon as the Sun sets, they add a double proportion of Lamps about their Prophets Tombs, and stick all their steeple round with lights, which burn till the Sun rises (affording an object of great solemnity) the Kettles beat, and Trumpets sound, Eunuchs sing, and they bouz it lustily, and feast all night, with all variety of meats and pleasure. Such as in stead of abstaining from meats in the day time, during this holy month, do abstain from their Mosques, they carry about in scorn, and severely chastise; but such as drink wine then, they punish with death. This day fast is observed by all but the infirm, & Travellers, who are obliged to fast so long, when they recover health, or come to the end of their journey; but King Abbas during this month, did use to travel upon purpose to be privileged from fasting, being nothing careful to compensate for it at other times. Two more religious feasts they have, the Byram and Nowrowz: the Byram begins on the 7 of Decemb, and lasts 3 dayes, observed by them as Easter is with us: then kill they their sheep or Passover, in memory of the Ram which Abraham sacrificed, in stead of his Son Isaac; but nothing else dyes, during those dayes, no not so much as a Louse or Flea, bite they never so shrewdly. This Feast of Byram, was instituted by Cedar son of Ishmael, Grandfather of the Arabians. The Nowrowz is the New-years-day, beginnaing (with the spring) March 10, such a time as the Sun is in the Equinoctial, at which feast the Nobility have the custom of gratifying one another with gifts & presents by them called Piscasses. Johannes Marcus. Sandys, Herbert, &c.

[(31) — He'll forbid and tolerate, &c.] It was usual with King Abbas, to forbid and tolerate the same thing oft in one

year, as his humour, or the gain of any Minion Courtier prompted him to it: among other examples, M. Herbert tells us, that at his being there, *Mahomet-ally-beg* (having got the monopoly thereof) hearing of 40 Camels loaden with Tobacco (with them called *Tewton*) comming from *India* to *Carbeen*, he cut off the Noses and Ears of the Camel-men, and put the Tobacco (now prohibited, but from his Warehouse) into a large earthen pipe in the ground, and there burnt it in grols.

[(32) When thy dread hand struck off CARAEMITS head.] The Sultan of *Caraemit* General for *Amurab* the 3^d Emperour of the *Turks*, fought a battel neir *Van*, with *Emirhamze-Mirz a*, Prince of *Persia*, and elder Brother to King *Abbas*; wherein the Prince carried away so compleat a Victory, as with little losse on his side: there then dyed the *Bassas* of *Trepizond*, and five *Sangacks*, with 20000 *Turkes*; the Prince in person incountred the General *Caraemit*, worsted him, and with his own hand struck off his head, and mounting it upon the top of a Lance, gave it to one of his followers to be carried as a royal ensigne of Triumph to him, and terror to the Enemy. By this, and many other victories, did that excellent Prince renown himself, especially by his defeats given to the *Tartars*, and that most memorable one given to *Oxmen* the *Turkes* General, Anno 1586. at *Sanczor* near *Carbeen*, wherein fell 23000 *Turkes* by his sword, and the General by grief, giving way to the brave Prince to go on in pursuit of his victory, in which he did wonders, that for the qualitie of the Countries, Towns and Enemies, the length of the Marches, and shortnesse of time, hold parallel with the Acts of no modern, so much as with them of *Gustavus Adolphus*, the late victorious King of *Sweden*. But as no violent course lasteth long, the irresistible torrents of both their Trophies were stopp'd by the dire hand of destiny; both dyed Conquerors, both in the strength of their years, both in the midst of their own strengths, and both (as fear'd) by Treason. The valiant *Persian* even then, when he was fair (for ever) to have free'd his Fathers Territories of the *Turk*, and when he least feared any Treason, in the night, as he was sleeping upon a pallet, he was suddenly struck through the body with a dagger, by an *Eunuch* that waited upon him in his Chamber, incited to this Treason (as is generally believed) by his next Brother *Abbas*, who had formerly (but in vain) conspired to have betray'd him to the Turkish General. *Turk. His. Herbers, &c.*

ANNOTATIONS UPON THE FIFTH ACT.

[(1)] *If we cannot recover him, give out he is baptiz'd, and so incapable. 'Tis no new way, in India, A S A P H did it.] Duke Asaph, chief Favorite and Brother in Law to *Shew Selym* (or *Zangheer*) the *Mogul*, he having married (for his late wife) *Normal*, Asaph's Sister; and his Son *Sultan Curroon* who afterwards (because by that name he was proclaimed Traitor by his Father) changed his name to *Shew Ieban*, or *King John* having married Asaph's Daughter, he sent his Powers to set the Crown upon his Son in Law *Curroon's* head; but the old *Mogul*, *Selym* made the Nobles swear not to accept *Curroon*, because he murdered his elder Brother, but *Bloche* the young son and lawfull heir of that murdered Prince: *Selym* being dead (not without suspition of poyslon given him by Asaph, *Bloche* is set up: The Queen *Normal* pretends for her Son *Seriare*, youngest Son to *Selym*: Her brother Asaph for his Son in Law *Curroon*, and two Sons of the old King's elder Brothers *Morad* or *Amurah* for themselves: The other two young Princes, Asaph found meanes to murder outright, but these two last by circumstance, causing them against their wills, by some *Portugals* to be baptized into the faith of *Christ*, so making them utterly uncapable of the Crown or Kingdom (for the *Alcoran* forbids a *Christian* to wear a Crown where *Mahomet* is worshipped) though afterwards, for his further security, he destroy'd them at *Labore*, and without further difficulty set up his Son in Law *Curroon*. *Herben*.*

[(2)] *The Injury, &c.* See the eighth note upon the 3d. Act.

[(3)] *ABB A'S Thirty Kingdoms*] King *Abbas* his title over 30. Kingdoms runs thus: The most high, most mighty, most invincible Emperor, *Abbas*, King of *Perſia*, *Parthia*, *Media*, *Babtria*, *Chorazan*, *Candabor*, *Heri* of the *Ongdag Terar*, *Hircania*, *Dreconia*, *Evergeta*, *Parmenia*, *Hydaspis*, *Sogdiana*, *Aria*, *Paropanize*, *Brazanna*

gina, Arachosia Mergiana, Carmania (as far as stately Indus,) Ormuz Larr, Arabia, Sufiana, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Georgia, Armenia, Sarcenia, and Van. Lord of the imperious Mountains of Ararat, Tauris, Caucasus and Periardo, commander of all Creatures from the Sea of Chorazin to the Gulf of Persia. Of true descent from Mons-My. Prince of the four Rivers, Euphrates, Tygris, Araxis, and Indus, Governour of all Sultans, Emperor of Musulmen, Bud of Horpur, Mirrour of Vertue, and Rose of delight: Though the Reader may know that among these he claims some Kingdoms which he enjoyes not, as the Turk and others of his neighbours do some others of these in his Possession: An usuall thing with all Princes. *Herbert. Lodovic. De Wellen, de Reg. Pers. &c.*

[(4) — Delights as far fetch't as dear bought.] It was an antient nicerie among the *Perisan* Monarchs (still continued) that no wine could please their palate but the *Chalydonian* in Syria; nor no bread but what grew at Assos in Phrygia; no salt but what was brought from *Egypt*, (though *Ormus* nearer hand by much, afforded much better) nor no water but that of the River *Copaspaes*, the same which *Pliny* calls *Eulens*, and *Daniel* (cap. 3.) *Ula*; it waters *Shushan* (now called *Vallack*) in *Sufiana*, and at length imbowellis her selfe into the *Perisan* Gulf, not far from *Baffra*; one stream of it runs 'twixt *Shiras* and old *Perspolis*, over which there is a well-built bridge, called *Pully-chew*. *Herbert &c.*

[(5) The antient death of Boats.] *Mithridates* vainly boasting in his drakk that it was he that had slain *Cyrus* (whom indeed he wounded) in his rebellious competition with his elder Brother *Artaxerxes* the second (surnamed *Mnemon*, of great Memory) for the Crown of *Persia*, was accused to the King, who was desitons of the honour to have it believed that it was he himself that slew him; wherefore esteeming himself touched in his credit by *Mithridates* his report, he condemned him to the antient death of boats, usuall among the *Perisians* for hainous offenders, the manner this. They took two boats made of purpose ~~for~~ even, that the one exceeded not the other neither in length nor in breadth; then laid they the offender in one of them upon his back, and covered him with the other; then did they fasten both boats together, so that the Malefactors feet, hands and head came out at holes made purposely for him, the rest of his body being all hidden within. They gave him meat as much as he would eat; which if he refused, they forced him to take, by thrusting aules into his eyes; having eaten, they gave him to drak honey mingled with milk which they did

not onely pour into his mouth, but also all his fate over, turning him full against the Sun, to tempt the flies and wasps to his face; and of his excrements in the bottome of the box engendred worms that fed upon his body, so that being dead they found his flesh consum'd with them, even to the entrals. Seventeen daies together did *Mitbridates* languish in these torments, and then died, for his folly in not contenting himself with ornaments and gifts which the King had given him for wounding of his rebellious Brother, but he must rob him of the honour of his death (which he knew he most desired) so procuring his own, *Crimine lese Majestatis. Plutarch. in vit. Artaxer.*

[(6)] — *Beat her brains out* Ith' antient way ordain'd for poysners, &c. *Persis* the mother of *Artaxerxes* King of *Perse*, took a grudge against his wife because she thought she exasperated him too much against his Rebellious Brother *Cyrus*, insomuch as in her revengfull mind she plotted the death of her daughter in Law the beautious *Statira*; the wicked determination was executed by poysnor, by the help (saith *Dion*) of *Gigis*, one of the women of her Chamber; The King was lo favourable to his Mother, as he onely confined her (according to her own Petition) to *Babylon*; swearing that whilst she lived he would never see *Babylon*; but *Gigis* he condemned to suffer the paines of Death ordain'd by the *Perfians* for poysners; in this manner; They lay the head of the Malefactor upon a large plain stone, and with another stone they preſſe and ſtrike it ſo long, til they have dashed the brains out; so died *Gigis*. *Plutarch in vit. Artax.*

[(7)] *Then burn her limbs with Cats dung.* This may ſeem a ridiculous kind of Punishment, but 'tis very antient, and frequent all over *Aſia*; ſometimes (but by favour). it is performed with Dogs dung; So *Mr. Herbert* tells us that when it was told King *Abbas* that *Nogdibeg* his quondam Embaffadour into *England* had poifoned himſelf (wilfully for four daies feeding onely upon *Opium*, nor daring to ſee his Maſter, or juſtifie himſelf againſt his adverſary *Sir Robert Sherley*, then an his journey to the Court to purge his honour before the King, of the ſtaines which the asperſions of *Nogdibeg* had thrown upon him) the King ſaid it was well he had poifoned himſelf; for had he come to Court, his body ſhould have been cut in 365. pieces, and burnt in the open market place with dogs dung; but for the greater terror and shame it is usually performed with cats dung, the Cat being the baser beaſt, as onely uſed to deſtroy vermine.

[(8)] *Let me ſuck thy left breath.* —

2.

[(9)] — *When thy hand ſhall cloſe mine aged eyes.*

These

These two concluding noxes I put together because they relate to incantations about the same subject, viz. the parting offices of friends to friends, observed by the ancient Romans and others and still retained by the Persians and Greeks; when any one was dying the next of the kin used to receive the last gaspe of breath from the sick person, into his mouth, as it were by killing him, (so new thereby how unwillingly and with what regret they parted with their friend) and closed his eyes being deceased. Virgil makes Anna say of her Sister Dido newly dead,

Vulnus lymphatis

*Alon, ex extremus si quis super balinus errat,
ors legamus.* — Act. 4.

— Some water, I the wound may bath,
That if yet wanders any of her breath
My lippe shall gather it: —

And Ouid makes Penelope (wishing that her Son Telemachus might outlive her self and his Father, write thus to her husband

*Di' precor hoc iubent, ut mortibus ordine fatis,
Hic meus oculas comprimit, illi tuos.* — Act. 1.

— This may Heaven grant, whilst fate in order goes,
That his hand mine eyes, and thine too may close!

Statius hath both the customes together,

Socisq; amplissimis artus.

Herentemq; animam san tristis, in ore mariti

Tranquillit, q; chora preffit sua lumen dextra. — Stat. Silv. 1. 5.

She him imbrac't, delivering (in glad wift)
Between his lippe her cleaving soul, and dies,
With his dead hand his other finking eys.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

D Act. 1. l. 14. for any r. and. p. 24. l. 14. for whose, r. who:
l. 17. l. 14. for Son r. Sun. p. 67. l. 3. dele not. l. 30. for for r.
l. 21. l. 14. for do. r. to. p. 97. l. 39. for mind. r. mine. p. 98. l.
2. r. selfe minded. p. 112. l. 1. dele good. p. 119. l. 3. after me. rde
l. 13. l. 31. for piclant. r. sealant. p. 137. l. 2. add. not. p. 140.
l. 1. l. 1. p. 152. read in the beginning these two lines.

— And fewe is contrary to noble Comyns.

— positive valour is the greatest will.

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